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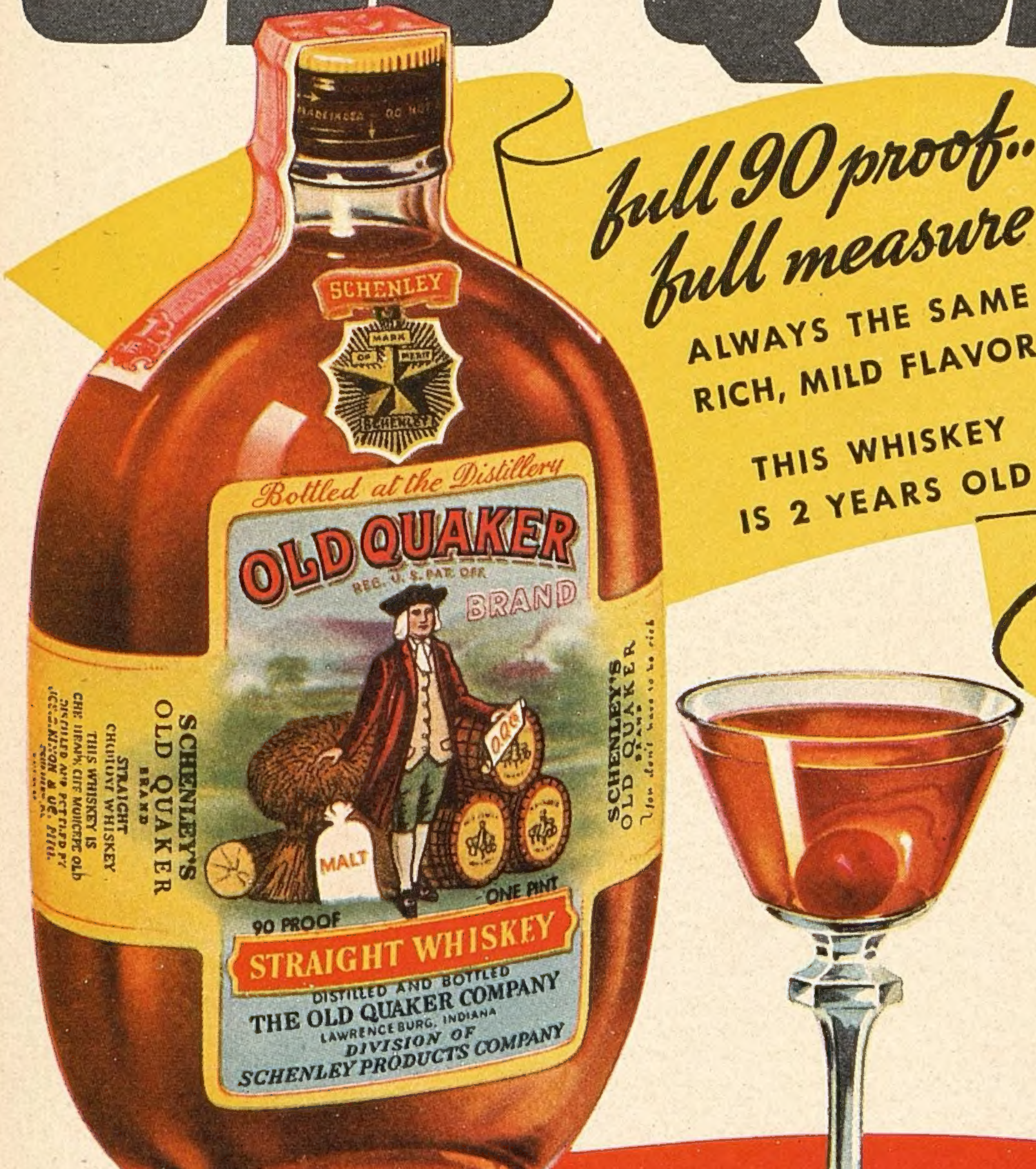
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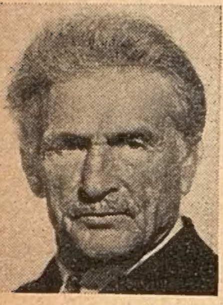
UNPARALLELED CATASTROPHE-IF THE GOVERNMENT TAKES OVER INDUSTRY



BERNARR MACFADDEN

One of our New Deal officials stated in a recent address that it was up to industry to take care of the unemployment situation . . . that big-business leaders had planned the downward trend of business as a lesson to the present administration . . . and that if the situation did not improve, the New Deal was prepared to take over industry.

The present administration has made a ghastly failure of the business management of this government. It has increased the national indebtedness at the rate of five to ten million dollars every day. It has added more than twenty thousand millions to our national debt, and it probably has twenty million or more of our citizens on the dole, or in charity jobs, which is the dole in another form.

Our present national indebtedness is at an all-time high. Never, throughout our entire history, have we faced such a colossal shortage.

We often refer to the spending of a drunken sailor, but the way money has been handed out by this administration could be fittingly compared to the spending of a few million drunken sailors.

And the spending procedure was noted for appalling inefficiency and unparalleled wastefulness, and there was evidence of this ghastly situation in nearly every part of the country.

And now this government that has made such a heartbreaking failure of the management of its own business threatens to take over and manage industry.

Whenever the government takes over any part of industry, that particular business, instead of being a taxpayer, becomes a tax eater; and the expense of running that business, the losses associated with management due to government inefficiency, must be paid by the taxpayers. The tax load we are assuming at the present time in some instances is not far from confiscation, and if this wild threat to take over industry by the government is ever carried out, as a nation we will be facing an unparalleled catastrophe.

Many years of careful training are essential to acquire the ability to become a managing executive in any business, and when we give consideration to what might happen to an enterprise if favorite politicians, minus even the intelligence to run the government business, are placed in a position to direct industry—it is not unlike placing office boys in charge of an organization. In fact it might be far worse, because the office boys would have had at least some practical business experience and their decisions might be guided, to a certain extent at least, by their previous experiences . . . slight as they might have been.

The idea of government taking over industry may be a hysterical product of what we term American bluffing, and let us hope this supposition proves to be accurate, for there is no calamity that would be more disastrous than such a move on the part of the administration; for not only business leaders but the millions of workers whose families depend upon industry for health and life would also be affected.

The trouble with the present administration is its inability to learn from experience. It has the cocksure attitude of the inexperienced theorist.

During the first five months of Roosevelt's first administration, before claptrap Socialist theories were introduced, the business of this country improved more than in any similar period throughout our entire history. Wheat increased in value from 55 cents a bushel to $1.17. Cotton increased from $6.39 a hundred pounds to $10.75. Steel production increased from 18 per cent normal to 58 per cent normal. The business barometer increased from 40 per cent normal to 83 per cent normal. Railroad stock increased from 39 per cent normal to 86 per cent normal. Public-utility stocks increased from 67 per cent normal to more than 100 per cent normal. But the upswing of business staggered and stopped for several months with the introduction of the NRA and various other Socialistic legislation.

If there had been intelligent consideration of these astounding figures by the officials of the administration, they would have discarded many of their Socialistic theories.

The miraculous progress of this country was made when government made every possible effort to encourage and not restrict or retard industry, and the continuance of such advancement can be assured if the government will at least learn how to attend to its own business and allow the business leaders of this country the same privilege.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THE KING WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN
in the issue of July 17

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Each to JULES ECKERT GOODMAN for his FOR VALUE RECEIVED, issue of November 20; LYTTLETON FOX for WORDS AFTER DARK, issue of December 11; DONALD THOMPSON for LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, issue of October 16; MARION SHORT for VAGABOND HEAVEN, issue of July 24; ELMER RANSOM for HART TO HEART, issue of December 4.

The following received Honorable Mention: Christmas for General Yang by Oscar Schisgall; Kolinsky Calling by Samuel Hopkins Adams; After Midnight by Thomas W. Duncan; The Copper Tea Strainer by John Q. Copeland; Ancient History by Martha Prewitt; Blackrock Landing by Raymond C. Krank; A Letter from Borneo by Adele and Cateau de Leeuw; A Farm for Butch by Lionel Calhoun Moise; A Green Coupé by Joel Y. Dane; The Wasp by Barbara Shaw Maclaren; Fred Weiss Takes a Ride by Karl Detzer; Shanghai Moment by William E. Barrett; The Love I Have for Elise by Walker Combs, Jr.; We Compound a Felony by Elmer Ransom; The Other Man by Llewellyn Hughes.

Each of these stories was accepted, paid for, and published in the regular way. The awards now announced are BONUSES—additional payments, voluntarily made as an expression of gratitude and appreciation. To each of the authors Liberty offers its congratulations.

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These people have all begun to live again. Their stories of how they found the way to *New Energy* and Healthier, Happier Lives are important to you . . .

Miss Suzette Waite and friend doing step in the Big Apple.

“The new dances are *much more* fun . . .”

“During the Christmas holidays, I went to a party almost every night. Result—I got terribly tired out and suddenly my face went all pimply. I was almost heartbroken.

“Then I came across a Fleischmann's ad that told how yeast helps clear up pimples. I took 3 cakes every day and in about 3 weeks my face was much, much better. And soon it was all right again.

“Oh, it was such a relief! I love parties and just adore dancing—especially the new dances like the Big Apple. They're so much more fun.”—SUZETTE WAITE

Mr. Van Pelt and his son, Billy

“Now I put on the gloves with Billy . . .”

“Some time ago I worked in a machinery-exporting firm. I handled sales, traffic and credit. I am naturally nervous and took the work so seriously it began to get me down.

“I had splitting six-o'clock headaches, looked bad, suffered from irregular elimination.

“My father had been troubled with heartburn and such things. I remembered how well Fleischmann's Yeast had helped him. So I began eating it regularly, on saltines.

“Within a month my whole system got back to normal. And I've kept *feeling fine* ever since. Now I put on the gloves with Billy, get socked on the beezer, grin and *like* it.”—WILLIAM H. VAN PELT

Mr. and Mrs. George Coy, Jr.

“Going great guns all day . . .”

“I'm a salesman for a large petroleum-refining company and drive about 70 miles daily through New York traffic. Several months ago the nervous strain of this sort of driving got my system all upset. I got feeling so bad I didn't give a hang about anything any more. I was all in by the time I got home evenings.

“One of my customers heard me 'beefing' about how I felt and suggested I try what had helped him—Fleischmann's Yeast. So I began eating 3 cakes a day. It sure did the trick. I'm going great guns all day. I am no longer used up when the day's over, and now my wife and I don't turn down party invitations.”

—GEORGE COY, JR.

Warren Ruff

(right)

“Swell to have face O.K. again . . .”

“Last winter I played first fiddle in the High School orchestra and had lots of fun at school dances. But then something got wrong with me. Awful pimples made my face look fierce.

“I fagged out easy, too. Playing hockey, I couldn't seem to get down the ice with the other fellows like I used to.

“Then I heard on the radio how Fleischmann's Yeast was good for a pimply face. For a month I ate it. It worked swell. If anybody wants to ask me about Fleischmann's Yeast, I'll tell them it's the stuff!”—WARREN RUFF

It is the prompt action of the millions of tiny, *live yeast plants* that makes Fleischmann's fresh Yeast so effective.

These microscopic yeast plants get busy at once helping to stimulate and increase the flow of gastric juices in the stomach. Your entire system is kept cleaner, healthier and more active. Skin troubles begin to clear up, your bowels to become regular, that pepless feeling to go.

Each cake is fortified with 4 vitamins (A, B, D and G)—the Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Nerve Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin. Three cakes a day together with your food give you *all* of these vitamins you need. Eat a cake about ½ hour before each meal.

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LAW on the HIP

HOW ONE TOWN SOLVED THE CRIME PROBLEM

A salute to fine, resourceful courage—and the first nomination for Liberty's Valor in Citizenship Medal

BY KENT SAGENDORPH

FOREWORD

Presented herewith is the first nomination to be submitted for the 1937 award of Liberty Magazine's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship. From this and other nominations, the Medal of Valor Committee will select the nominee who, in its judgment, is most deserving of the award for "outstanding bravery in the war of civic righteousness."

The committee consists of: Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States; Thomas E. Dewey, District Attorney of New York County and special prosecutor of rackets; and George E. Q. Johnson, former United States District Attorney.

First nomination is Dr. Frank L. Hardy of Midland, Michigan. This is Dr. Hardy's story—the story of a clearheaded, courageous, small-town dentist.

Liberty would like to call attention to one fact: This is more than the story of a brave citizen. This is the story of a plan—a solution. Thoughtful persons will find in it a practical demonstration of the astounding results that can be brought about when outraged citizens join forces with intelligent law-enforcement officials to fling a gauntlet into the teeth of organized crime.

Dr. F. L. HARDY
DENTIST
CHEMICAL
STATE SAVINGS
BANK
TIRES

Dr. Frank L. Hardy, the coolheaded dentist who halted the getaway of desperate bank robbers by firing at them from his office window (left) next door to the bank.

TWO men talked in an office.

During that talk was conceived a plan of citizen-police partnership that promises to break the back of organized gangsterism in the United States.

It began gloomily enough. The sheriff of Midland County stood with his friend Dr. Frank L. Hardy at the window of the latter's office on the second floor of a brick building in downtown Midland, Michigan.

Below and to the left, in the same building, was a sign that read: CHEMICAL STATE SAVINGS BANK.

The sheriff pointed to the sign.

"Frank," he said, "that bank of ours is wide open to attack; has been for years. We're a typical small town. We have enough police protection for our own needs, but not enough for an attack from outside. Of course the sheriff's office would do everything it could in an emergency. So would the State Police. But that would be too late. The way to smash a thing like a bank robbery is to strike while the crime actually is being committed."

The man in the white dentist's jacket frowned. "How could you," he objected, "unless you accidentally happened to be on the scene?"

"We couldn't," replied the sheriff. "But you could. Look." He pointed to the view from the office window. "Do you realize, Frank, that you're almost directly over the spot where the robbers would have to enter—and leave—the bank? Suppose that bank were being held up right now and you had a rifle in your hands. What chance do you think a gang of robbers would have? They couldn't get their car twenty feet away before you'd be riddling them. They wouldn't even know where the attack was coming from. Can you visualize that?"

Dr. Hardy nodded. Then he asked softly: "But if I were away from my office at the time?"

"There are other vantage spots. None as good as this one. I figure it this way: If I can get some of the other fellows in town, near the bank, to keep a rifle handy, some one is going to be on hand and ready when things start popping."

"I see," said Dr. Hardy. "Sort of a vigilante defense."

"Not that. Vigilante movements have always worked independent of the law. I want men here to work with the sheriff's office. I want it kept quiet. I don't want a bunch of irresponsible hotheads carrying arms. I want just a few men, like you, Doc, armed and ready. Men in strategic positions who are coolheaded, good marksmen, closemouthed. If I can have your co-operation we can tie up Midland so tight that half a dozen professional bank robbers couldn't untie it. But I've got to have that kind of co-operation. From private citizens."

For a moment the slight, firm-faced dentist was silent. Then he said, "I'll have a deer rifle here tomorrow."

From that day on, a high-powered rifle leaned against the wall beside the window in Dr. Hardy's office. A year passed. Nothing happened. The sheriff who had conceived this unique defense left office and a new sheriff came in. Still nothing happened.

TWO rats talked in a cage.

Jack Gracey, twenty-eight, was a Detroit stick-up artist. Tony Chebatoris, thirty-nine, came from Pittsburgh, had a long criminal record, was a typical gangster hoodlum. They were, at the moment, cell mates at Michigan's State Prison at Jackson.

Outside their cage a fortune was waiting for them.

"This place I'm telling you about," said Gracey, "is a natural. It's a bank in a little hick town called Midland. About eight thousand people. Every month this bank gets a big pay roll ready. That's when we hit it. Around noon. Won't be many customers in the place. Cashier will be there. Maybe the president, a big fellow with a goatee. We can do the whole job in ten minutes."

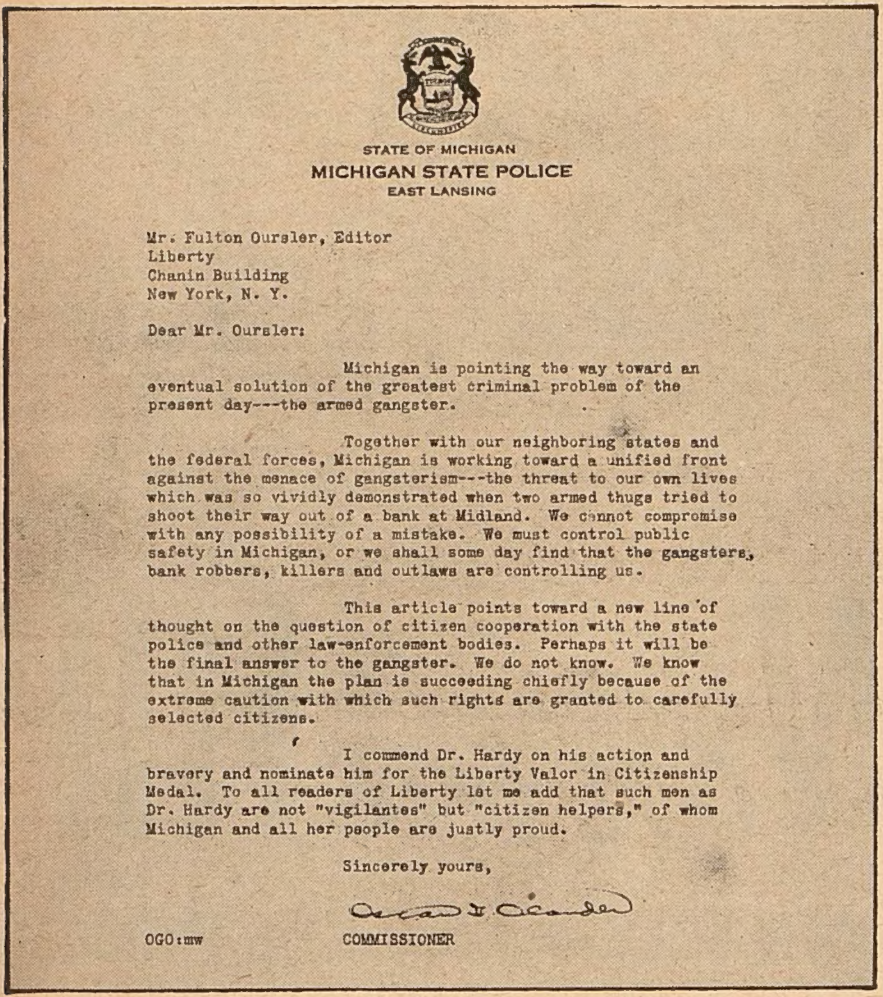
The two joined forces outside in September, 1937. Gracey drew a diagram of the Chemical State Savings Bank at Midland for his partner.

Chebatoris put his finger on a second-floor window of the diagram. "What's up here?"

"I don't know," said Gracey. "It's some sort of an office over a bedding store. Dentist, I think."

On September 22, 1937, Liberty Magazine's issue dated October 2 appeared on the newsstands of the country. On page 22 of that issue was announced Liberty's offer of a Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.

On September 29, 1937—one week later—Jack Gracey and Tony Chebatoris pulled up before the Chemical State Savings Bank at 11.30 o'clock in the morning.



STATE OF MICHIGAN
MICHIGAN STATE POLICE
EAST LANSING

Mr. Fulton Oursler, Editor
Liberty
Chanin Building
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Oursler:

Michigan is pointing the way toward an eventual solution of the greatest criminal problem of the present day---the armed gangster.

Together with our neighboring states and the federal forces, Michigan is working toward a unified front against the menace of gangsterism---the threat to our own lives which was so vividly demonstrated when two armed thugs tried to shoot their way out of a bank at Midland. We cannot compromise with any possibility of a mistake. We must control public safety in Michigan, or we shall some day find that the gangsters, bank robbers, killers and outlaws are controlling us.

This article points toward a new line of thought on the question of citizen cooperation with the state police and other law-enforcement bodies. Perhaps it will be the final answer to the gangster. We do not know. We know that in Michigan the plan is succeeding chiefly because of the extreme caution with which such rights are granted to carefully selected citizens.

I commend Dr. Hardy on his action and bravery and nominate him for the Liberty Valor in Citizenship Medal. To all readers of Liberty let me add that such men as Dr. Hardy are not "vigilantes" but "citizen helpers," of whom Michigan and all her people are justly proud.

Sincerely yours,

Oscar G. Olander

OGO:mw
COMMISSIONER

Oscar G. Olander, Michigan State Police Commissioner, nominates Dr. Hardy for the Valor in Citizenship Medal.

Gracey went into the bank first. He opened his coat, took out a sawed-off shotgun. Chebatoris stood inside the bank entrance, a .38-caliber revolver in his hand.

President Clarence H. Macomber came out of his private office at that moment. Gracey pushed the muzzle of the gun into the bank president's stomach silently.

President Macomber stared at him. But even as he did so, he was recalling what a wide-awake sheriff had told him, months before, to do in event of a hold-up. He stepped back. Suddenly he side-stepped, put the doorframe between himself and Chebatoris. His hands shot down and grabbed the gun muzzle.

"Paul! It's a hold-up!" he shouted.

Cashier Paul D. Bywater looked up; started across the room. Four women customers, aware for the first time of what was happening, screamed.

In the doorway of the bank Chebatoris watched the struggle for the gun, moved inside, and fired at the bank's president. The bullet tore through Macomber's shoulder.

Chebatoris shot again. His second shot caught Paul Bywater in the stomach. Gracey wrested the shotgun from the wounded Macomber and raced for the door.

"Come on," he snapped at Chebatoris.

Upstairs in his dental office, Dr. Hardy, about to go home for lunch, heard the screams and shots. He dashed to the window, grabbed up his rifle. He saw the fleeing men, the guns, the getaway car backing out.

He flung up the window and fired. His first shot put a hole in the car's gas tank; his second plowed through its side window and smashed Gracey's left arm.

Instantly the automobile went out of control. On a steep incline it swerved, crashed into a parked sedan.

Chebatoris, first out of the disabled automobile, started to run down the street. Bullets whistled within an inch of his head. He half turned, saw no one. Hysterical with fright, unable to locate the source of this deadly lead, he plunged on. Ahead of him, from out of a garage, stepped a truck driver, Henry Porter. He wore the badge and uniform of a chauffeur and was unarmed. Chebatoris mistook Porter for a cop. He raised his gun, fired at close range. Henry Porter lived two days without knowing just what had happened to him.

About this time a Midland housewife turned her car into the street. Chebatoris jumped on the running board. Dr. Hardy saw; withheld fire for fear of hitting the woman. Chebatoris lunged against her, and she half fell, half jumped from her car, stumbled toward cover.

The wounded Gracey, meanwhile, had managed to climb from behind the wheel of the bandit car. He was limping after the car which Chebatoris had taken over.

"Tony," he pleaded, "wait for me!"

But Tony Chebatoris was having troubles of his own. True, he had a car now. But it was in low gear, had a dashboard-controlled automatic gearshift that had Chebatoris baffled. Futilely he sweated, cursed, tried to get that car out of low gear as it bumped along at a crawl. He ignored his wounded pal, who loped after him.

The men and the car were a block away by now. Dr. Hardy rammed out the window screen through which he had first fired, knelt down beside the window, and brought the gasping Gracey full into his gun sights. Just then Gracey turned to look behind him. The dentist's shot caught him squarely in the forehead. Gracey fell, dead.

Chebatoris by now had abandoned the car and run into an alley. There was a shanty there which some road-construction officials had erected. Another car was parked there. Chebatoris climbed into it, was getting it under way, when hands yanked him out. He found himself face to face with a husky road-construction foreman.

"Try to steal a car, will you?" snapped the foreman.

MICHIGAN justice moved swiftly. The federal government indicted Chebatoris for murder; promptly convicted him. A Bay City jury sentenced him to death.

Dr. Hardy, following the shooting, had put his rifle back beside the window and gone home to lunch. After lunch, he visited the sheriff's office, learned that Chebatoris had been taken. He refused to discuss the case.

That behavior was characteristic of this soft-spoken, firm-faced dentist. He had a job to do in an emergency. He did it. He wanted neither glory nor reward. Yet in doing that job he had demonstrated the power—and possibilities—of an all-powerful combination of clever police and outraged citizenry.

Sergeant Ray Sullivan of the Michigan State Police describes it thus: "It's a partnership. . . . If citizens will work with us in each city and town in an intelligent and disciplined manner, bank robbery and all these spectacular crimes can and will be stamped out."

There's food for thought there. Serious thought. If bank robbers all over America—as today in Michigan—realize that no matter how cleverly they plan a bank robbery they are likely to run into the deadly guns of private citizens, ready and waiting for them, then bank robbery, like kidnaping, will be smashed for all time.

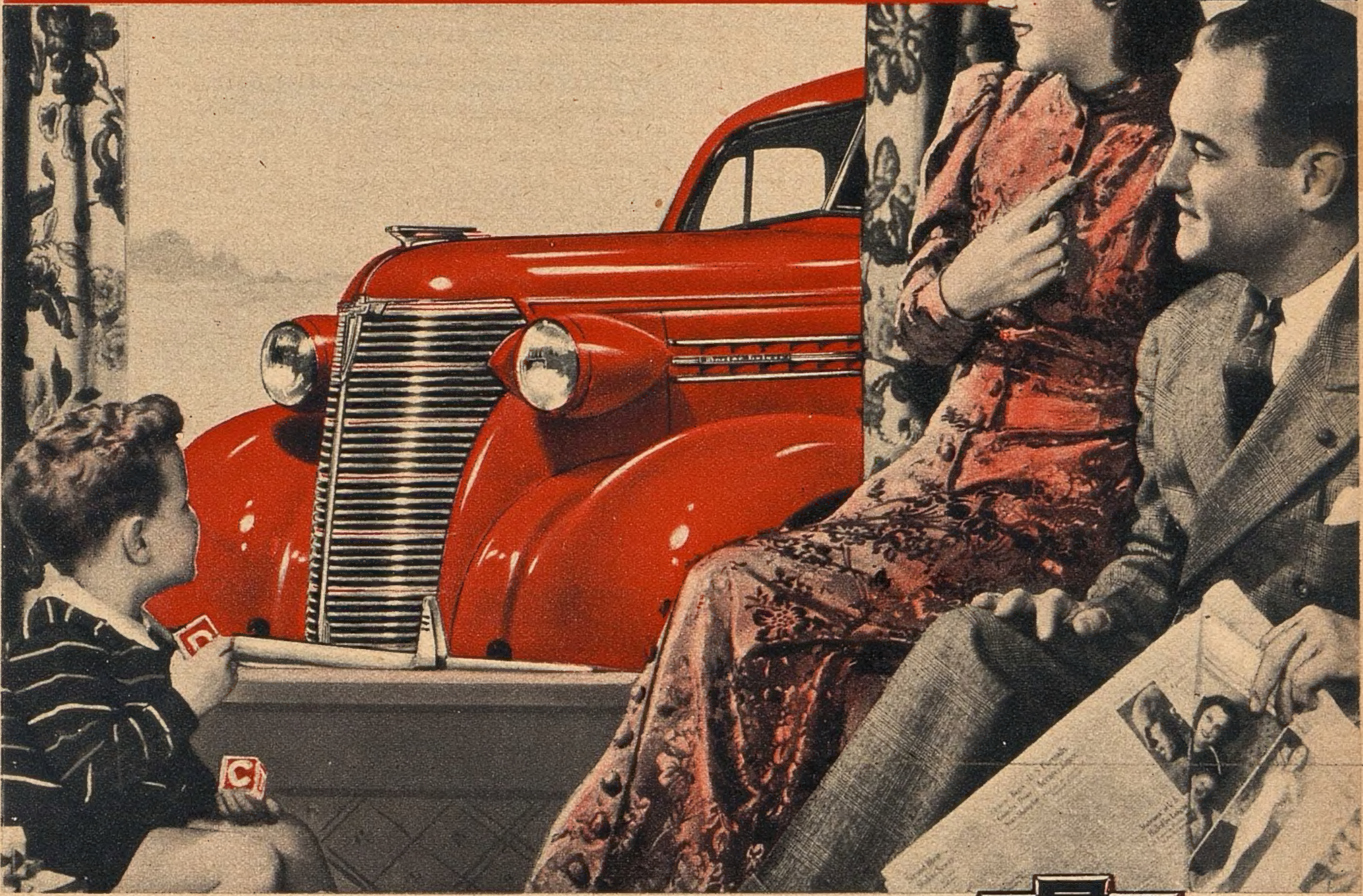
It can be done. Dr. Frank Hardy of Midland, Michigan, has demonstrated that. It can be done again. But it will take careful planning by police and a judicious selection of private citizens who, like Dr. Hardy, are valorous, coolheaded, and willing to follow orders.

A community defense group is no place for a show-off.

Put the law in the place where it does the most good—on the hip. But be sure it's the right hip.

THE END

"I've never driven a car that's so easy to handle—and it's actually helping me save money on my allowance!"



CHEVROLET

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Where th

By KATHA

A searching, smileful story, real as

LUTHER BARBER peered over his thick-lensed glasses at those around the table. " I don't sup*pose*," he said with false solemnity, " that any one around *this* table would be wanting anything *else?* "

Mrs. Barber looked anxiously at Zelda and Junior. She could remember when they had been bent double by this joke, which now obviously scraped young nerves. " He doesn't notice," she thought with relief. She smiled a little mistily at Ellin of fourteen who was laughing delightedly at her father's joke.

With the languor of the early twenties Junior passed his plate. As Mr. Barber filled it, he said, " Well, mother, what happened in the domestic trenches today? " He said that every night too.

She stiffened. She'd seen Zelda and Junior exchange a seared glance.

" Well, I guess not very much," she answered smoothly. She thought, growing even more tense, I guess I do say that every night. Her cheeks felt stiff, she stared fixedly at the fern in the center of the table. In her mind, Water it *right* after dinner. It's horrible to remember how you planned, when you see—how things turn out! She could hear Luther say, "Well, mother, we're both willing to go without anything in order to give them all we can. And I'd think that after they've had their educations, we'd have some pretty happy years looking on what we've done! "

Happy years!

He had almost always said that as he held a stub of a pencil between fingers, a pad before him, while figuring how they could " manage to swing it." Adequate educations for two: business school or college for Luther Second; some special training for Zelda after she finished high school.

Mr. Barber had worked three nights of every week, as well as every day, in order to lay enough aside " for them." She had done all the housework, even the washing. And now—Zelda was deeply tired, wearily patient when Mrs. Barber went to the cellar to see how the laundress was getting on.

" Do you really *have* to puddle around there, dear? "

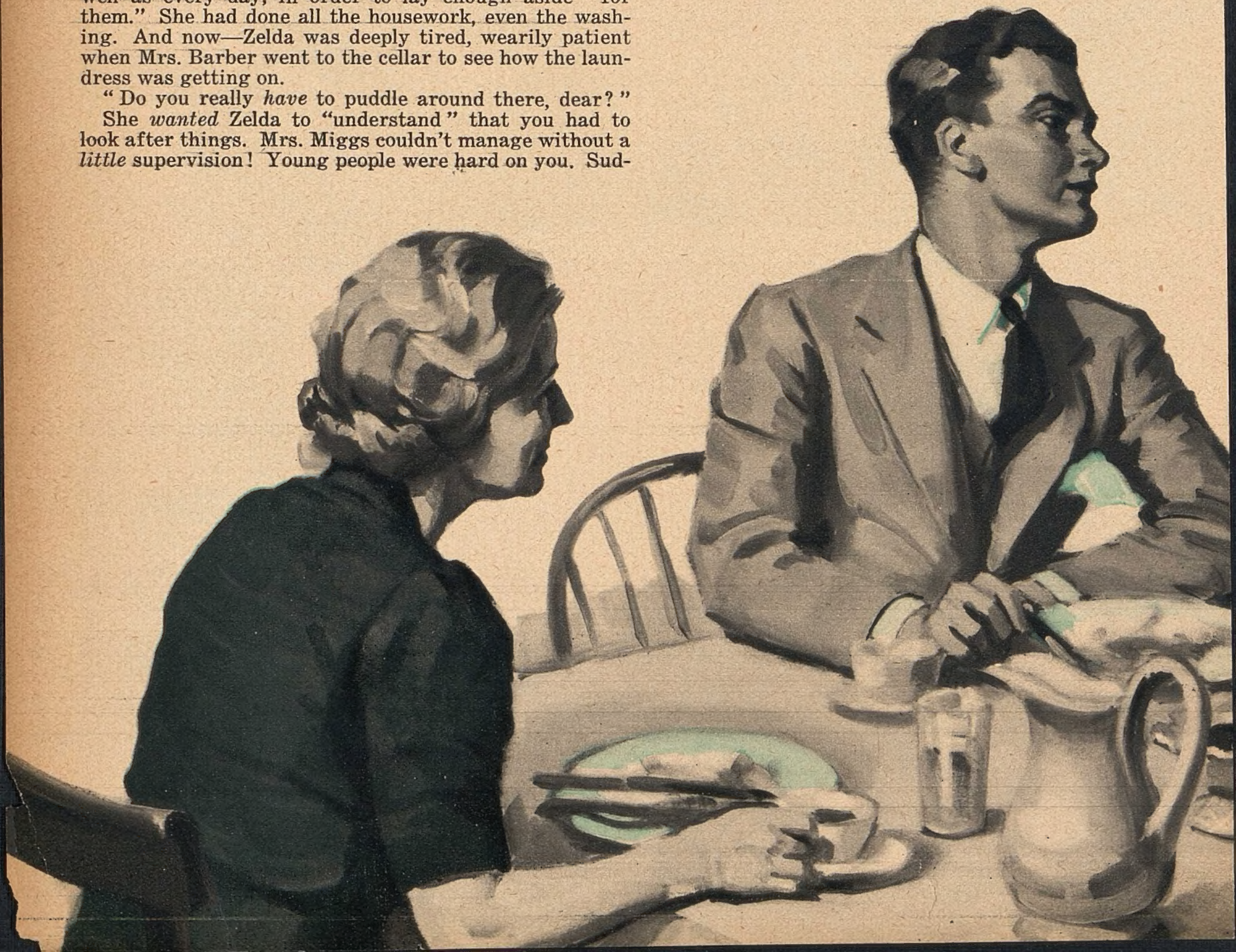
She *wanted* Zelda to "understand" that you had to look after things. Mrs. Miggs couldn't manage without a *little* supervision! Young people were hard on you. Suddenly she was so tired and her throat felt thick and hot. Her eyes were on her husband. She thought, He's been—so *good* to them! It hurt to think it. She swallowed hard, considering how little Luther Barber had expected or asked for himself. She remembered his sitting by her bedside after Junior arrived. Patting her hand, he grimaced—trying to smile on her. He had said, voice higher than usual and a little thick, " Well, what are you going—to name that son of yours, *mother?* "

And when she had answered, voice a song, " Why, *dear!* For you! Of *course* for you! " he had had to rise suddenly to leave the room. She remembered his running into a chair near the door. She had lain with her son in the crook of her arm. Smiling, with tears in her eyes. My, he'd been happy!

But you never know happiness until it is past tense, she thought.

Mrs. Miggs hadn't got the tablecloth quite as white as it should be, she realized, and she spoke of it, to hear Zelda say with fatigued patience, " Mother, no one uses tablecloths now; they simply—*aren't* used."

She was being instructed again, Mrs. Barber realized.



eart Is

LAND-TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

She'd been gentler teaching them, she remembered. Her face set.

"Well, if you ask my opinion, I like a table covered with a nice white cloth," said Luther Barber in his cheerful way that expanded any trifling remark; "makes me feel more as if I'm getting a man's sized *dinner*. And, by the way, mother, this—was a pretty nice dinner, which I fear—I neglected to state!"

"I'm *very* glad you liked it, dear," she answered caressingly. Zelda and Junior had amalgamated pain and condescension even again with an exchanged glance. Didn't they want their father to talk at *all?* Mrs. Barber wondered, hot from anger. His blindness to their eternal criticism made her ache with love for him.

"And now the vital question," he said. Smiling stiffly, she stared steadily at him. She wasn't going to watch Zelda and Junior this time. "The vital question being, *what's for dessert?*"

"I'll give you all one guess!" she answered with loud defiance. What if you did follow rote in asking and answering questions? Could you be expected, after the struggle of life, to be brilliant three hundred and sixty-five evenings of every year? She sagged, thinking, We wore ourselves to nothing for *them!*

"Mother!" said Luther Barber sitting back in his chair, hands on chair arms. "Mother! Not a lemon chiffon pie! Tell me not in mournful numbers, but—yes, sir, I know it from your voice! It *is* a lemon chiffon pie!"

Zelda rose, drawling a languid "Date—"

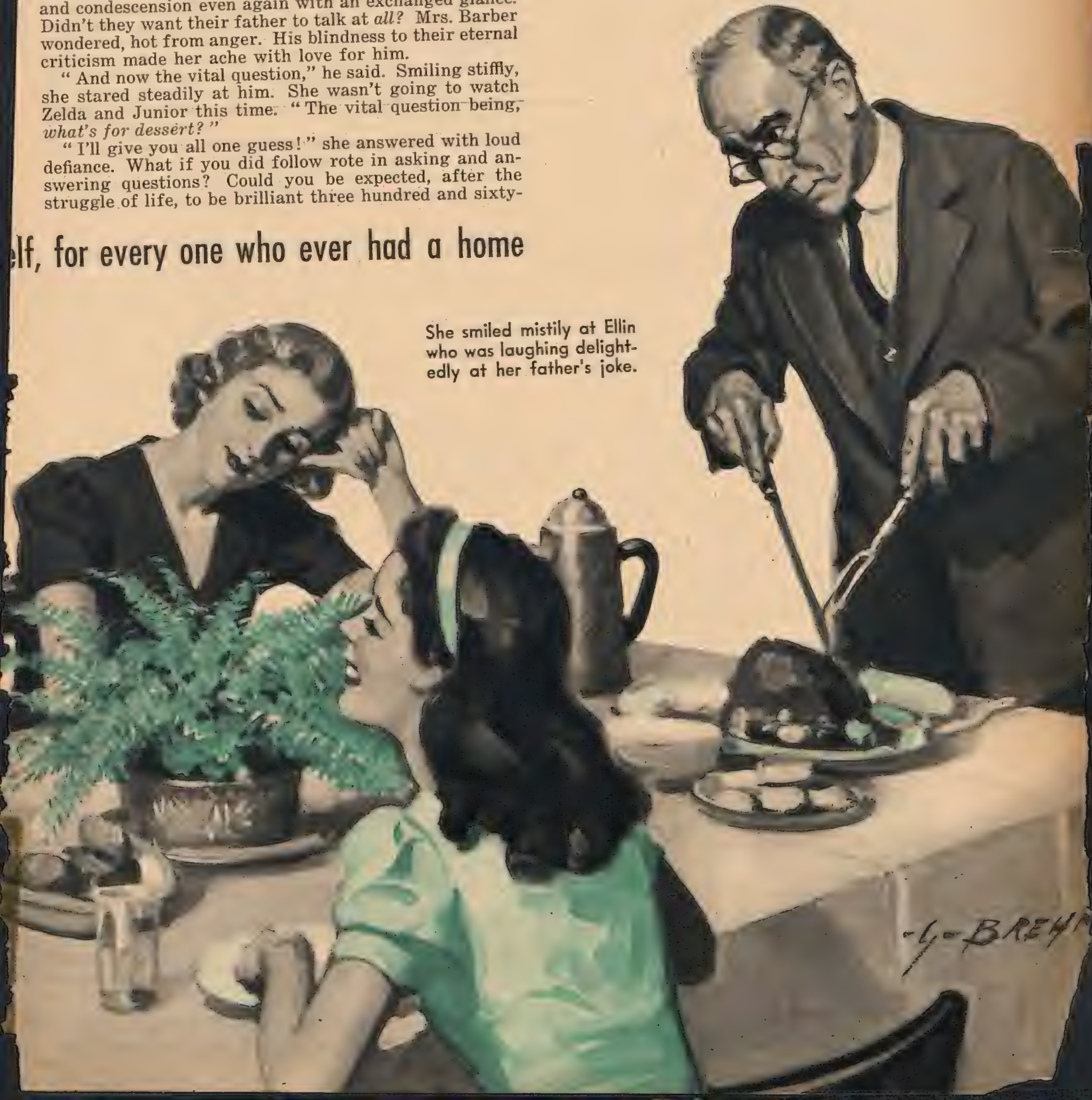
"Aren't you going to have any pie, Zelda?" asked Mrs. Barber in a voice suited to "The king is dead!"

"No—weight. One wants to keep presentable, you know."

They could make you feel as if you outweighed Barnum's Jumbo. Luther likes me as I am, ran through her mind—and heart.

It was easier with Zelda gone. Junior couldn't show his suffering so obviously, alone. Mrs. Barber rose to

lf, for every one who ever had a home



She smiled mistily at Ellin who was laughing delightedly at her father's joke.

clear the table. Ellin got up to help her, in the colty manner of her years.

She set the pie before Luther, though Zelda had "*explained*" that in many houses women served the dessert. Luther was used to keeping their plates filled, as are many fathers. He liked doing it, which was just as well. She said triumphantly, "Well, there's your pie!"

She settled, musing, We like saying things over and over! Old strings of words were as comfortable as old slippers. Time would make Zelda and Junior cherish old slippers! She knew it. But—hard to wait when all the clocks run slow.

"Well, momma!" said Luther; he beamed on the pie; he became arch. "Drumstick or a wing?" he inquired coyly. She laughed loudly, as she had a thousand times before.

Junior said, sharp from nervousness, "Not too big a piece."

Ellin wriggled; Mrs. Barber saw it. "What is it, dear?" she asked. It was a film at the Bijou. Ellin stammered almost incoherently of her passionate need to see it.

"Well, what do you think, poppa?" asked Mrs. Barber.

Junior grew rigid. "Why do you ask him?" he questioned too loudly. "You know you always let her go after you talk and talk and *talk!*"

Mr. Barber turned to inspect Junior over his glasses. Now—Mrs. Barber realized—he would tell Junior that he and Junior's mother had to discuss what was best to do. Just as she thought. Junior set his teeth, glaring at his plate; then, bolting the rest of his pie, he rushed off.

Ellin didn't mind the patterns. She waited docile while the discussion went on; clutched the coins her father laid on the table, kissed them both, and ran.

Oh, but Ellin was sweet, Mrs. Barber thought as her heart filled with a concentration of love that ached. They dawdled at the table. Mr. Barber turned the pages of the evening paper and he gave her small scraps of news that she polished to brightness for him with her lingering interest. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" he began often. "What's happened?" she always asked eagerly. It's age, she thought. We'll all get together some day. And it'll be all right if Luther doesn't see how they feel while we're waiting to meet— It would kill him if he knew he bored them. He would never understand. The very quality that kept him from seeing how things were with them opened him to a juvenile yet very real order of hurt.

THE doorbell rang. Mr. Barber put his hands on his chair arms, sat back, moved his feet perhaps an inch, looked a sort of pained, canine inquiry at Mrs. Barber, who said an absent "I'll go."

Moving through the hall she heard his abused-sounding "*Now*, who would be coming at this hour?" It was a special-delivery man.

"Mrs. Luther Barber?" he said.

"Yes, that's my name. I'm *Mrs.* Luther Barber." Suddenly she felt very happy, she remembered later.

She closed the door to Luther's loud "Well, *what*, mother?" His manner always implied that whoever had opened the door should race to him to report.

It was a letter from Martha, Mrs. Barber's sister who had married in a way the world calls "well." As Mrs. Barber took a clean knife from the sideboard drawer she murmured her hope that the special delivery didn't mean "sick, or anything."

Luther smiled the male smile. "You might open the letter and find out, my dear," he suggested.

"I'm *getting* a knife to open it with at this *minute*, Luther."

"All right. All right! No offense intended. What does she say?"

"Let me see—I'll read it to you. My, she writes a blind hand! She's just reached home—she's been somewhere. I think she said where on the first page—when I'm upset I can't think. Yes, here it is—Palm Beach. She said it was cold, and—let me see, where was I? Oh, yes! 'And the place is so quiet. I miss Hal. Vera, please, this time, *don't* say no! *Please* come spend at least a week with me. I really need you.' But, Luther"—she folded the letter sheet nervously; panic filled her—"Luther, that's out of the question!"

He was staring at the fern in the center of the table. Must water that, she thought.

"For one thing, Luther, the spring cleaning. I've *got* to wash all the blankets this spring! And Ellin eats the most absurd things unless I watch, and she'd get sick. . . . Then your indigestion! And I wouldn't have the right things to wear, and I don't want to load up with a lot of clothes I'd never wear at home. You know how she lives and entertains—though she may not do so much now if she's in mourning. And—Luther, *who* would run the house? Just take the ice! With Zelda at the library and no one at home—how could you get it in? I simply can't go, dear, and that is absolutely flat!"

He didn't answer. He looked older, and she saw that he realized his dependence on her. Suddenly he stiffened, saying almost aggressively, "Here, let me read it!"

She watched him as he read the letter slowly, carefully. They had never been apart since the day they were married, she reflected, and she knew he was thinking of it too.

"Well," he said slowly, "I don't know how she can—miss him. She knew what he was—rather, wasn't. But she does. And of course a week isn't, after all, a lifetime." He folded the letter, laid it on the table, tapped it, saying between pauses that testified to deepened thought, "We haven't had—much. But, Vera—we've never said no to—need. And she—needs you. And I guess—we've got to face that—and your going!"

SUDDENLY a knife seemed driven into the ice-chill of her heart. If he saw how they felt about his jokes, how his jokes bored them, while she was gone! It would kill him.

She said with excitement that was rare for her, "Luther! I can't! I *can't* go!"

He didn't answer; he was thinking it through. She cleared the table awkwardly. He said his absent "Wipe the dishes for you, mother?" And, as always, she answered with, "No, finish your paper. I'll be through in no time." But the answer sounded parched.

I can't bear much more, she thought. Suddenly she hardened, for Zelda and Junior would smile if they knew the suffering possible from the mere thought of a week in New York. They would find it "amusing."

As she finished, Luther appeared in the dining-room doorway. The evening paper dripped from a slack hand. "Mother," he said slowly, "I've been thinking it over. It's this way. I can see how she feels. If I were hurt, there'd be no one but you. Guess—you'll have to go!" And then suddenly he said an amazed and a stricken "Why, darling!" for she was crying hard, face hidden in the hand towel; "Why, *mother!* Why, darling!" his voice shaking.

"It's all right—Luther," thickly. "I'm *so*—sorry. I'll go. It just—up*set* me."

"I know!" He stood patting her shoulder as he had, young, when she cried. For years she hadn't let him see her cry. It made him nervous.

"It's hard, of course," he went on. "It's pretty hard on us, but maybe you'd really have a good time?"

"Oh, I'll have a *fine* time!" She said it tragically, thickly.

"It'll be a change for you," he said bleakly. "And you'd see all the sights!"

"Yes," thin and strained, "we'll be very gay!" And in her heart, Oh, don't make me leave him!

After Ellin came in they went to bed, but she couldn't sleep and neither could he. Twice he turned cautiously so as not to disturb her. The second time, after hunting for her normal voice, she said, "Awake, Luther?"

"Yes," he admitted it. "Seem to be a little wakeful for some reason."

"I do, too," she said. "I'll get you some hot milk if you don't sleep soon, Luther."

"Think I'll slip off soon," he answered. "But thank you, mother."

She heard Zelda come in and her heart seemed to freeze. Junior followed. She hardened, too, hearing him. But—they were all home! And she could relax a little. Her mind wove a pattern of question and answer: I never do sleep till I know they're all home. How *can* I sleep in New York? I'll just have to. Luther would watch them, of course. A week—but a week's not long—

Luther's breathing told her he slept, and that helped her. He was so apt to have indigestion if he didn't get enough sleep.

His medicine; I'll leave it where they can't help finding it. Ice; I'll give Mrs. Taine the key to the back door. Tell her to have the iceman really close the refrigerator doors. I'll explain about their sticking. I'll have to get the blankets done after I get home—

What if he noticed Zelda and Junior and their seared amusement when he said, "I don't sup*pose* that any one around *this* table would be wanting anything *else*"?

The hall clock that cleared its throat as a preface to striking, coughed three times. I'll be worn to nothing in the morning! she thought, and slept.

Ellin was excited by the idea of her going away.

"Tell her I'll have to stay till five thirty."

"Mother, just think! New York!" But Zelda and Junior offered only mild, tepid interest. "I think it would be rather nice for you, mother, really," from Zelda.

From Junior, "Why shouldn't you go?"

The morning sunlight streamed into the dining room and falling on Luther it set a silver glitter on his gray hair. Mrs. Barber suddenly remembered it when it had been as dark as Junior's, and it seemed only yesterday. Life was too short! And bitter! Her hand shook a little as she poured coffee. You didn't realize what you had while you had it. She remembered less decorous breakfasts: bibs, egg on small chins, clattering mugs. How they'd screamed and wailed if she left them then! After those years, the eye-on-the-clock years, "Getting them all off to school." They'd wanted her at home then, too. Always, reaching home, they'd squawked, "*Mother!*"

"Luther, please try to eat another piece of toast. You'll be empty by ten if you don't!"

"All right, mother. Maybe, at that, you're right. Pass it along, Zelda. Thank *you*, my dear."

Always so lovely to them! And his kindness to them hurt her so. The hurt made her turn to Zelda to say almost sharply, "You say my going away will really do me good, but I'm a little worried about leaving everything to you, Zelda—I don't see *how* you'll manage."

"Doesn't have to be an orgy, darling!"

Of course they didn't *mean* to hurt you!

"Mother"—Zelda speaking again; Zelda who had for her breakfast one thin piece of unbuttered toast, orange juice, black coffee—"mother, I want to go with you when you get new togs. You have gone a little hippy, you know, darling. We'll have to watch *lines*."

Mrs. Barber couldn't answer! "Downright mad!" Martha had said "any time." All right, she'd go! Leave them! Get it over. She might as well go. Not needed. *Hippy*. That fern. She *must* water that fern right after breakfast. *Hippy!* Very well, she would go! She would go away!

She said tragically, her face turned to Junior, "Junior, next time you're on the third floor bring your father's suitcase."

Zelda again, firm and clear, "No, dear; that *won't* do. Women's suitcases are quite different. Leave it to me. I'll select the proper one for you."

Everything hurt her, she realized, during the next few days. When they weren't kind it hurt, and when they were it hurt worse. Ellin forswore two picture shows to get her a string of "pearls" at the five-and-ten-cent store. She almost wept over them. The cheap tawdry things meant absolute beauty to her until Zelda spilled indelible pain on them by saying, with a loud faith that Mrs. Barber knew Zelda didn't feel, "Of course, darling, you wouldn't wear them!"

Junior gave her proper luggage, saying, "Seeing to it that you go as a lady should, mummy."

Zelda gave her six pairs of lovely silk stockings. That warmed her and touched and shamed her. The dear child! I guess I've been hard on her!

And then Zelda said, spoiling it, "For heaven's sake, mother, don't wear those linty lisle things at Aunt Martha's! For just one week deny yourself your fanatic love of economy!"

"Fanatic love of economy" was a poor dividend from her investment, she decided. They didn't appreciate at all what had been done for them! Or was she touchy? The thought of leaving Luther was in her mind always. She felt half sick. She didn't like the dresses Zelda made her buy, and their expense worried her. She said harshly, "Your father isn't a wealthy man, Zelda!"

"Oh, let him scrape a little for you, dear! It'll do him good!"

"He's had a great many years of scraping."

"Oh, well, then he's used to it. A little more won't break him up, and you haven't been decently turned out for years!" She added, voice intense, "Mother, you know your hair straggles in back. *Please* don't forget to brush it up!"

Hard swallow. "I won't," made meek by the question, Is this because she cares?

"And remember to work in on the silver, darling, and you'll never go wrong. It's simple."

Luther and Ellin saw her off. Zelda couldn't go down to the station, for she'd asked a few people in to supper, her library hours ending early that week. And Junior had had a man to see.

"Luther—you will write?"

"Every day, dear. You can depend on that!"

"You'll remember where I put your indigestion medicine?"

"Yes."

"And, Ellin dear, please don't eat that candy from the cigar store before dinner!"

"I promise I won't, momma."

"You'll write, mother?" from Luther.

"Every day, dear!" in a tone far too intense.

"Well, you know—mother—a week slips by."

Hollowly, "Yes, I know."

He gave her an envelope, telling her to put it into her bag and be careful to close the bag. "Open it on the train, dear."

"I will—"

The unfeeling porter lifted her new bags; gates clanged open; a cruel fiend said an imperative, "Tickets! *Show* all tickets, please!" Ellin, Luther kissed her.

Ellin kissed her again. She turned blindly to Luther. "Luther!" she whispered thickly. He knew she wanted him to kiss her last. . . . Now down the steps, heart beating hard. . . . Hurrying to keep up with the porter who raced with her new bags filled with all her expensive new clothes. . . . She was to remember to get off downtown in New York. If—Martha didn't meet her! But—Martha would meet her, of course. She was silly to worry. It's so long, so very long—since I've been away—

The rest of the world seemed sure. They knew just where they were going and stepped out alone, unafraid! She looked up the stairs, at sooty windows on either side of them. A stooped middle-aged man blew her a kiss. She was so ashamed to cry right there—in the car.

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

almost as well known in Great Britain as in her native America, is the author of hundreds of short stories and many novels. She was born in a rectory in Minnesota. Her family moved to Pennsylvania when she was only three, and she still lives there, in York.

"Can I get you anything, madam?" from the car porter, in the gentle voice of a race who are tender to pain.

She thought, My heart! She shook her head, trying to smile. He brought a footstool to poke it beneath her feet. He said, "Now, that's better!"

And it was, because another human wanted it to be.

She swallowed hard, opened her bag, took out the envelope. Fifty dollars in crisp new bills in it! How had he managed it? She must not cry again!

"My dear wife"—not "mother" this time: "Please, dear, spend this on *yourself* for something *you'd* like. Will be greatly helped by thinking of your doing it. But we'll all get on in fine shape. Just remember that! This has made me so very happy to do, my dearest!"

"A pillow, maybe?" asked the porter gently.

She wrote them, as she had promised, every day—long, mixed, loving letters. Glowingly she described the wonders of New York (which terrified her so that she could hardly see) and reminded them about getting extra milk.

Valiantly she protested that she was having the loveliest time and the best rest! Wrote that, as she thought of the numbers of days that parted her from them. Only six days after tomorrow! (Or five, four, three.) Every afternoon she wrote them while Martha, who had "married well," who did nothing, went to a beautifully furnished but empty room to rest. Often, between sentences or paragraphs, Mrs. Barber thought, Poor Martha!

Regularly she looked at a small pert-voiced French clock on the mantel in her room, thinking, They're having lunch, or Ellin's in school, or, sick with home hunger, If I were *there*, I'd be starting dinner."

Matinees, teas, dinners; Martha, despite heavy mourning, was active. "I have to do something, Vera!" "Oh, I know you do, Martha!" and, in Mrs. Barber's mind, Poor Martha! Poor Martha!

The Metropolitan, gallery and opera; Radio Center; drives on the avenue and up the Hudson. Writing home, she described these, her life now, and between descriptions of grandeurs, warnings for Ellin against eating cheap candy, reminders to close the icebox doors ("they sometimes stick"), and fiercely eager questions about how they really were—those, her heart!

One day more! she thought; she drew a deep breath. "I wish you could stay longer, dear!" from Martha. She answered in a stricken voice, "Oh, Martha! I couldn't! I really—*couldn't!*"

The train she took reached "home" after nightfall. She stepped from it to the dusk and to the brightest light a woman can know. They were all there to meet her! Laughing shakily together; talking all at once; a blend of all she ever wanted to hear! Only Luther quiet, and keeping a hand on her arm. An arm around her in the taxi. It made her lean forward awkwardly, but when he saw, and she felt the arm move, she said quickly, anxiously, "No, Luther, don't move!"

And Ellin on her knees, and Zelda on one of the little seats and Junior on another.

She said, "We could have just as well taken the streetcar!"

And Zelda laughed loudly but not quite steadily, ending laughter by saying an intense "Oh, *mother*, it's so good to have you home!"

Oh, they'd managed all right; they'd got along quite well; but it was so good to have her home! So awfully good! Zelda saying, "*Awfully* good!"

"Well, we've got a tablecloth on the table tonight!" said Luther; "nothing but lunch sets since you left!"

She found it easy to laugh. Ellin turned on her knees and, slipping an arm around her neck, kissed her; she heard, "I *missed* you so!"

Junior said, "Dad had a rotten lot of indigestion."

Zelda answered edgily, "Well, I did my *best!*"

"Oh, it was all right!" said Luther. "We all got on splendidly."

The house was ahead. She peered forward. It was lit from top to bottom! They ushered her in. Junior stayed to pay the taxicab driver and followed them on the young long-legged run. They took her wraps from her in the hall . . . as if she were royalty.

She sniffed; she said, "Zelda, something's sticking!"

Zelda raced for the kitchen, saying, "Wait for me!"

They waited in the hall until Zelda came back, and then they opened the door to the living room. She could only stand and gasp. The fireplace was there that she had always wanted! "A—fireplace!" she said breathlessly; she thought stupidly, but they didn't seem to think so.

"We're going to light the fire after dinner," said Luther. "Junior laid a nice fire. It smokes a little—when you start it."

"I just—I just never thought we'd have one," she said. Her eyes moved around the room. The dear, dear familiar room. Shabby from—their living in it. Home! Home! HOME! And moving eyes found something else new. She hurried to the piano. That picture of Luther at Junior's age, the one she loved so, that he'd given her when he first began to notice her; they'd had it copied, enlarged a little, beautifully framed.

She sat down suddenly; she stared fixedly ahead; they were all as close to crying as she was, she realized.

Suddenly that strain ended and they were all talking again. "We *knew* you'd buy things for us with that money father gave you to spend on *yourself*—"

"Well, I did," she admitted sheepishly. She looked around the circle. Her eyes brimmed as she said, "Things—for myself—are things for you—" The "you" was blurred.

Junior and then Zelda began to tell of how they'd all got off early that afternoon to arrange things. Junior said, "When I got in, Ellin was hugging the cat and saying to her, 'She's coming home at *six tonight!* She's coming home *tonight!*' Weren't you, ducky?"

They wouldn't let her touch a thing. They led her to the table. Tomato soup, a *little* curdled but food for the gods!

"I just turned my back a *second* and it did this!" resentfully from Zelda.

"Oh, mother! You're so sweet! Brush your hair up in back, darling—it's straggling."

Warm and grateful, "*Thank* you, dear."

The fern needed watering, she saw.

A little later Luther peered around the table over thick-lensed glasses. He said, with a deep solemnity and heavy emphasis, "I don't sup*pose* that any one around *this* table would be wanting anything *else!*"

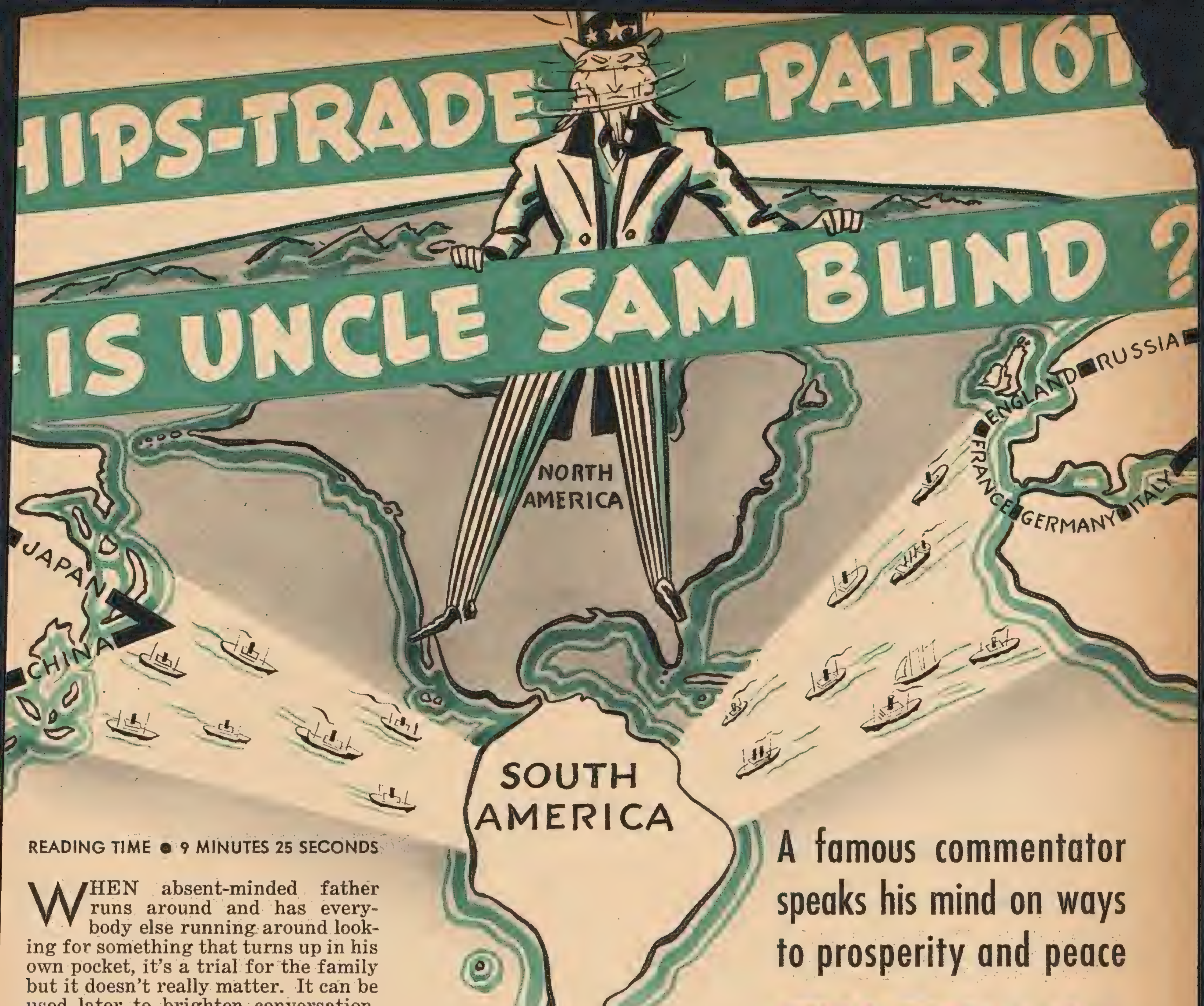
There was a queer little silence; Zelda broke it. "Father's been away too." Away too? thought Mrs. Barber. Why, *she* hadn't been away! She couldn't leave them!

"He's been a perfect crab!" Zelda went on. "He hasn't said that or any other of his old lines once while you were gone!"

"What kind of presents did you bring us, mother?" asked Ellin . . . young mind on unlocked bags.

THE END

IS UNCLE SAM BLIND?



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A famous commentator speaks his mind on ways to prosperity and peace

BY BOAKE CARTER

When absent-minded father runs around and has everybody else running around looking for something that turns up in his own pocket, it's a trial for the family but it doesn't really matter. It can be used later to brighten conversation. But if he lets the mortgage be foreclosed because he failed to notice soon enough the golden opportunity a few blocks down the street, he isn't funny any more. Let's not be like him.

We want our country to remain at peace and to flourish. The first thing to do is to take a sharp look around.

Across the Pacific from us lies the triangle of Russia, China, and Japan; one of the world's spheres of influence. Eastward is another: the transatlantic circle of Italy, France, England, Germany, and Russia. The destinies of those within the triangle and those within the circle are going to be settled by themselves, no matter what interference may come from outside nations. That includes us.

Our own sphere of influence is a long straight line from the North Pole to the South Pole. With Canada and Central America, we form the top half of it. Our interests reach naturally to the country that forms the bottom half of that line. But thus far South America has been too nearly ignored by the United States.

We are not awake to South America's essential importance to us in our own sphere of influence, up and down that perpendicular line. We have not been encouraged to realize that the world of our own hemisphere holds our social and economic salvation. It does. Contained in its length and breadth are raw-material supplies which, completely developed, could make this continent virtually independent of Asia and Europe.

It has been a cardinal principle of Great Britain's foreign policy to divert the attention of the United States from its own undeveloped hemisphere. That attitude is understandable. Has our own State Department opposed or gone along with this policy?

Significant facts answer that question. For every dollar we have invested in China we have six dollars invested in Mexico, and those American investments are gradually being confiscated. But the cry from Washington is always that the one dollar must be rescued.

If every factory in the United States operated at 100 per cent capacity for the next twenty-five years, we should still fall short of supplying the potential demand in Central and South America. We should fall short by more than 20 per cent.

Yet in 1937, from January to June inclusive, we sold a bigger bill of goods to Japan alone than to the whole of South America: $165,000,000 to Japan and $138,000,000 to South America.

Take the item of airplanes. South American business interests prefer to buy United States planes. But if they do, they can't get service. We can't give it to them, because if you want to sell a plane to a South American nation you have to wrestle for weeks with the export-license red tape of the State Department. While its bureaucracy dawdles, Italian, British, French, and German aviation salesmen clean up in South America.

For years, while a private United States ship operator has run his vessels from New York to Panama and then down to South America, the United States government has operated a parallel line to Panama. But the goods consigned to South America on the government vessels have, upon arrival at Panama, been reshipped on German vessels, not on the American-owned ones.

On the east coast of South America there are not half a dozen first-class ports. On the west coast there is just one that is usable. Because there has not been enough trade in those directions, United States capital has not been attracted there to help the seaboard nations of both Central and South America develop their seaports. On the other hand, Great Britain's foreign policy has been effective in encouraging European investment in those countries. The commercial ground is being mopped up while the United States is asleep.

We are licked on our South American freight business by our State Department. And by our government's handling of our merchant marine. We once had a mighty fleet of merchant ships. A shadow of it remains.

It is high time we pay attention to the development of our trade in our own sphere of influence. Obviously the main artery of that trade must be a merchant marine.

Our State Department has advised the Maritime Commission that we do not need any to carry the goods produced in our factories. When our Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, and our Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, were asked to say something about the United States merchant marine in a recent issue of a national magazine devoted to shipping, Mr. Wallace made one mention of the necessity of United States shipping. Mr. Hull did not mention it at all.

But have you ever watched American crated goods going into the holds of foreign ships? Crates marked "U. S. A." go in first, to come out last. In transit they are bumped, banged, dropped. For it is hardly to be expected that foreign nations would give our commerce preferential treatment over their own.

Shippers look for three things when transporting their goods. First, the ship: its speed, its condition, and its discipline; for the faster and better the ship, the lower the insurance costs. They look next for warehouse facilities at the port of unloading. And they look at transit facilities inland from the port.

An American shipper is compelled by common sense to remember that in the last two years the United States Bureau of Marine Inspection has presented to the Department of Commerce more than one hundred forty cases of murder, disappearance, assault and battery, and mutiny on United States ships; and that no disposition was made of these charges.

The law of this country says that as soon as a man steps on to the deck of a vessel, even though it be in port, he comes under the laws of mutiny. Yet in every case of insubordination on a United States ship, docked or in harbor, the Department of Labor has vitiated that law by insisting that these are labor cases and so under the jurisdiction of the Labor Department.

WHEN the crew of the government-owned freighter Algic mutinied in the harbor at Montevideo recently because of a local longshoremen's strike, Joseph P. Kennedy, then Maritime Commissioner, wired the captain to warn the crew to return immediately to duty, and, if the warning was not obeyed, to put them in irons and to ship a foreign crew if Americans were not available.

The Department of State did its best to stop the action of the Commissioner.

Another astounding fact about the Algic case is that national maritime leaders wired organizations of longshoremen at Montevideo that they were in trouble in the United States, and they wanted South American longshoremen to help them by refusing to service any American ship going to a Uruguayan port.

Until smoked out by the Maritime Commission, the Department of Commerce did not pass the Algic mutiny along to the Department of Justice, where it belonged. The Department of Commerce failed, too, to take up the certificates of the seamen of the Algic on her arrival at Baltimore. In consequence, four men shipped out on another vessel and had to be tracked down by G-men.

The Department of Commerce has lately revitalized its Bureau of Marine Inspection—after twenty years of carrying out 25 per cent of the required safety inspections. That looks as if the politicians see that the newly formed Maritime Commission is likely to grow important enough to tread on Commerce Department toes. The story is being passed along to the shipping industry that the Maritime Commission won't amount to a row of pins—better deal with the Department of Commerce.

Shippers and manufacturers of goods that sell abroad are not the only citizens who must weigh these things. All the rest of us are vitally concerned.

Since the World War the United States has shown the rest of the world mass production on a scale never before conceived of. We became a high-geared machine, tossing products and surplus profits into the glutted international markets. Competition there has become a whirligig, always speeding faster. Undeveloped spots of the world have been so rapidly gobbled up that few remain.

The faster we make our machine go, the more products we must market. The more we market them in Europe and Asia, the greater the chances of our going to war with nations on those continents.

IN the latest report published by our Maritime Commission are laid down the policies which must be followed if our merchant marine is to be built up successfully. Failing that, the alternative is government ownership. The report shows that all too clearly.

If our merchant marine becomes government-owned, then our State Department will set the policies governing the operation of our commercial fleet. And the State Department's course means death to a merchant marine.

On recommendation of the State Department's adviser on shipping, the new ships which are to be built under the direction of the Maritime Commission will have a speed of fifteen and one half knots. Today Japanese, Polish, Swedish, Norwegian, and new British ships cut the water at seventeen and one half to twenty-three knots. The new United States ships will not be off the ways until 1939 or 1940. Meantime the foreign merchant ships with which we compete will have been improved, and that will leave us still farther behind.

If, by paring down when building is needed, we are left at the mercy of all foreign nations with better merchant fleets, then the hope of peace for us by developing the Americas for Americans will have vanished.

Wars are going to break out so long as nations are made up of humans. But we can revise our commercial economy so that, in its operation, it will do us the most possible commercial good, yet will keep us from running afoul of conditions which will drag us into wars of invasion in other hemispheres.

By paying attention to our own sphere of influence, in our search for peace, it is likely that we shall find not only peace but also the richer commercial life for which nations are at war today. Only if some Eastern or Western power tried to invade Central or South America would it be the duty of the United States to shoulder a rifle. Then it would be done in self-defense.

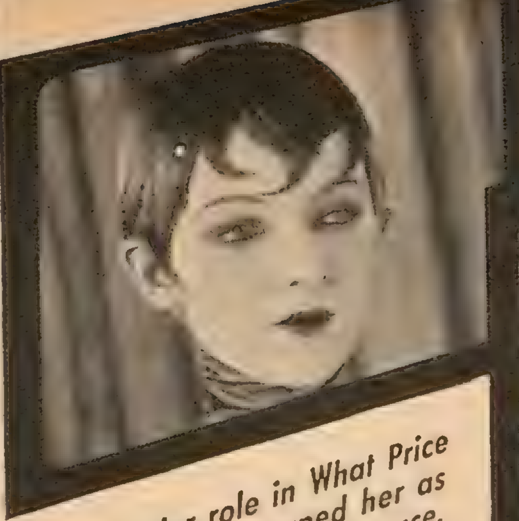
But no fleet from East or West could wage a successful war of invasion, operating thousands of miles from its home base. The problem of transporting troops for such an invasion would be insurmountable. Those enormous oceans are God-given barriers. Geographically we are independent. And protected.

We can promote the Americas, North and South, for Americans if our interests are supported, not betrayed, at the international table. Besides that, our merchant marine must be developed instead of scuttled, and discipline and loyalty aboard American ships must be enforced in the interests of commerce and public safety.

We need only to shake off the hypnotism of that old thesis that the destiny of the United States is bound to the Old World.

Look south: the United States merchant marine plus South America equals peace. That is a simple sum, and we can do it.

THE END



Her role in What Price Beauty? typed her as a slant-eyed menace.

Valentino, the great screen lover, was her idol and inspiration.

In reality she is as natural as the freckles on her tilted nose.

Myrna Loy's

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

The stirring true story of a legacy of courage from Rudolph Valentino

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

DAVID WILLIAMS was a rancher. Della was his wife. Their ranch was in the Gary Cooper cattle country back of Helena, Montana. Scotch, Welsh, Swedish—that is, American—people they were; and they worked hard.

One day, as Dave was bumping along in the car with his cattle on the long trek by rail to Chicago, the rumbling freight drew up at an obscure flag stop which rejoiced in a name the Montanan had never seen or heard. He thought it was beautiful. It was " Myrna."

When he got back to the ranch, Dave Williams found that he was the father of a husky red-haired baby girl. The child was christened Myrna—Myrna Williams.

So she remained until she came with her mother and brother, after her father's death, to study sculpture and dancing in Los Angeles. Here she met a young poet named Peter Rurick, who felt that the Williams part of her name did not harmonize with his conception of an artistic career; so he substituted Loy.

Myrna Loy at this stage of her career was far from the glamorous creature she is today.

" Nature," she frankly confesses, " had done me wrong. My hair was straight and red, my nose snubbed, and my face splattered with freckles."

However, even then she possessed the marvelous gift of grace. Sculptor Winebrenner saw it when he selected her as the model for his famous statue, the Spirit of Education. Ruth St. Denis saw it when she enrolled her among the famous Denishawn dancers. Rudolph Valentino was to see it— But I am getting ahead of my story.

For a while Myrna taught dancing in the vestry of an old church in Culver City. One day she heard that Grauman's Egyptian Theater was putting on an elaborate prologue to go with Charlie Chaplin's Gold Rush.

Once more the word " spirit " entered her life. She had been the Spirit of Education. Now she was to be, in a long row of " spirits," the Spirit of Northern Ice.

Something else entered her life, too, and that something was a man. For Myrna Loy, the man above all men, her idol and her inspiration.

" You are lovely! " That was his greeting. And it was enough. There was scarcely a girl in the civilized world who would not have been willing to face death to be addressed thus by Rudolph Valentino.

Rudy, then at his height, had seen some photographs that his friend Henry Waxman had made of her. Impressed with her possibilities for a picture, What Price Beauty?—which his wife, Natacha Rambova, was producing—he had come to the Egyptian to see her.

Within the hour the freckle-faced little girl from the Montana ranch was walking by her idol's side into the famous drawing room at Falcon's Nest, was hearing the strange fascinating Natacha exclaim, " Rudy, she's not only beautiful; she has the poise of a princess! "

She got the part. Since it was in the Rambova manner, it was an exotic one—and it typed her.

Critics wrote of her that " she makes you think of teakwood and spiced tropic nights," called her " the personification of all the Oriental temptresses."

Fan writers, accepting her at her celluloid value, described her as everything Oriental, from Hindu to slightly Eurasian. Myrna, a typical American who had never been nearer the Orient than Malibu Beach!

For twelve happy months the great Valentino guided Myrna's unaccustomed footsteps through the Hollywood maze. Then, as suddenly as he had come into her life, he left it. In the summer of 1926 he was dead.

Everybody in Hollywood seems to have forgotten Valentino. Everybody except Myrna Loy. " There has not been a night since his death," she said, " that I have failed to kneel in prayer for the rest of his soul."

For eight years all Myrna's roles were in the slinking exotic tradition. From 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. she spent her life being tortured for her sins or sneaking around doing people dirt and poisoning some of the best and some of the worst actors in Hollywood. Finally she rose on her shapely Montana legs and announced that she was through with "yellows" forever. "I'll play anything," she said, "so long as it's white!"

Her chance came. She was called to the Goldwyn studio to see about the part of the "other woman" in Arrowsmith.

Her agent had said, "Ask for Mr. Hornblow."

The name meant little or nothing to Myrna, for its owner had not been long on the Hollywood scene. Myrna Loy meant nothing to him except as the name of an Oriental character actress who wanted to "go United States." Neither expected much of the meeting. Now they are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow.

It is impossible to overestimate the beneficial effect of this meeting on the development of the career and the character of Myrna Loy. Hornblow, a quiet scholarly man with a cultural background of books and music and the best the theater holds, was as different from the average Hollywood male as were the roles Myrna wished to play from those she had been forced to play. He was, to be sure, no Rudolph Valentino, but he was admirably fitted to furnish that guidance which Rudy would have given if he had been alive.

It was Hornblow who gave her strength to refuse the siren parts when it looked as if the producers would accept her in no other. It was he who encouraged that famous one-woman strike which resulted not only in her being able to make only the right kind and the right number of pictures, but in a deserved increase in salary from $1,500 to $4,000 a week.

Yes, Myrna Loy owes much, both in an artistic and a material way, to the man she married, and she knows it. I doubt, however, if even she is sufficiently detached to realize how much she owes to the heartbreaking years of personal suffering which preceded her marriage.

Nine years before he met Myrna, Hornblow had married Juliette Crosby, statuesque actress of the New York stage. They were separated. But it was not until five years later, in the summer of 1936, that Mrs. Crosby Hornblow gave her husband his marital freedom.

In those years of waiting Myrna Loy grew in spiritual and artistic stature in inverse ratio to her happiness. That "poise of a princess" which Natacha Rambova had noted in the youngster now pervaded every act of the woman grown. She began to fulfill the prophecy Rudolph Valentino had made for her a few days before his death.

THERE had been no hint of physical love in her relations with the great romantic. He had been to her a god whom she was content to worship as a humble acolyte. She had been to him a lovely child whom he could help. Of course, if Rudy had lived—who knows? But anyhow, almost on his deathbed, he uttered these prophetic words:

"When love finally comes to Myrna Loy, Hollywood will find its greatest actress."

The first practical step in the realization of this ideal came when Edward H. Griffith, one of the most intelligent of Hollywood directors, insisted on Myrna for the wife in The Animal Kingdom.

Cecelia of The Animal Kingdom was no Nora Charles. She was a sort of hang-over from the female Fu Manchus that Myrna had been playing. But she was white, and she was a wife. She was smart, too, and intelligent and sophisticated. And she was played so splendiferously that she took the picture right away from the star, Ann Harding, and established the former "Chink lady" as the new sophisticate of the screen.

As one critic put it, Myrna Loy had become "a passionate, exciting creature, far more dangerous than the impassive odalisque of her earlier appearances."

Then in due course came Bill Powell, the eight Martinis, the gleam in her father's eye, Asta, and fame.

Superficially, all these momentous happenings have had little effect on the off-screen Myrna Loy. She is the same genuine, four-dimensional person. She has the same cordial easy manner, the same amazing honesty. She wouldn't recognize a broad *a* if it came up and tapped her on the shoulder. She is just herself—the All-American Girl. And she loathes publicity.

Although she seldom refuses interviewers and never indulges in the silly alley-dodging pyrotechnics of a Garbo or a Hepburn, she does possess a genuine unwillingness to talk about herself; and because of it she is the real mystery girl of the screen.

She has never cared for the social side of Hollywood life, and takes no part in it. Her chief interest, outside of her family, is her work.

Under the Hornblow influence Myrna has come to know a good deal about old prints, water colors, brasses and porcelains. She has long been a devotee of music and prefers the phonograph to the radio, because she can choose her favorites and play them over and over.

She and Arthur—who is, by the way, a highly paid producer at Paramount—have built themselves a farmhouse up on the hills back of Pickfair, where they can achieve that unostentatious comfort they both love.

About pictures and picture people the Loy says little. She admits—as does every girl who ever played with him—that Bill Powell is her favorite leading man. She thinks she teams well, too, with Warner Baxter. She also likes to play with Gable and Spencer Tracy, both of whom are with her in Test Pilot.

MYRNA is thirty-two now, and with characteristic frankness freely admits it. But she looks twenty-two. Part of this amazing illusion comes from her jaunty, free-swinging gait, her tiptilted nose, her dimples, and an irrepressible tendency to both blush and giggle; part, also, from her "nice, splattery freckles."

Of course Myrna is immeasurably more beautiful now than she was when Valentino first called her "lovely." Her skin, between the freckles, is the whitest I ever saw. Her gorgeous hair is the reddest. Her almond-shaped eyes are the greenest. Her eyelashes are the swoopiest. Her smile is the most provocative. Her figure has the slim willowy strength of tempered steel.

But the beauty of Myrna Loy is no mere matter of physical perfections. There is a calm, a peace about her which creates beauty and preserves youth, which can come only from an inner, all-pervading happiness.

Just what that inner happiness is and where it comes from is part of the mystery of Myrna Loy.

Myrna has that gift which we would all do well to cultivate—the gift of withdrawal. She takes time out to get acquainted with herself all over again.

But Myrna's happiness is not wholly one of aloofness; it is one of inspiration, a happiness of the spirit.

And what is the secret of that kind of happiness?

Well, if you were to ask her, she would probably say that it was because the world has been so good to her.

The world *has* been good to Myrna Loy. It was good to her even in the days when she was playing those awful yellow-skinned vampires. Since The Thin Man it has taken her to its heart. Individuals have been good to her, too: Winebrenner, the sculptor, who first recognized her grace; Ruth St. Denis, who cultivated it; Henry Waxman, who took the pictures Rudolph Valentino saw; Ned Griffith, who gave her her first real chance; Bill Powell, who gave her all the breaks in her first great role; Arthur Hornblow, who changed the whole course of her life; and many others.

To each of these she gives credit for her success. But success is not always happiness. And Myrna Loy's happiness of the spirit could have been inspired by none of these people all these years, because not one of them has been with her from the beginning of her career.

But the spirit of Rudolph Valentino has been with her! Valentino, the idol of her youthful dreams. Valentino, most romantic and, many say, most spiritual of Hollywood actors. Valentino, as detached and inscrutable as Myrna herself.

He it was who first told her that she was beautiful. He it was who, in the brief year that was left to him, watched over her like an elder brother. He it is for the peace of whose soul she kneels each night in prayer.

Who shall say that Myrna Loy's thirteen-year communion with the spirit of the man she worshiped has not been the guiding influence in her life, the secret of her happiness?

THE END

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

A Substitute for Love

By JOHN COLOHAN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

HE was wearing his courtroom manner today. He was slouched deep in an easy chair, with his head thrust forward and his chin on chest. His long fingers were pressed together and his mouth was smiling, and there wasn't anything in his face to show that he was more than a trifle mad. There wasn't anything in his manner to suggest that presently he would bring out a shining ugly little gun. . . .

He said gently, "I phoned Martha's yesterday at three, Claire. And at seven. And again at midnight. You weren't there."

This was the old familiar pattern. She wanted to say, "I'll tell you why I wasn't there. It's because I went to Mountain View with Pete Saxon yesterday, and we didn't get back until this morning."

It wouldn't have been true, of course. Pete Saxon she had not seen in weeks, and at their last meeting she had dealt with Pete coldly because, fine and loyal friend though he had been, his friendship had become a liability too heavy to be carried. But it was what that lean sardonic man seemed to want her to say, what he wanted to believe.

"I was shopping yesterday afternoon. And last night I stopped in at Grace Hartwell's, and I stayed longer than I intended. I tried to call you back later, but the line was dead."

"You're beautiful, Claire," he said. "That's why it's so devilish hard for me to doubt your word. But, you see, I was here all night, and it isn't likely I'd have missed a phone call."

"You might ask Martha," she suggested hopelessly.

His eyebrows lifted. "You're Martha's favorite sister. I'm afraid I'm not her favorite brother-in-law. It wouldn't be—decisive."

This had been their life together. If she danced twice with a man, he had spoken bitterly about her "affair"; if she walked along the street with a man, he had talked about "assignations." And once he had knocked her down, and then she had thought about divorce.

But he had laughed at her. "Divorce? My dear, have you forgotten a certain charming old gentleman? Your father? I'm holding him up now. What would happen to him if you divorced me?"

But he had struck her only that one time, for violence was not his way. His was a streak of cruelty far more subtle. She watched him now as he brought out the gun, placed the box of cartridges on the table. A year ago he had first devised this novel method of torturing her.

It had been on the night of the annual Country Club dance. Called from town unexpectedly, he had suggested that she go to the dance with Joe and Myrna Palmer. This she had done. But Myrna had underestimated the voltage of a cocktail, so that Joe had been obliged to leave with her rather early, and Pete Saxon had volunteered to take Claire home.

Clint had been waiting for her, seated in the very chair in which he was sitting now; he had been toying with the same shining ugly little gun.

He had waved explanations aside languidly. "I can understand what has happened. No matter. Losing your love, my dear, has taken a certain zest from life, but I think I have found a way to put it back. A substitute for love, perhaps. A game—the greatest gambling game of all."

And she had stared at him as he explained, understanding then for the first time that he was a little mad. "You see, there are six chambers in the cylinder. We break the gun—so. We put the one bullet in the cylinder—so." He had thumbed a bullet into the cylinder. "And now we place a handkerchief over the gun, and now we spin the cylinder. We close the gun."

He had stopped to look at her then, as some professor of legerdemain might stop to look out over an audience. "One bullet in the gun now. The handkerchief covers the cylinder. Perhaps the bullet is in the firing chamber; we do not know. The odds are five to one. Five chances for me to live—one chance for you to become a charming widow."

He had smiled at her sardonically, prolonging a moment of exquisite agony. Then, suddenly, he had lifted the gun and shoved the barrel against his own right temple. He had watched her mockingly.

"One chance in five," he had said. "One chance to die—five chances to live. Wish me luck, my dear."

And he had pulled the trigger. There had been the dull sound of the firing pin striking against an empty chamber. She had screamed once and fainted.

Four times since that night—with, each time, some fancied indiscretion on her part to furnish motive—she had watched him play his fantastic game with death. Four times he had tossed the gun aside. "I win again, my dear."

And now she must go through it all again. He was wiping the gun with the handkerchief. He was opening the gun. "Empty, you see." He was selecting a bullet and shoving it into the cylinder, and he was spinning the cylinder swiftly under the handkerchief. She could hear the gun close with a snap.

And the telephone rang. She was frozen in her chair. Gracefully he pushed to his feet; he put the gun on the table; he bowed to her. "I'll take it, my dear."

His voice came from the library. He seemed to be talking to Graham, the banker, and his words were clipped and businesslike. But he *must* be mad. She could see the gun on the table, partially covered by the white handkerchief. She could see the open box of cartridges. . . .

He came back at last. He picked up the gun. He stood erect, smiling down at her mockingly. He said, "This is the sixth time, my dear; the law of averages is working for you now."

Ever so slowly he lifted the gun to press the barrel against his head. He pulled the trigger. . . .

SOMEWHERE a woman was sobbing softly, and the sound broke the stillness. A beefy-faced policeman stood in the doorway. The coroner balanced the gun in his hand. "Suicide," he said. "No doubt of it."

He saw the open box of cartridges, and he broke the gun to glance at the cylinder. "He was always careful," the little coroner mused aloud. "Many a man would have figured one bullet enough to kill himself. Not Clint Stobaugh. He loaded her full—every chamber."

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, That's My Story, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 P. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE — THE CHALLENGE

by Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EARLY in October, 1935, Governor Hoffman learned that Hauptmann had asked to see him. One of the things that kept this message on his mind was a phone call from former Vice-President Curtis, who wanted him to "see Mrs. McLean." The "mysterious woman" who visited the death house with him on the night of October 16 was—as he disclosed in Liberty last week—Mrs. Anna Bading, Ellis Parker's secretary. She was a competent interpreter and an expert stenographer, and he thought he might need both.

These were the points Hauptmann particularly stressed in beginning his plea to the Governor: 1—Why hadn't they used the "lie detector" on him and on Dr. Condon? 2—Why hadn't the state produced its casts of a man's footprint found near the kidnap ladder and of one found in the Bronx cemetery? 3—Could it be true that no fingerprints had been found on the ladder and none in the Lindbergh baby's room? 4—He had kept in his home letters received from Pincus Fisch in Germany, and copies of his letters to Pincus; why, then, when asked for such letters during the trial, had the prosecution answered, "We have none"?

Strangest confessional in history! Here at last is the whole record of what Hauptmann said at death's door

PART THREE — A MAN WHO LIVED IN HELL

"WOULD I, a carpenter, make for a crime like dot a ladder dot vould not bear my own veight vidout breaking?"

Hauptmann arose from his cot and stood before me as if he wanted me to appraise his height and weight. A dim light, burning in the corridor outside cell 9, cast the shadows of prison bars in vertical stripes down his gray woolen shirt, open at the neck. His attitude, as at the Flemington trial, seemed to reflect pride in his craftsmanship. There he had answered the question of his chief counsel, Reilly, "Did you build the ladder?" with the statement, "I am a carpenter!"

The prisoner turned abruptly and went to the table bearing his books. He picked out one of the volumes of the trial testimony, and turned without hesitation to the examination of Chief Inspector Henry E. Bruckman of the Detective Division of the Bronx. He pointed to the damaging evidence of Bruckman, who had testified that he had found inside a closet at the Hauptmann home the piece of board bearing the penciled notation of Dr. Condon's address and telephone number.

"I wanted to ask you about that," I said. "You did admit that it was your writing, didn't you? And that it was the Doctor's telephone number? How do you account—"

"Dot is von of the things dey haf done to me," answered Hauptmann. "A few days after my arrest my Annie and the child could stand it no longer in the house because the baby could no longer sleep because of all the police and people who vere there; so dey vent to relatives. Now I can see it vas the wrong thing to haf done, for the police could manage to do as dey vished.

"Some days after I am arrested, vhen everything seems so mixed up, the police appear with a board on vhich is some writing. Dey say the board is from the closet in my home, and vhen I look through a glass at the writing it looks like mine and I say it must be mine because often it is my custom to write down things, like many carpenters, on pieces of vood. But den dey tell me it is Doctor Condon's telephone number and the number of his house. Dear God! If I dot number had written and knew vhat it vas, vould I so haf told the police? No! Vith my dying breath I vould haf said I haf never seen it before.

"Besides, if I had commit this crime, vould I haf marked down in my own house this number? Because in my Bronx house I haf no telephone and must go some distance to telephone. Vhat good vould be to me a number written inside my closet vhich is the broom closet and very small and vhich I vould haf to get inside to see the number? And, too, the closet is dark."

Hauptmann went on to explain that any telephoning done by him had to be from a pay station and that there were always telephone books containing Doctor Condon's phone number. "They haf tried to make people think," he said, "dot this vas a secret number, but it is shown dot it is not so and the number vas in all the books."

(Later, in Liberty, even Doctor Condon was to admit the improbability of Hauptmann's having written his phone number on the inside of the closet. Telling of long-distance calls from distant cranks who reversed charges, running his telephone bill up to nearly fifty dollars a month, he writes, in Jafsie Tells All: "Angry, I arranged for a private listing. Later, much was to be made of the fact that I had a private listing and that, despite this, my telephone number was found written in a closet in the kidnaper's home. . . . The number so found was Sedgwick 3-7154, the old number by which I was listed in the Bronx telephone directory at the time of the kidnaping and *before* I obtained a private listing. . . . To this day I cannot bring myself to accept the written telephone number and address in the kidnaper's closet.")

Hauptmann said to me, "I am now certain that the numbers on the closet wainscoting haf been made either by police or by reporters who tried to write like me."

Frequently Hauptmann reverted to the ladder, which Attorney General Wilentz, before the trial, is reported to have said that the state would "hang around the neck" of the accused man.

"Is it not unbelievable," he asked, "dot to make von support for the ladder, out of six, I vould haf from the floor in my own house tear up von of the boards? This is the von dey call 'rail 16.' In the first place, it had in it some large knots vhich alone vould prevent a carpenter from making a ladder of it. Anyvay, it is not altogether a ladder—it is only a wooden rack. Its construction shows dot it did not come from the hand of a carpenter, not even a poor von. The prosecutor tried to say dot I vas not a good carpenter, but I say I haf often worked for myself and as a foreman. Every master could depend on me. I haf often figured out whole requirements for vood for new construction and order material, and often I vas responsible for the whole job.

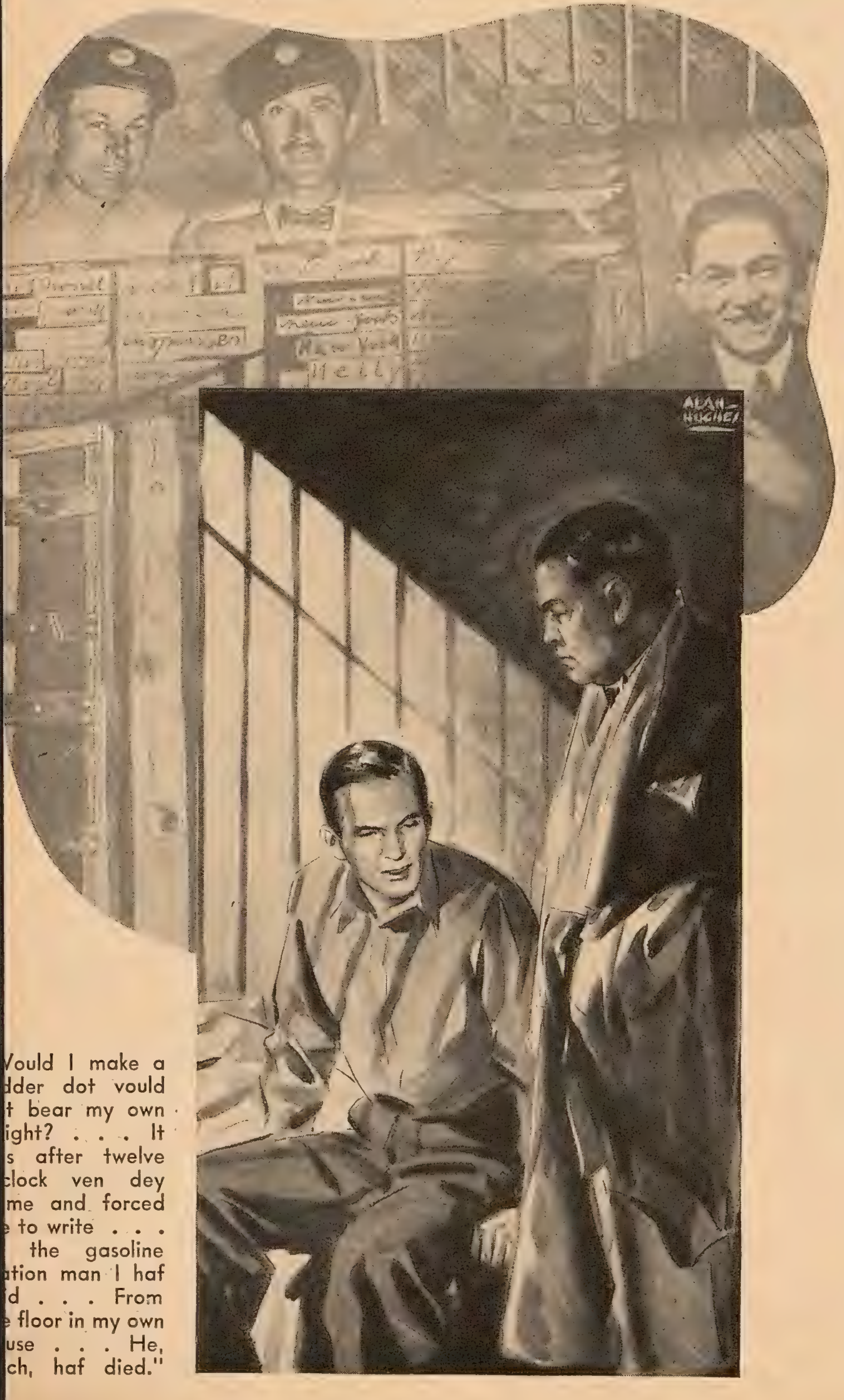
"But the ladder rail. It vas said to the jury, and by experts, dot it came from my house. Vhether it really came from the house I do not know, but if it did, den I make responsible the persons who vere dere after my Annie left the house."

Again Hauptmann rose from the prison cot and stood before me. "Listen," he said. "Vilentz says I am smart criminal. He says on dese hands I must haf vorn gloves, because dere are not fingerprints. He says on dese feet I must haf vorn bags, because dere are no footprints. If I vas a smart criminal, if I vould do all dose things, vy vould I go in my own house and take up half of one board to use for one piece of the ladder—something dot always vould be evidence against me?

"If I vanted to make a ladder, could I not get around my yard and around my garage all the vood like this dot I vould need? I haf lots of boards like dot. Besides, only about von block from my house is a lumber yard vhere for a few cents I could buy such a board."

Hauptmann went on to point out that there was no stairway leading to his attic, only a trap door that could be reached awkwardly by climbing up on closet shelves. The entrance to the attic would then be completed by lifting oneself up by the use of hands and arms. It seemed inconceivable to him that any one could believe that, for the sake of saving a few pennies, a board from the floor would be pried up. He said that, according to the testimony, the flooring was of the tongue-and-groove type and held to the floor by square fivepenny nails. It would take a man of unusual strength with his hands alone to pry up such a board. "Besides," he added, "since on the ladder rail there vas no tongue and no groove, in addition to all the other trouble it vould be necessary to ripsaw or plane such a board down both edges to make it the size of the ladder rail."

Hauptmann, doomed to die, was particularly bitter in his denunciation of Arthur Koehler, the government wood expert. The prisoner pointed out that, in order to show that rail 16 and the lumber said to



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remain in Hauptmann's attic had at one time been part of the same board, Koehler had to assume in his testimony that there was a piece of lumber two or three inches in width missing between the end of the ladder rail and the beginning of the piece left in the attic. By the use of one's assumptions, he said, anything might be conceived.

He did not seem to think that there was anything particularly brilliant or impressive in Koehler's tracing of a shipment of lumber, cut in a certain way, to a retail lumber yard in the Bronx. Many hundreds of thousands of feet of lumber cut with the same saws or knives would be produced by the same mill, he argued. Koehler himself had traced many shipments of the lumber to different cities in the country. Hauptmann claimed that if a suspect had been held in any one of those cities, say Buffalo, Easton, Richmond, it could have been said that the lumber which was milled and planed in the same South Carolina mills had been traced to a retail lumber yard in the suspect's neighborhood.

"Vy vould the jury believe Koehler?" he asked, "vhen he testified dot two pieces of lumber vhich vere given him in the courtroom vere from the same board? Then ve show vith Mr. De Bisschop, a fine witness, dot dey come from different places; von almost new—five or six years old—and the other from an old building nearly forty-seven years standing before it vas torn down. But vhen Koehler say dot two other pieces of board, von on the ladder and von vot they lie vas part of my attic floor are from the same board, he is believed. Vy?

"I know vy!" Hauptmann had a far-away look in his eyes, although his thoughts were probably only a few feet away, upon the cloth-covered electric chair that was being watched, unknown to him, by Anna Bading, in the course of her lonely vigil in the death chamber. "It is because, even though a piece is missing dot must be supplied by the mind, dey vant to believe this von thing vhich vill help take my life. Because vhen my life may depend upon a mistake of Koehler's, dot is not important.

"Oh, no!" he concluded bitterly. "The poor child haf been kidnaped and murdered, so somebody must die for it. For is the parent not the great flyer? And if somebody does not die for the death of the child, den alvays the police vill be monkeys. So I am the one who is picked out to die."

Hauptmann, I believe, could have gone on for hours talking about the wood—the ladder rails, the dowel pins, the crosspieces, the attic flooring, the nails; about discrepancies in the testimony of Koehler. He expressed himself as believing that the testimony concerning the plane marks on the ladder rails and the attempt to show that these marks were made by his plane was such obviously doubtful evidence that the jury should have disregarded the rest of Koehler's testimony. "Can any von honestly believe," he asked, "dot I, vorking many times as a carpenter, vould for two years haf a plane dot vould not be sharpened and vhich vould haf today the same nicks as it would haf two years ago?

BESIDES, even the same blade of the plane vould make different marks vhen used by different people. But Koehler, he proves dot dis plane today, by different people, makes exactly the same marks dot it made vhen supposed to haf been used by me two years ago. The ladder has been taken apart many times and handled by many people. It must be shown dot I vas not alvays in the Bronx, but at Hopewell—so some von, maybe the police, might run my plane on the ladder rails."

Sadly he added, "Dot I cannot prove. If, like the state, I haf many hundreds of thousands of dollars to spend, maybe I too could haf many 'experts.'"

I was anxious to get on to other phases of the case, and the testimony that had condemned Hauptmann. His mention of the word "experts" gave me a chance to veer from the woodwork angle and question him about the handwriting on the ransom notes.

"Right after my arrest I had to write," said Hauptmann. "I did not know at the time vy dey vanted specimens of my writing. If I had any idea, den I vould not haf let dem dictate to me so to write down mistakes. Of course I make mistakes in writing. Still, not such blunders as vere dictated to me. Den dey took out of all my writings dose things vhich looked like the ransom notes. In the note dot was found in the baby's room dey found only von little word, 'is,' dot dey say looked like mine.

"It vas after twelve o'clock at night vhen dey come back and forced me to write more. I did not vant to write more den, because I had been on the boat the night before to say good-by to a relative and I had almost no sleep. But dey dictate to me vhat I should write, so I did it. I could hardly keep my eyes open; still, I remember some of the things dey told me to write. I recall very clearly some things, for vhen I write the vord 'not' dey told me to add 'e' to it. Dot seemed very strange, but now dey say dot is not in my writings. So some of the sheets vhich I wrote haf been torn or are missing.

"Many times dese handwriting 'experts' haf been wrong. One of dem testifying against me admitted dot as a result of a mistake he made an innocent man served three or four years in a prison out Vest."

(Hauptmann was incorrect in the statement that the trial testimony had shown that the "innocent man" had served time in jail; but it is a fact that, after making an unsuccessful effort to evade the question of defense counsel, John F. Tyrrell, one of the state's "experts," admitted that he gave handwriting evidence upon which one Gordon Morgan, in a Milwaukee court, had been convicted of forgery and sentenced to prison. The day after the conviction, Tyrrell reluctantly stated at Flemington, a man by the name of Herman Eckert confessed that he had written the checks in question. The case was reopened and Morgan was discharged.)

THE doomed Hauptmann continued earnestly: "Dey admitted dot many times dey had been wrong in important cases. Sometimes dey are hired by one side and again by another in a case. Sometimes dese big 'experts' oppose each other; von says the handwriting is right, the other says it is wrong for the person accused.

"In my case," he went on, "Lloyd Fisher haf told me dot the state haf spent more money for handwriting experts alone dan ve haf for our whole defense. So, vhen it is a question of sending me to the electric chair, right avay the state, vith many thousands of dollars, get all the experts who are vell known in the country and haf dem on their side against me."

Rising quickly, the prisoner brought two volumes of the trial testimony almost completely filled with the handwriting examination. He ran through the pages, looked at me, and said, "Governor, if you haf been a man who vas picked up vith some of the Lindbergh money—even though dot money might haf passed through ten hands before it came to you—I think dot easy some of dese man vould prove, from all your writings, dot you vere the von who haf written the ransom letters.

"Nearly $40,000, I am told, the state paid dese men who testified dot here and dere is a letter I haf written, or a vord, dot the jury vould believe is like some of dose in the Lindbergh letters."

I asked Hauptmann many questions about his relationship with Isidor Fisch, the man from whom he claimed to have received the $15,000 proved after the arrest to be part of the Lindbergh ransom money. It had always seemed to me that the Fisch story represented the weakest part of Hauptmann's defense; it seemed unbelievable that Fisch, leaving for Germany, would have left the ransom bills in Hauptmann's custody, and that he would not have ascertained until after Fisch's death in Leipzig that the package contained currency.

As I sat beside him on his cell cot, Hauptmann related this story: That he met Fisch, for the first time, in March or April of 1932 at Hunter's Island, and that he later drove Fisch and another friend, whose name he could not remember, to the subway station. It was about three weeks later when he again met Fisch at Hunter's Island, and after that they met two or three times a week. Fisch told him that he was interested in the stock market and Hauptmann asked him to accompany him to Steiner and Rouse's on Eighty-sixth Street. Although Hauptmann at that time still carried his account with Mott, he watched the reports at Steiner and Rouse's, and later he transferred his account to that firm.

Fisch told Hauptmann that he was in the fur business, and added, according to Hauptmann, that there “ vas good money in it.” He finally interested Hauptmann in it and was given $500 to invest in furs. Hauptmann at the same time was to buy some stock for Fisch, and each was to pay the other their respective profits or losses. They carried on these transactions for some time, with Hauptmann buying and selling stock for Fisch—including one $9,000 purchase of Alaska Juneau—and reinvesting in furs the profits which Fisch represented were being made on his original $500 investment, until he had $6,000 or $7,000 in furs.

Fisch, who was sickly, one day announced that he was going to Germany to visit his parents, and, about four weeks before leaving, told Hauptmann that he had purchased 2,000 Hudson sealskins. He said he had sold 1,600 of them but wanted Hauptmann to keep the remaining 400. “ At first,” said Hauptmann, “ he said he vanted me to come down vith him to the fur district, but den he changed his mind and said I should come to his home on 127th Street. So I vent to his house and ve took the skins and vent to my home. About von veek later he brought to my house a moth box and he showed me how to vet and stretch the skins.

HE SENT THE ROPE TO WASHINGTON

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

J. Edgar Hoover, in discussing the work of the National Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, once told the following story to illustrate the profits of training home-town G-men. His example was the work of Leo J. Mulcahy of the Connecticut State Police.

"The body of a man named Armond Salvione was found by the state police, trussed with a piece of rope in such a way that his heels were tied under his shoulder blades and around his neck. Following his study of scientific methods of investigation at Washington, Mulcahy forwarded the rope that had been found around the victim's body to Washington, with a request that an effort be made to identify its source. In the Technical Laboratory of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it was determined that the rope had been manufactured by a company in business at Macon, Georgia, and that sales of this rope were made to certain concerns in New England. When confronted with this information, the key witness in the case admitted committing perjury and furnished additional information which placed the two suspects at the scene of the crime, and identified them by a witness."

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

“ Later on he asks me vhen he goes to Germany if he can leave vith me some of his belongings, and I vent to his home again, for the second time, and took to my house two satchels, a big von and a small von. He says, ‘ Dere is not much in dere, only old stuff—you may put it in the garage.’ He showed me some books in the little von and told me I could read them, and I did during the vinter. I kept dot satchel in my big closet in the living room.

“ Den, the Saturday before Isidor left for Germany, my vife and I gave for him a farewell party. He brought along in his arm a cardboard box, wrapped up—I think about nine o'clock—and he asks me to put it in a closet for him and keep it until he comes back from Germany. I thought maybe in the box vere some things he forgot to put in the satchel, maybe papers and letters. Vhen he came in ve vere in the kitchen, so I put the package for him on the upper shelf of the broom closet. After a vhile dere vere rags and things on the shelf covering up the box and I forgot all about it. He told me he vould be back again in two months, maybe earlier.”

Hauptmann continued: “ Isidor wrote me a few times from Germany, and den, in March or April, from his brother Pincus I get a letter saying he, Isidor, haf died. He asked me, in his letter, as he knew I vas a friend of Isidor's, to look after his financial business in dis country. So I wrote and told Pincus how ve stood in the stock and fur business.

“ Fisch had told me vonce that he had bank accounts and a safe-deposit box and dot he also got $10,000 in some company dot bakes pies; also lots of furs; and dot a friend, Mr. Falek, owed him $2,000. But vhen I haf news dot Isidor haf died and I start to look around, I find dot the pie company is a fake and vorth nothing, also dot Fisch haf owed Falek $800 and to Mrs. Heil, Mr. Henkel's mother-in-law, he owed $4,000. Henry Uhlig, who knows the fur business and who had gone to Germany vith Isidor, vent looking around vith me, and we find Isidor haf no furs except the 400 skins at my house, vhich are not vorth vot he haf told me. So I am all mixed up.

“ I vent with Uhlig to a lawyer named Plitzer [I later found the name to be Louis Blitzer] to see how I could protect myself vith my losses from Fisch, for I thought surely somevhere he must haf money or furs or property. Plitzer, I think, belonged to the same lodge as Isidor, and he said that in 1930 he was settling for Isidor a case about the pie company and also something about paying taxes in Albany.

“ I asked him if dere vas any chance of getting to open the safe-deposit box, and he said no, not unless Fisch's relatives should issue orders. But Mr. Falek, I think, had some kind of a paper and he opened the box. Uhlig told me dot dere is nothing in it, just some little notes.

“ Even up to that time I haf not thought of the little box, but three or four veeks before I got arrested it has been raining and the water comes in the broom closet and I run across the box soaking vet. Vhen I look I find it is full of money. Oho! I say to myself; dot is vhere Isidor's money haf gone. Vot he has saved he has put in gold certificates to be safe. I put it in a pail and took it to my garage, vhere I dried it and hid it like the police found it, except for the few bills I haf spent. I did not put it in the bank because vith gold certificates I think I should haf trouble.

“ Before dot I haf written to Pincus he should come to the United States to settle up Isidor's business. Now I felt, since Fisch haf owed me so much money and haf tried to cheat me, dot the money largely is mine.

“ Could I haf known dot the money vas the Lindbergh baby money? No! How could any sensible person think dot? ” Hauptmann then touched upon a point that had always puzzled me, even in the days when from a casual reading of the newspaper accounts I had been thoroughly convinced of his guilt. “ For vas it not testified at the trial, and truly so, dot to the gasoline station man I haf said, vhen I gave him the bill, ‘ I haf a hundred more like dot ’? Vould I say dot if I knew dot dese bills maybe could take my life some day? ”

(It was true that at Flemington Walter Lyle had testified to that effect. His exact testimony was that, when Hauptmann had handed him the ten-dollar gold certificate, he “ looked at it, turned it over, and said, ‘ You don't see many more of these,’ and he [Hauptmann] said, ‘ No, I only have about a hundred left.’ ”

Hauptmann talked on rapidly, without excitement, of the circumstances surrounding his arrest; how he first believed he had been picked up for speeding, but knew it was more serious when the police clapped handcuffs on him. He frankly admitted that he had lied about the amount of money in his garage because he “ vould get in so much trouble if they knew I had so much gold money, and besides, near the money I haf hidden also a pistol vhich I know I am not supposed to haf.”

He told of an alleged beating to which he was subjected in a police station in New York. “ I vas handcuffed in the chair and the police give me such a terrible licking dot I fall downvard to the floor. Dey showed me a hammer and den dey put out the lights and started to beat me on the shoulders, the back of the head, and the arm. Den, too, dey kicked my legs vith their feet and kept yelling, ‘ Vhere is the money? ’ ‘ Vhere is the baby? ’ ‘ Ve'll knock your brains out! ’ ”

I was later to obtain a copy of the oral and physical examination of Hauptmann by Thurston H. Dexter, M. D., F. A. C. P., made in the presence of James M. Fawcett, then attorney for the accused man, and Louis L. Lefkowitz, assistant medical examiner; dated September 25, several days after the alleged “ third degree.”

That report is before me as I write this record of the much talked about prison interview with the man who has long since gone to his death, legally, at the hands of my state. It reads in part: “Scab and abrasion between left eye and molar region, and under the lid a faint yellow discoloration . . . on right shoulder a tender lump, an inch and a half, and a lump on the spine of the right scapula and above it . . . all of lower shoulder blade shows a swollen welt with discoloration and abrasions . . . a large mark and discoloration, yellow and blue, extending into the axillary region . . . in the left lower quadrant of the abdomen, close to the groin, an area of three by five inches of faint greenish-yellow discoloration . . . in the upper chest region, involving principally the sternum, a large irregular region discolored yellow and faint blue, superficially abraded . . . right thigh much swollen, very tender, and markedly discolored.”

Dr. Dexter closes his report with: “I conclude from this examination that he had been subjected recently to a severe beating, all or mostly with blunt instruments. The injuries resulting from this are general and include the head, back, chest, abdomen, and thighs.”

Hauptmann told me, as he had told Dr. Dexter, that he had been treated kindly while in the jail in the Bronx.

Time and time again he referred to the intermediary, Dr. Condon. He used, in that interview, the same phrase used in a later statement given out by his counsel: “Doctor Condon holds the key to my cell. If he vill tell the truth I must be a free man.”

“The prosecutor does to me funny things,” he said. “Dey place on the vitness stand a voman who testifies she sees me, after the crime, limping around vith a cane. Dot is to show dot it must be I who vas hurt vhen the ladder broke. But den comes Doctor Condon, who says dot, a few days later, I jump a high vall at the cemetery and run avay like an athlete.”

The primary point in Hauptmann’s mind concerning Condon seemed to be this: That the kidnaping took place in March, 1932. During all of the following summer and the summers of 1933 and 1934 Hauptmann was at City Island three, four, and five times a week. He was there practically every week-end. He went swimming there, played soccer, and had picnics there with friends. For a long period of time he kept his canoe at Dixon’s Boat House. During that same period Condon had a real-estate office on City Island, and to get there, according to Hauptmann, had to go past the Dixon boathouse. The Doctor admitted that he frequented City Island, went there week-ends, and was supposed to have even used the same boathouse.

HAUPTMANN could not conceive that three full seasons could have passed, with both Condon and himself frequenting this place so continuously, without an identification. “How could anybody believe dot,” he asked, “vhen Doctor Condon vas looking as he says all over the country for ‘John,’ who he now says is me, vidout coming face to face vith me? Condon says dot he could identify ‘John’ vhen ‘John’ vas valking along a street and he vas on the top of a bus, yet on City Island nearly every day he vould not see me and pick me out as ‘John.’

“If I vas the kidnaper and I got the money from Condon, vould not I know, too, dot the Doctor vas in City Island many, many times? And vould not I haf stayed avay from City Island because I vould haf been afraid of being identified by Condon? Even after the Doctor haf seen me in vhat dey call the police ‘line-up’ in New York, vy vould he keep going around all over trying to find ‘John’ to whom he paid the Colonel’s money?”

It was evident that Hauptmann was quite confused about the aged negotiator’s activities. He queried, “Vould any man be fool enough to come to get the ransom money, and den, vhen he found Condon vas dere at the cemetery, to say, ‘Vait a vhile so I can go get instructions,’ and den disappear for fifteen minutes before returning? Vy, vhen he came back there vould be a thousand policemen to catch him. Anyvay, dey should haf done dot. Den I vould not be here. Dey knew dey vere going to pay the money, so vy did not the police surround the cemetery and catch dose who commit the crime?

“The man who vas talking vith Doctor Condon a Voodlawn Cemetery vas said by him to veigh betwee 155 and 160 pounds; for did not the Doctor say he coul tell, and he felt the arms of ‘John’? But my veight a about that time vas 175 pounds—it shows so on m automobile license.”

Hauptmann told about Doctor Condon’s visit to him i the cell at the Hunterdon County Jail. “Dere vas n guard inside the cell,” he said, “but outside in the vin dow of the jail hallvay [corridor] in front of the cel there vas a guard, vith some man—I think the prosecu tor. Doctor Condon vas vith me on a bench in the cell and he vas asking me if I haf any athletic training. I sai ‘yes.’ Den he asked me if I haf von any prizes, and I tol him sixteen or seventeen in Germany for running an jumping. Den it looked like he vas going to cry. He took a piece of paper and marked it in four parts and said he divided the case in four parts. Von part he said vas the baby, and in another part he made a little house vith a bench. He called me ‘John’ many times. He pointed to the first square and said, ‘Dot is the baby—dot comes first.’ Den he pointed to the second space and said, ‘Dot is the man I spoke vith—the go-between.’

I ASKED him vhat vas a go-between, and he explained to me dot he vas a go-between for Colonel Lindbergh, and the fellow who sat vith him in the cemetery vas the go-between for the kidnapers. He said this fellow said there vas five or seven men in the gang, and he told Doctor Condon how to fix the $50,000 in bundles.

“He said if I know anything I should confess, because there vas no connection between the money and the kidnaping and I vould clear myself and himself. He said the police vere treating him roughly. But he never said I am the fellow—and vhen he left he asked could he come see me again, and I said ‘yes.’

“Vhen Doctor Condon did not identify me as ‘John’ in New York and again in Flemington, vhat should so suddenly make him change his opinion and say qvickly dot I am the man to whom he has given the money? Can it be like the man Curtis, who has been condemned for having contact vith kidnapers, dot the police, too, have made the Doctor say I am the man or they vill also prosecute him? For surely he, too, must haf had contact vith the kidnapers, since he paid to dem the money.

“Den, too,” Hauptmann asked, “can the woman Barr—dot cashier in the theater—be believed in the story she haf told? Can any one believe dot on the night of my birthday—dot vas November 26, 1933—I vould go from my home in 222d Street vay downtown to Greenwich Village to see a moving picture? Can dey believe on dot night a man who is supposed to haf $50,000 to spend vould be vithout overcoat? Or dot for over a year a cashier who must vait on thousands of people vould remember one man who bought from her a ticket?

“Dere vas no one else to say dot she vas telling the truth, but for me dere vere plenty of vitnesses who strongly cover this night and prove dot I am at home vith a little birthday party.

“Den dere is the old man, Hochmuth, eighty years old and more, who says he sees me go by his house at Hopewell in a green car vith very red face and eyes like a ghost looking out of the automobile vindow. Dis man can hardly see. He admits on the vitness stand dot the police haf him in the jail at Flemington looking at me in the cell for over half an hour, but he says he could not see me—only a figure. But he, like all the state vitnesses, seems to be believed, although it is shown dot he cannot see, and further dot he untruthfully said he lived in New York vhen he really lived in New Jersey so he could get money for relief.

“Yet my vitnesses are not believed—the five people who saw me in New York in the bakery with Annie at the time dot the crime was committed. One of these, Manley, an old gentleman, arose from a sickbed and he swore dot on the night of March 1, 1932, he saw me at nine o’clock in the bakery.”

I asked Hauptmann about his prior record in Germany. He briefly recounted his experiences during the war, his home life, and said that after the war he returned to his native village improperly clad and hungry. “So, too,” he added, " were my mother and my brothers and sisters. I did steal an overcoat and I stole food. I vas almost a boy. Dese things are wrong, yes, but many times dey vere done in my country after that var. Maybe here, too, dere vere many cases like dot. But never once have I injured a human being."

In the shadow of the electric chair that within six months would whisk him into eternity, Hauptmann continued to ask questions that I could not answer. Thinking of Anna Bading, sitting outside in the gruesome atmosphere of the death chamber, I was anxious to bring my interview to a close.

But the prisoner seemed reluctant to let me go without answers to his questions, fired at me with machine-gun-like rapidity:

" Vy don't the police keep on looking for the man Faulkner who deposit nearly $3,000 of the Colonel's money?

" Vy is it just von—me—dey vant to get for the death of the poor child?

" Vy don't dey find whose vere the fingerprints, not mine, on the ladder?

" Vy do dey believe fairy story about the support from the child's sleeping garment [thumb guard] found by the nurse Betty Gow and the housekeeper a month after the crime, right vhere it vould haf been seen so many times by hundreds of people on dot road?

" Vy do dey try to prove I haf had and spent $50,000 vhen only maybe $15,000 has been found? "

I could not answer many of Hauptmann's questions. I, too, was to start out on a trail rough with bitterness and censure, searching for answers to some of the same questions—and some others that were beginning to form in my mind.

I, too, was to feel some of the futility of the search, to sense that indefinable, mysterious force threatening to destroy any one who dared to question that the Lindbergh crime had been solved and that full and complete justice had been meted out to all participants.

I called to Colonel Kimberling, who came down corridor with a guard, to turn a key in the cell lock that I might emerge. The prisoner looked at me hopelessly. " Vot harm could I do anybody behind dese bars? Vhen dey kill me dey kill an innocent man. But I know—dey think vhen I die, the case vill die. Dey think it vill be like a book I close."

Stepping into the corridor, I heard the cage key click in the lock of cell 9. I stepped to the steel door of the death chamber, took one look back at the pale face—the last time I was to see it—behind the bars.

" Good night, Governor—and thank you for coming."

I said good night, stepped through the doorway, and said to Mrs. Bading, " Come along, Anna—it's over."

We went through a doorway, a prison gate, and into a waiting car. After leaving Colonel Kimberling and Mrs. Bading at the prison keeper's residence, I went back to my rooms at the Hotel Hildebrecht and wrote far into the hours of the next morning—what Hauptmann had said, what I have set down in the preceding pages.

The weeks to follow were to be filled with drama, pathos, passion, and every human emotion that may be aroused by conflict. I was to be precipitated into a seething maelstrom, but I did not then realize it.

An atrocious crime had been committed. Justice, to my mind, was not to be found merely in the execution of a single convicted criminal.

There had been a crime that must never recur; a case that must never be repeated; a challenge that must, in the interests of society, be effectively met.

My duty, it seemed, was clear!

How the press learned that the Governor had visited Hauptmann; how the Governor did call upon Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean; how he and Wilentz agreed upon a plan to get the whole truth out of Hauptmann; and how—the day before the date set for the execution—he went to see Mrs. Hauptmann: these things former Governor Hoffman will disclose to the world in Liberty next week!

WHAT FOOLS WIVES ARE TO LET THEMSELVES GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
MARRIED TEN YEARS, BUT ...
LOOK WHAT BOB GAVE ME ON OUR ANNIVERSARY! ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?
YOU'RE PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO... KEEPING YOURSELF SO YOUNG AND LOVELY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A COMPLEXION LIKE YOURS
I'M SURE YOU CAN, MADGE! FOR A LONG TIME MY SKIN WAS SIMPLY AWFUL! SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING... REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN LUCKILY I TRIED PALMOLIVE...
PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY IS IT SO MARVELOUS?
BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM A SPECIAL BLEND OF NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS, OLIVE AND PALM OILS. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE!
WELL I'M GOING TO CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
BOB SAYS I'M SO MUCH PRETTIER SINCE I'VE BEEN USING PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

THE UNBREAKABLE Mrs. Doll

READING TIME
31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

GLORY PITCHER is brought up by Sam Doll in a deserted hotel in the Colorado mountains, where Sam is hiding from the police who, he believes, are after him for murder. When Glory is sixteen, Jefferson Doll, Sam's son, comes to tell his father that it is safe for him to go home. But he never goes. While coming up the mountain, Sam has been accidentally killed by a stray bullet from either Glory's or Jeff's gun when they were firing to show off their marksmanship.

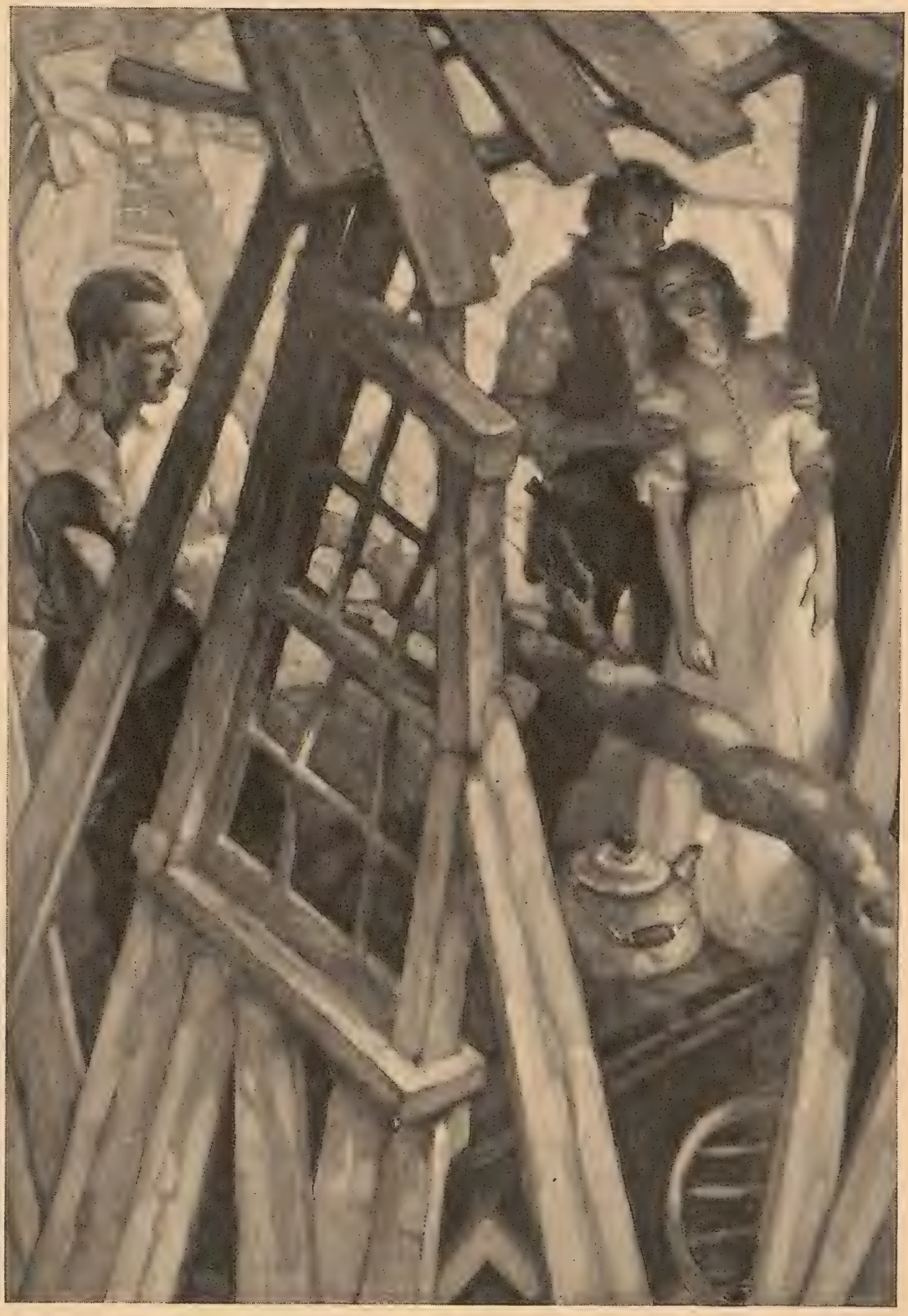
Jeff falls in love with Glory, and they leave the hotel together, intending to marry as soon as they can find a preacher. On the way to Texas, where Jeff hopes to find oil, he falls and injures himself. Donald Frick, a wealthy Eastern engineer, takes the pair to his camp, and promptly falls in love with Glory. She is strongly attracted to Frick, too, but she tells him she is going to keep her bargain and marry Jeff.

On the night of the wedding, in the town of Garfield, Jeff gets into a fight and is jailed. As soon as he returns, Glory, afraid of her passion for Frick, begs her husband to take her away at once.

They travel on, and finally settle in the little mushroom town of Ceres. Jeff works day and night drilling for oil. His one ambition is to be rich, for Glory's sake.

One day word comes that he has succeeded. He has struck oil on a near-by farm, and is on his way home to the rough shack where he and Glory live.

Glory waits, breathless. She can hear the sounds of his home-coming from afar.



"The money!" she moaned. "It's gone! I had it on the crossbeam of the roof!"

PART FIVE—THE STORM

Two hearts face triumph and despair! An enthralling interlude in the story of a woman's gallant battle with life

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of Modern Lady, No More Orchids, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

SHOUTS, honking of horns. And looking out, Glory could see Jeff, head high, chest out, surrounded by a gathering swarm of laughing cheerful men. She forgot the stove, and went to the door, trying to breathe regularly. Trying not to cry for joy of seeing him. He was black with oil and grime and a stiff growth of beard. But his voice calling to her was young and strong: "Glory—Glory girl! I did it. *I did it!*"

Her arms went out to him, and he walked into them as if they were his goal. He squeezed and hugged her, kissing her neck and head and cheeks, sparing her mouth his dirt. And then he lifted her up and set her on the big plank table. Out of his pockets he took bunch after bunch of money—gold notes, bills.

"They bought us out—on the spot," he crowed. "All for you, Glory. Look, boys! My girl is rich."

Her cheeks flamed as the men roared their cheers, calling for celebration. She saw the money scattering, some trampled on by the boots of the excited men. But she made no move to gather it.

"Who?" she demanded. "Who bought you out, Jeff?"

"Easterner named Grant. Big oil company," Jeff explained largely. "She came in about six o'clock few nights ago—Tuesday it was—and the first tests were great. Grant, he hung around and gauged the whole business. Then he offered us fifty thousand for it as she stood. Ten thousand each. I said I wanted mine in cash, so we drove over to Wichita Falls and got it. I wanted to bring you *money*, Glory. I wanted to put a fortune right in your lap!"

He leaned toward her, his big homely face beaming under the oily dirt. But when her arm went around him, he drooped forward, his heavy head slipping over her breast and into her lap.

With one hand she pressed his face close against her body, and looked over him at the men suddenly hushed.

"He's done in, boys," she said softly. "He's going to rest now, Jeff is, if he sleeps for a week. But you tell Phil Grady that when he wakes I'm throwing the biggest party the town has ever seen. And everybody's welcome. Just leave me alone for a day or so."

In the next few days she restored him, bathing and feeding him, and sleeping in the narrow bunk snuggled beside him. It took so many scrubbings, shavings, and cuttings to erase the weeks in the field and bring to light again her big chunk of a man. He was almost handsome now, in his triumph, for his blue eyes were lighted with success and his love had a quality of largess. And while he had little to say, he said that little over and over like a blessed litany:

"I did it. I did it, honey. I was right, you see. I have the know."

Which was varied only by one other thought:

"You must go to town, Glory, and buy everything, honey. All the beautiful things in the world. That gown with a train, and a fine new car. A pianner, if you want. Everything, Glory."

He delighted, too, in planning their party celebration; and after a talk with Phil Grady, the innkeeper, they sent to the city for turkeys, fresh fruit, and cases of the best bootleg. This aside from the regular bathtub gin, a barrel of beer, and the usual stews and roasts the town provided.

The town of Ceres declared a holiday, and before noon those who could not wait had drifted to the Dolls' and the party was started. The news of Jeff's strike had spread wildly, the figures mounting fabulously until it was accepted by most that Jeff had a cool million. To Glory and Jeff, it might have been a million. Ten thousand dollars cash was equally unreal. And as far as Jeff was concerned, the party could begin at noon and last all week. Right after that, he and Glory would climb into their degraded car and ride to town.

Jeff, of course, got drunk. In fact, he got drunk several times during the party. But Glory didn't care. She drank quite a lot of her first champagne, but it only made her sing higher and laugh more joyously. To each man for whom she had banked she returned his money in full as he arrived, refusing a commission now that she was a rich woman, and drinking a toast to the day when he too would strike oil. For Glory realized, as the hours mounted, that the party meant hope to most of them. Their hard-working guests were not only celebrating Jeff's success, but they were reassuring themselves that it was possible that their day would come.

Once in a while she slipped away, out to breathe some night air. And she would stand under the stars and laugh with delight at the strange forest of cars and horses and motorcycles and trucks in which her guests had come. But as the dawn broke, strangely clear and sharp, she grew oddly fearful. Because it had been fine here, and now she was to leave. These people were her dear friends, and maybe she'd see them no more. She would live "in town"—and how would that be?

She straightened up suddenly, reminding herself that she was afraid of nothing. She'd meet wonderful people; city people—like Frick. She'd see the things she had read about and go places like Frick did: Russia, Paris, New York. . . . It would be magnificent!

A strange, eerie gust of wind struck her cheek and lifted her red hair. She frowned and sniffed like an animal. Some kind of storm coming, surely. Even the air was strange—tinny. The gusts of wind were more acrid than she ever remembered—and she had seen some strange storms in Ceres. . . .

Jeff's voice called to her and she hurried back to bid good-by to a group of rather haggard merrymakers who were cursing that a regular job interfered, and promising to return that night. And then, because Jeff wanted it, for the twentieth time she sang Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, and he told the story of how they had set off for Texas together. . . . How he could talk, her boy Jeff, when he was liquored! . . .

And in the midst of this a figure appeared in the doorway that made Glory gasp. She remembered that the first time she ever saw Frick she had thought him a hallucination. Surely he seemed so now, standing so crisp and immaculate, with such a sophisticated swagger, as he took in the party.

It was Jeff who spoke first, going forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, Donald Frick! You old son of a sand coot. I was just talking about you."

Frick slapped Jeff's back resoundingly, his rounded easy laughter cutting through his congratulations:

"Boy, you knew you'd do it, didn't you? I'm glad for you, Jeff. And you too, Glory . . ."

She took his hand then, and rather than dare an address to him she called out introductions.

"Have a drink, Donald," Jeff insisted. "Drink to Jefferson Doll, the best oil man in all Texas."

"I'll do that," said Frick, "if I can have some breakfast too."

"That's where I come in," Glory decided, and turned to the others. "Who's staying for breakfast?"

But at the stove her ears were tuned to every word Frick spoke. And all the time her thoughts were pounding: *He's come. He's here. What does it matter to you?*

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"I was in Chicago," Frick was telling Jeff, "when I heard of your strike. Only been back in this country a month or so. Been over in Russia, and wait till I tell you about *that*. But I was having dinner at a club in Chicago, and one of the men got a wire from his agent in Wichita Falls that a new field was breaking and the Grant gang had bought in on the first blow. This man wanted me to come down immediately and look it over. When I saw Doll was one of the five original crew, I ordered a plane."

"You flew!" echoed Glory softly.

"I couldn't get to you fast enough," he said.

But when she glanced at him, he was looking at Jeff, whose big hand lay affectionately on Frick's shoulder.

"Boy, it was a gusher," Jeff was boasting happily. "Wish you could of seen it come. And *I* spotted the land, you know. One of the Grant engineers had turned it down before I ever got to Ceres. And now—they bought it for fifty thousand."

"Not bad, not bad." Frick nodded admiringly. "Two hundred and fifty thousand—with leases?"

But Jeff was absorbed in his drink.

"That's not the way of it, Frick," Glory called as she tossed a pancake. "They got fifty thousand altogether. Ten thousand apiece."

"Great heaven!" Frick stood up in an explosion of disgust.

He swung around and caught Jeff by the shoulder.

"Buy it back!" he snapped sharply. "From what this agent said, the well looks like a million. You fellows without lawyers or agents."

"You—you mean I didn't get enough?" Jeff stammered confusedly.

"Sure you did!" Glory ran to him, her eyes flashing warnings to Frick. "You did swell, Jeff."

FRICK stepped back, his hands tightening, the color slowly receding beneath his smooth tan.

"I wanna know!" Jeff insisted ponderously. "I wanna . . ."

"*Dios! Dios! Madre de Dios!*"

It was a cry from the doorway that none of them would ever forget. Joe Lopez, his voice falsetto with fear, was standing half crouched in the threshold, pointing to the sky.

Then Phil Grady jumped to his feet. "Run—for God's sake, run!" he yelled. "It's a twister!"

And like a madman he pushed past Lopez, nearly knocking him over. The scramble of the dozen or so men was like a nightmare. Over and through it a great hum was filling the air, while a gray-green light settled down on the world like a tangible liquid. Jeff turned and grabbed Glory's arm.

"No, no!" she screamed, struggling against him. "Wait a minute. I can't go . . ."

"Glory, please—Glory darling—you'll be killed!"

"No, Jeff—let me go—let me *go!*" she cried hysterically.

She felt a sharp cruel pain cut through her muddled brain, and it startled her into cold composure. She stared, horrified, at Frick, realizing that he had slapped her full across the mouth. His face was stern.

"Where can we crawl under?" he snapped.

"I'll kill you for that!" Jeff cried impotently, his words thick with angry tears. But he stood helpless, fighting through the amount of liquor he had drunk, and fighting the horror of the accumulating noise of the storm, like a thousand express trains sweeping overhead.

And then Glory leaned against Jeff with heavy reassurance.

"He's so right, Jeff," she said harshly. "Listen—the pit they dug for the sauerkraut. *Come* . . ."

She caught at them both, and, all three huddled together, they braced the force of the headlong wind that was scattering shacks in the distance as it advanced. Together they half fell into the dank muddy pit. All Glory knew was that her head was tight against Jeff's chest and that his big hand clasped it close. Pressed hard against her back was Frick's head.

THEN it came. The earth jarred around them and a shower of flimsy boards and broken boughs came down on their heads. . . .

It was gone . . . and the silence after its shrieking visit was almost as deafening as the noise.

"It's over," Jeff said unsteadily. "It's over, darling. Glory! Are you hurt?"

He realized she was crying, and he kissed her wet cheeks with little crooning sounds. Then he unbent himself and, clearing off the leaves and dirt, pulled himself to the surface.

"Look, baby," he cried hoarsely, and bent to give her a helping hand. "All that's left is the stove!"

She climbed out and stood gazing, her hands beating together in little helpless moves. The walls and roof of her home were gone and, as Jeff said, there stood only the stove—with the kettle boiling and spouting steam just as she had left it. . . .

"The money!" she moaned. "Our money! It's gone! I had it on the crossbeam of the roof."

The three stared at each other as their minds tried to grope the full significance of Glory's words.

"Maybe—" Donald Frick's voice sounded hollow and pompous, like a bad actor reading the part of the ghost of Hamlet's father. "Maybe—we could find the money. Maybe it blew . . ." He gestured vaguely.

Glory nodded. "It was in a tomato can," she said, and started searching. All three searched; but each of the three knew the idea was futile in the face of desolation and ruin all around them.

Presently Glory realized that Jeff was squatted on the ground next to their stove, and her heart twisted at the quiet resignation in his face. She went over to him, reaching out her hand. He clasped it and pulled her down beside him.

"Honey girl," he said, "we're alive and we ain't hurt. You ain't scarred and your beauty ain't even touched. Don't worry about the lousy money! Jeff will make more. If I done it once I can do it again."

"But all your work—Jeff . . ."

"Oh, cripes! I wasn't going to quit. Why, I'll be drilling oil when I die. That was only a starter, anyway. You don't seem to get it clear that oil is my game. I told you, girl, it's in my blood. Right there!" He held out a grimy wrist and pointed to the veins, and she laughed. "That's better. All the money is for my Glory and I'll make her the richest lady in the land. But Jefferson Doll—he'll be right around the oil fields, stickin' pins in the earth—to make it give."

She raised herself to her knees and threw her arms impulsively around Jeff's neck, kissing him over and over square on the mouth.

"Hey!" he protested. "Quit!"

With a satisfied grin he got to his feet and pulled her up after him. He put her arm tightly through his and headed for Frick.

"Come on—let's see if Phil Grady's is standing. If there's a drink left in that bar, I want it."

Frick looked at them; both grinning, arm in arm—young—dirty. He nodded curtly.

"My medicine too," he admitted.

THE way into town was treacherous, blocked frequently with broken scatterings of houses, furniture, chimneys, and cans. Halfway there they found Joe Lopez carrying a screaming child, and Joe himself was shaking with barely controlled fear. He handed the child gratefully over to Jeff, and shuffled along, mumbling aloud his native prayers. Others joined them, some limping, some determinedly clutching precious possessions. Every jerry-built shack for great stretches around had been laid as flat as strewn cards. Only a few solid buildings on Main Street, built before the oil boom came, still stood—supporting their neighbors like solid citizens among a crowd of drunks.

Phil Grady's bar, the general store, and the hardware and feed station were towering landmarks. Evidently the whole population had thought of Grady's, just as Jeff had. And their entrance was greeted with almost as much jubilation in the face of tragedy as had been evidenced the night before at the celebration.

The other women might be fine at first aid, comfort, and cleaning, but Glory took over the kitchen, bossing the Chinese cook and the Mexican boy. The rain came a few hours later. Crowded together in the big warm lighted rooms, most of the town of Ceres swapped tall tales, planned for the immediate future, laughed too loudly, drank too much, and fed ravenously on Glory's biscuits, bean soup, and curry. Somewhere upstairs a woman was moaning for her dead child. And every time the door opened new rumors swept through the

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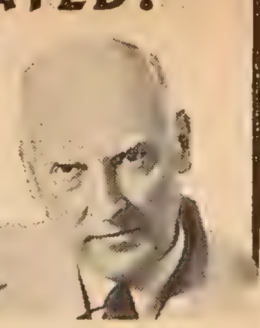

CONSTIPATED?—
STOMACH
UPSET?

REMEMBER BOTH
WHEN YOU CHOOSE
A LAXATIVE

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

gathering. Seven dead and twenty-one injured. Twelve dead and thirty-two injured. . . . Toward dawn it seemed there were only nine dead and thirty hurt. . . .

It was almost daybreak when Glory paused in her long stretch of work. She marked that Jeff had quietly and comfortably drunk himself into sweet oblivion. He lay stretched on a shelf behind the bar.

Frick was nowhere to be seen. He had, as Joe Lopez explained, volunteered with one of the emergency units. He was out in the storm somewhere—working knee-deep in the oily mud that storms always brought to Ceres. Upstairs, Glory stretched down beside one of the women and caught some sleep. But when Frick came in, his voice below roused her instinctively, and she herself served him steaming coffee.

They all did their share of work, of course, in the next week, but Frick outshone them all. He wired outside for aid, money, and supplies. He staked the families who had kids, and lent judiciously to others he thought worthy. It occurred to Glory, gradually, that he was making a fine record in town; that his generosity, his cheerful encouragement, and his actual labor practically turned Ceres over to him. He was the Gentleman Bountiful. There was no denying his good works, but, just the same, if he wanted anything out of the town, it was plain that he could have it.

And Glory smiled to herself a little scornfully—at once admiring and discounting. Because he wasn't only giving. He was investing. He was smart.

SHE said as much to Jeff when Frick got around to outlining a future for the Dolls.

"Frick's smart, Jeff. There's more ways of making money than with a pickax," she said soberly. "Just let's see how the big boys do it."

"Now you're talking sense," Frick agreed. "You two ride along with me and you'll be on top."

"Not going to work for any man," Jeff said doggedly. "Going to be my own boss."

"O. K., O. K.," Frick drawled with an indulgent smile. "You're part of a company, see? With shares of stock. And maybe a bonus whenever you make a strike or bring in a well."

"What do you mean, shares of stock?" Jeff frowned. "Sounds like schoolwork to me."

"The point is," Frick ignored his mumblings, "you'd be working with the best machinery made, with a fine trained crew. The World Products Oil Company, whom I'm representing here, have their own pipe lines, their own refineries, cars, and even a fleet of boats. If you strike here, we form another company, a subsidiary."

"A what?"

"And in that new company I get twenty per cent of the stock for my services. I always do. Now, I'll sell you half of my interest, see, to be paid only when the oil comes in."

Jeff blinked. It was too deep for him. But Glory leaned forward eagerly. "Then what happens?"

"It's very simple. Jeff would then own ten per cent interest in the well. He would participate in all future profits. The stock will be put on the market. You'll be rich."

"So that's how people get rich!" Glory breathed. "I knew it must be simple when you were on the inside, because, believe me, some of the folks I've seen with money couldn't have got it if it was hard to do."

"It don't sound quite right." Jeff shook his head ruefully. "But you've done it, Donald, so you ought to know. I'm game for anything, and I'll give it a try. Just so long as my Glory gets the gravy."

"That," said Frick, "is the whole idea."

She glanced at him, startled, and his eyes told her he meant just what he said. He was taking Jeff over for her sake, to help Jeff make every dream he wanted for her come true.

Jeff was snapping his fingers for beer to drink to the new venture. And Glory leaned slowly back in her chair, absorbed in thought.

IT was, as Frick said, so simple it might have been a card trick. It took time, of course, but not so very much time once a field had been tapped. She came in a few weeks before Christmas, and, except for the first tense hours when the gas and oil roared skyward, there was none of the excitement that had marked the first well. None of the drudgery—with the modern expensive drilling equipment that throbbed day and night almost unattended.

And there was no spectacular shower of money. Jeff, standing treat at Grady's bar the night he first got his transfer of "stock," seemed rather lost. Wealth somewhere on paper and in books meant little to him. But Glory, standing beside him, was happier than she had been when the first well came in. She herself didn't understand, but she had a sense of security and power. And then, of course, Donald Frick was there. Never really for a moment was he out of Glory's thoughts in all these weeks; he filled the background of her mind like the weather, constantly present whether or not she consciously thought of it.

They had both been very circumspect, so casual that no one could suspect that each was a growing obsession with the other. But their eyes, their tones, their occasional finger touches were filled with promises. Promises as definite as if they really knew what goal lay ahead.

Just what those promises might mean, Glory faced for the first time that night. Long after midnight she had left Jeff in a poker game and climbed up to the little room in the inn which had been her home since that day of the storm. She had hardly settled down to sleep on the iron bed when there was a soft knocking at her door.

"Glory!"

She sat up, startled at the hushed authority of Frick's voice.

"In a minute," she answered as quietly, and climbed into Jeff's overcoat, the only kimono she had.

She stepped out into the hall and closed her door, keeping her hand on the knob. The hanging lamp in the well of the staircase showed her a tense, disturbed Donald Frick, his steady gray eyes more alive than she had seen them in weeks.

"I've had news," he said gravely. "My wife's been hurt in an automobile accident. Poor girl—she may be crippled for life."

"How awful!" Glory murmured.

He stepped closer and took hold of her wrist.

"You know how things have been between her and me. But I've got to go to her now."

"Of course, Frick."

"I'm leaving right away. Driving over to Wichita Falls for the morning train."

He stopped short. They stood immobile, almost hypnotized by their emotion, unable to speak. Then his fingers tightened on her wrist and he bent and kissed her. She knew again the raw ecstasy that shook her. Just as she had known it that night on the desert—and as she had never known it with Jeff.

When he released her now, she gazed up at him, her eyes luminous and questioning. Why had she ever denied him?

He misgauged her question.

"I'll be back—as soon as I can," he said, as if he were making a vow. "Glory, it may be some time. Will you do something for me? Call me Donald—just once."

She sighed. "Donald!" she said softly.

He straightened up, turned, and went down the stairs. She remained motionless until he was out of sight, until she could no longer hear his voice below. Then she went back to her dark room and sat down.

She was still there when Jeff came up hours later.

"Couldn't sleep, hon?" he asked tenderly.

"No."

"Want papa to rock you to sleep?" He sounded gay and pleased. He must have won high stakes.

"Jeff—I'm sick of Ceres."

"Yeah?"

"I'd like to see trees and gardens and I'd like to go fishing somewhere."

Jeff laughed indulgently.

"Say, I'll buy you trees and parks and you can go anywhere you want, honey. Remember, you're a rich woman now. You can call your shots. Go anywhere, do anything, have anything you want. Know what Donald told me? By the way, did you know he's gone to New York?"

"Yes. I heard the good-bys below."

"Too bad about his wife. Poor devil. Though I guess she don't mean so much, as wives go. Well, anyway, Donald told me one of the vice-presidents is coming down. Man named Gilbert King. Coming down to meet me and look over the whole set-up. So Donald says he's a high big bug, and this here King and his wife would be the right ones to introduce you into society."

He sat heavily on the bed and paused in the unlacing of his shoes to look up at her. His face, in the glow of the lamp he had lighted, was frankly delighted. He was handing society to his Glory with a boyish grin.

Suddenly she knelt beside him.

"Jeff," she said huskily. "You said I can have anything I want."

"Anything in the world."

"Jeff—I want a baby."

She felt him go rigid and the lines of his jaw jut out as it did when he was angry. He wet his lips.

"What you want to tie yourself down for, Glory?"

She did not answer. Her eyes, fixed on him, cut through the question.

"Why, every Minnie can have kids," Jeff went on lamely. "But there's only one Glory . . . and now you got money . . . with your beauty . . . why, you can have . . . everything . . ."

"I want a baby," she repeated quietly.

"What if you can't, Glory?"

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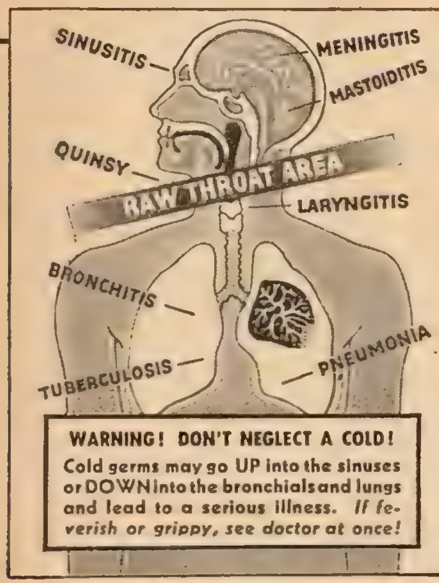

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Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!

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Her look smote him. She seemed even younger than nineteen, kneeling there before him in the lamplight, her lovely features stamped with that lack of information that is innocence. And he realized suddenly that, brought up by men, associating almost exclusively with men who worshiped her, she probably had heard less and learned less than any girl her age.

"What do you mean, Jeff?" Her voice was almost a whisper. "Why couldn't I?"

He took her hand gently.

"Nothing exactly," he comforted her, and flushed, hating himself for feeling a cheat. "Only some marriages aren't always—blessed with children. You know that?"

She nodded with a faint frown of puzzlement. "I see. We haven't had one so far. We might never . . . ?"

"That's it."

"But we *might*, Jeff. Lots of people have children after years of marriage. We just *might*."

"Yes, yes!" he said fiercely, and caught her to him.

But Glory was certainly not dull-witted, even if she was uninformed. She brooded over unanswered questions which Jeff had given rise to, and decided she must know. All through the next exciting days, when she met Gilbert King and set off with him and Jeff for Dallas, Glory's mind was absorbed in her own thoughts and plans.

YET on the surface she was gay, and her gaiety mounted with Jeff's lordly swaggerings. Who could help but be gay in the face of fortune? Gibert King was their friend from the start, amused and tender at their youthful joy. To Glory he was the height of elegance, from his iron-gray hair and tiny beard to his glossy black shoes. And she would never forget his amazement at seeing her, or his first words as he shook hands:

"So you're the famous Mrs. Doll!"

"Me? Famous? Nobody's ever heard of me."

"No? Ask any man who's traveled the oil fields the past few years. I've heard of your cooking, your banking, and your beauty, Mrs. Doll. I've heard of your Saturday-night singing bouts. But when I came to meet a legend I didn't expect to find a youngster."

And she laughed, pleased; liking the twinkle in his baby-blue eyes. Of course she was gay. Riding in Gilbert King's palatial limousine, with a touring car behind just to carry things. Seeing the city of Dallas, which looked to Jeff and Glory like the world's metropolis. Entering the best hotel and watching people jumping to Mr. King's service.

He settled them in a four-room suite on the top floor.

"Mrs. King will be back from New York on Saturday," he told them when he felt he had thought of everything they might need. "And I suggest you dine with us at our home on Sunday. We won't dress."

"What do you mean—not dress?" demanded Glory.

He laughed. "I mean, for the first dinner, there will be just us four, informal. Later we'll give a dinner for you to meet our friends. There are different kinds of clothes for such occasions. I tell you what. I'll speak to Mrs. King's maid and get the names of her dressmakers and milliners and such. Perhaps arrange for a smart girl to go round to the shops with you. I'll send some one over in the morning."

"No—not tomorrow," Glory said gravely. "I have something else I want to do. Make it Wednesday."

"Fine. Well, Jeff, we'll meet in my offices in the morning. Good night, children."

When the door closed on him, Jeff caught her at the waist and lifted her high into the air.

"Look at the place you're in, Mrs. Doll!" he exulted. "Look at all this grandeur, sweetheart. It's the start of what Jeff is going to give you."

His big homely face was lighted with pride and tenderness as he tipped it back to look up at her. And, laughing, she brought her mouth down full on his.

IN the morning she wore, for the first time since her wedding, the blue challis dress, and over it her leather jacket. She had no hat.

Yes, the manager of the hotel could tell her the name of the best doctor in town and would be glad to make the appointment for her. She watched him carefully as he did so over the phone. There was so much for her to learn; but she knew no embarrassment in admitting it and made no bones about asking questions. By laughing at her own ignorance she sidetracked ridicule and won instead a sort of happy sharing of her fortune.

A cab brought her to the doctor's and waited for her while she went through one of the most unpleasant experiences of her life. That was only the start. A full examination would mean many visits during the next three days, many tests, and—what Glory resented most—lengthy answerings of intimate questions that made her squirm. She experienced that abysmal humility which all women learn in the face of white tile, gleaming instruments, crisp uniformed women, and quiet-spoken doctors who don't seem to be men.

And she felt oddly older, as so many women do, when she left that office and stood for a moment in the entrance of the building, looking at the world she was returning to. While she had no final decision, she was a lot wiser than she had been a hundred minutes ago. She walked slowly to her cab and climbed in.

"Back to the hotel," she said. And then, with a sudden gesture of surprise, she touched the chauffeur's shoulder. "No, just wait a minute."

Unconsciously she sat back in her seat, watching. Watching her Jeff approach, walking along slowly, his hat far down on his forehead. He paused and studied door numbers—and turned to the door of the doctor's office Glory herself had just left.

She flattened herself back against the seat and waited until Jeff had been admitted.

"All right. The hotel," she said, and forgot to look at the city because of her thoughts.

What did it mean—Jeff's going to that doctor? Had he spied on Glory and followed her there? Had he guessed what she had meant when she said last night that she had "something else I want to do"? Or was he going to the doctor himself?

SHE refrained from asking when she saw him, but she was conscious that there was questioning in his eyes, too. Yet bliss was really the keynote of Jeff's expression those days. Bliss as he took her out and let her pick herself an automobile. Hired a chauffeur by the month to drive the thing and to teach Glory how to drive. Bliss as he took her to a beauty shop and ordered "the works," sitting so patiently with her, his big bulk wedged uncomfortably in the booth.

But his eyes were whipped with excitement when Glory emerged—her red hair in a muff of gleaming curls high on the top of her queenly head, her lovely brows shining with brown pomade, her topaz eyes shadowed and their long lashes accented.

"But madam will need a stiff course of treatments," the manager of the shop explained for the tenth time. "Such beauty to have been exposed so—ah! Her hands! She must wear cream gloves. And never a pot or pan again."

"Yes, yes, yes," Jeff agreed, his eyes never leaving Glory's face.

"Oh, rats!" Glory shrugged. "Rich or poor, nobody's going to keep me out of a kitchen."

The real shopping began the next morning under the guidance of one Sadie Cartwright, who raved about Glory's figure but insisted she must take dancing lessons. A stride like that was impossible in any clothes.

She went to the doctor's that day in a tweed suit and a quilled hat. And the next in a fur-trimmed ensemble.

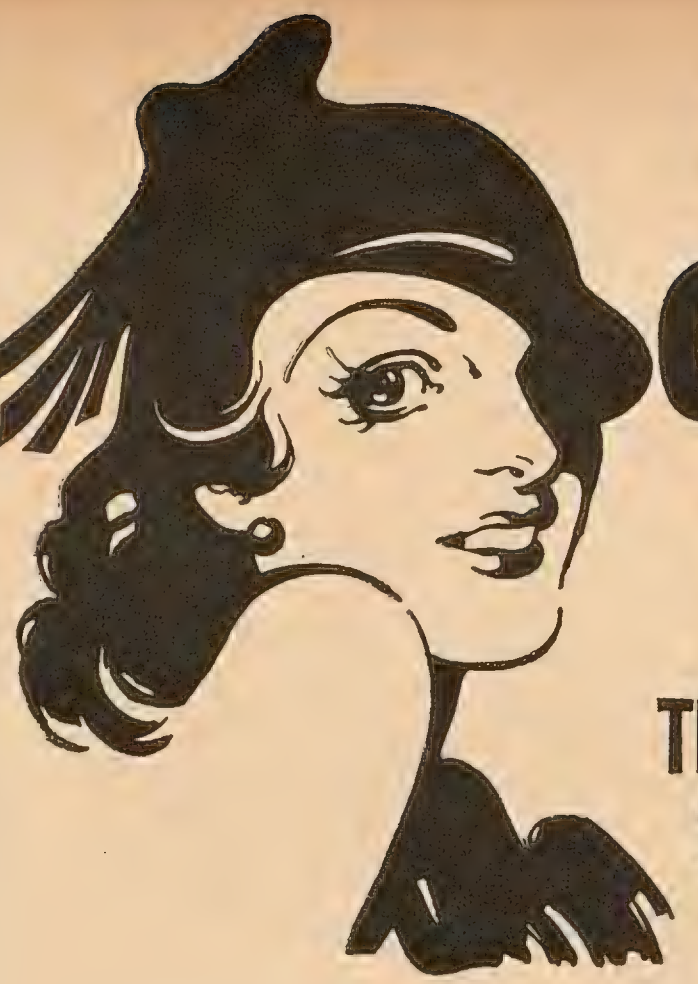
"They're trying to make a lady out of me," she grinned to the nurse. "When all I want is to be Mother Machree."

And that, the doctor told her a few minutes later, was perfectly possible. She was in excellent condition, exceptionally strong, and should be able to bear as many children as she pleased.

She sat back thoughtfully and eyed the doctor with a ruthless candor.

"Now, doc," she said. "You've asked me every question in the calendar. I'd like to ask you a few."

Riches, youth, beauty, love—Glory holds all these in her slender hands. Will her dearest wish be denied her? Follow her next week into a glittering new world of fashion and dinner clothes, of women as well as men!



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2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Print your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by Feb. 28th, 1938. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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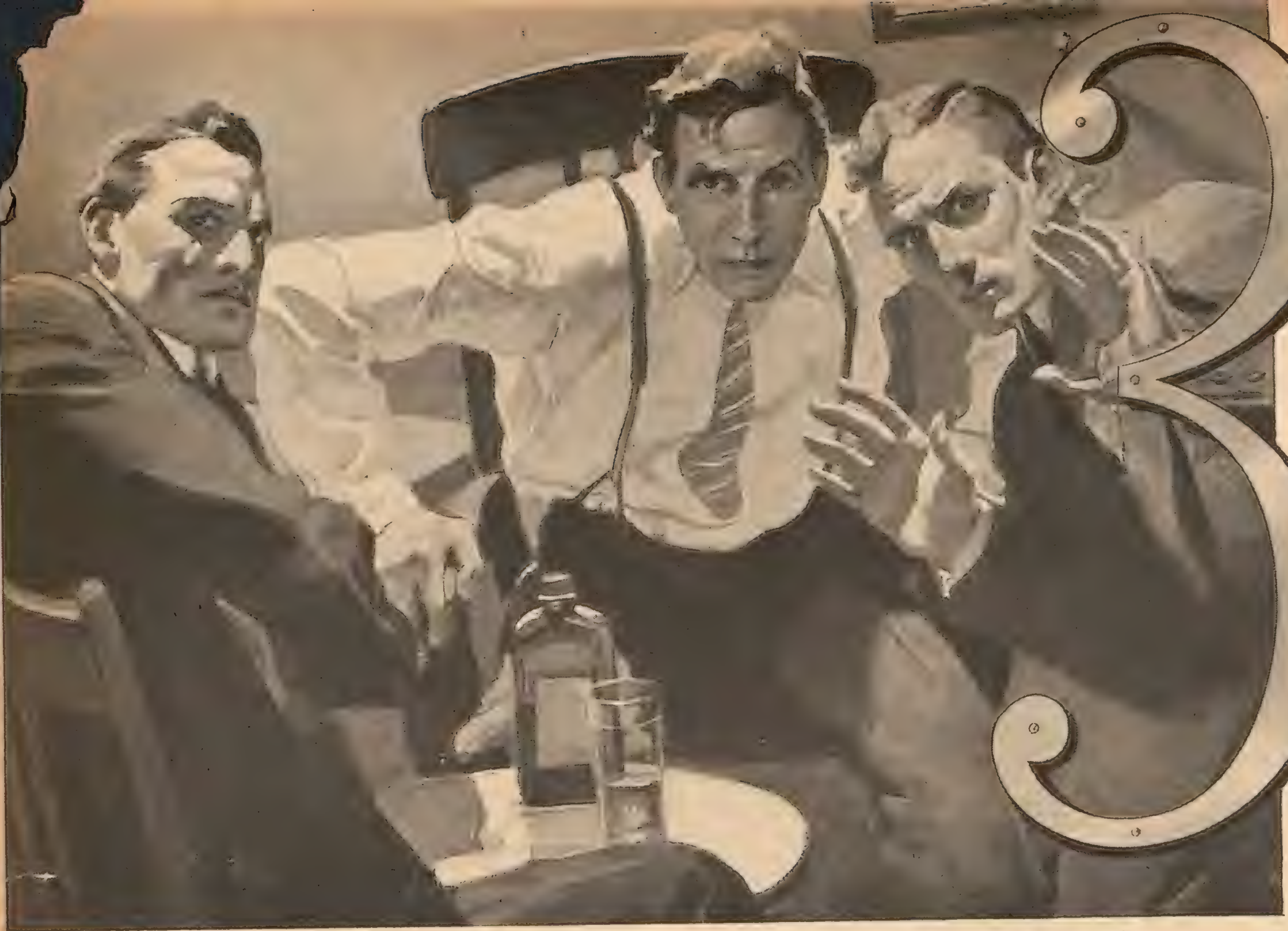


The three occupants rose excitedly. Six pistols covered them. Felly was slow in raising his hands.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

THEY stood for a moment on the dark doorstep while Eddie sought his key. While they stood so, the door suddenly opened from within. The man with Eddie slipped back into the shadows of the street. Eddie said, " Hello, Mrs. Padder. It's just me."

" Oh," Mrs. Padder nodded. " It's you. Hello."

She stood aside to let them enter, gazed appraisingly upon the man with Eddie, who now rejoined him. Behind her a gloomy hall illumined by a single gas jet loomed.

" I got an old friend with me, Mrs. Padder. Joe Fennick. He comes from my home town. This is Mrs. Padder, Joe. She runs the roomin'house."

" T'meet cha."

" So you're from Eddie's home town? "

" Yeah. Eddie an' me know each other for years."

Eddie smiled and passed into the hall and Joe followed. Mrs. Padder shut the door and the spring lock snapped. Mrs. Padder studied the backs of the young men as they mounted the dingily carpeted stairs. Then she moved into the ground-floor back room which she occupied. There she settled herself beside an oil lamp. She puffed her pipe, which was strong and vociferous in the stem, and pondered the evening newspaper. Now and then she cocked her head to listen when some one moved overhead.

Eddie led the way to his room, struck a match and fired the gas jet. From the flame he kindled a cigarette and tossed the packet to Joe Fennick.

" In a joint like this," he said softly, " you never know. Half of these roomin'house dames is in touch with the coppers and splittin' rewards for guys that is wanted. You never know."

" You wanted? "

" Me? No, I ain't wanted. But there's guys blowin' in here now an' then what I think is wanted."

" Guys? What guys? "

" None in p'tic'lar, Joe. Just guys. I been here about three months. That's a long time. Plenty happens in three months."

" Plenty is right."

" I just got a hunch one night that the old blister below was pullin' a fast one. They took some dopey-lookin' punk out of here that night."

" Coppers? "

" Yeah, coppers. I never had no truck with coppers, Joe, but I don't like 'em."

" Every guy to his own racket," Joe shrugged. He stepped to the gas flame and lighted his cigarette.

" You said it, Joe."

Eddie sank into a chair which squeaked under his weight. Joe found a seat on the edge of the narrow bed. The spring complained with a moan familiar to Eddie's ear but startling in volume. Joe said, " You been sleepin' in this gramophone for three months, Eddie? "

" Yeah. You know, I ain't much for movin'. Most places has got somethin' the matter with 'em."

" A guy can get used to anythin', I guess."

Joe's eyes roved over the room in a glance of appraisal. His lips twitched disdain. The window shade originally had been yellow but now it was brown and streaked with cracks and apertures. There were no other curtains. A nondescript table stood under the window, and this carried, as though the burden might momentarily become too great, a water pitcher, bowl, and tumbler. Hanging alongside, from a nail in the wall, was the towel. Beside the table was a white enamel pail, in places chipped.

The floor was covered with carpet in a deplorable state of passing. The chair Eddie occupied was the kitchen type. The one other, to which Joe now moved, was upholstered, sunken in the seat.

Now cigarette smoke hung like wraiths given life and

MEN IN A ROOM

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

wavering in their attempt to find what to do with it. The window was closed; air stirred in the room only as the two moved and so generated currents.

"What's your home town?" Joe asked suddenly.

"Philly."

"Oh, Philly?"

"Yeah. I'm glad you asked me. That old blister might ask you. It ain't her that ever forgets or overlooks anythin'."

"That's why I asked you."

"Smart."

"She ain't apt to call the coppers just to look a guy over, is she?"

"No. But if you give her a reason to be suspicious, then I wouldn't trust her."

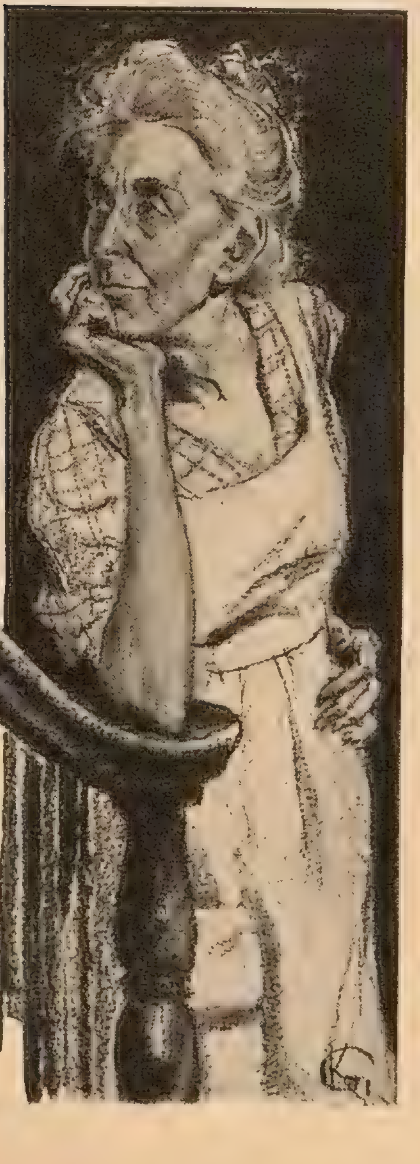
"It's dynamite. Why not blow the joint?"

"Well, think about that a minute. She wants all the dough she can get. She rather rent a room than turn up a guy that don't mean more'n rent. See what I mean? And coppers don't make a point of watchin' this place 'cause they figger she'll tip her mitt the minute anythin' hot shows here. That makes it safer'n any place, so long as you fool her. I heard about the dump from a guy that spent five months here while he was hot."

"How come you got all this figgered when you ain't wanted yourself?"

"I'm an understandin' guy," Eddie grinned genially. "An' who knows when he's apt to be wanted?"

Joe grinned broadly and nodded.



"Many guys livin' here, Eddie?"

"Five or six. Most of them don't mean nothin'. But there's one that does."

"Who?"

"Felly Tanger."

"He don't mean nothin'. I never even heard of him."

"That's his name now. He means somethin', too. I dunno what, yet."

"A smarty, you mean?"

"That's what I mean."

"Been here long?"

"Three, four weeks."

"An' you ain't got him sized up yet?"

"I'm takin' my time, Joe."

"Talked much to him?"

"Yeah. He's smart, Joe. Our kind. He's got the lingo. Wait, I got a pint here. I'll ask him in for a hiccough with us, if you like."

Joe calculated a moment; then, "Sure. Let's get a load of him."

Eddie went down the shadowy hall to the rear room. Below, Mrs. Padder let the paper fall into her lap as she listened. Her seamy face was wrapped in an expression of wonderment; her eye was calculating. She heard the soft tapping on Felly's door. She heard the door open. She took her pungent pipe from between her teeth and listened for footsteps returning. Shortly she heard them, and she knew that Felly had gone to Eddie's room where also waited this visitor from Eddie's home town. About this she wondered vaguely.

"This is Felly Tanger, Joe. Felly, this is Joe Fennick, an old pal of mine from the home town."

"Haryuh?"

"T'meet cha."

"We was just sittin' here gassin', Felly. I got to sayin' there wasn't no important-lookin' mugs in this joint, outside you, so Joe says mebbe you wasn't doin' nothin' and we could pass an hour gabbin'."

"Swell," said Felly. He was narrow-eyed, furtive.

Joe nodded.

Eddie said, "I got a pint of rye here. I'll break it out if you guys can take it with plain warm water."

"I never needed no water, plain or fancy," Felly grinned, "to slip the bill into a noggin of grog."

"Me neither," Joe avowed.

Eddie laughed. He drew a suitcase from under the bed and dragged forth a pint bottle.

He held the towel about the bottle and twisted off the metal top. Felly was filling the tumbler from the water pitcher. Eddie held the bottle toward Joe.

"Climb in." Joe waved.

Eddie took a pull and snatched the water from Felly's hand and chased the drink as he passed the bottle to Joe. Joe passed it to Felly and Felly drank. He took the tumbler, cleared his throat, and passed the water untouched to Joe, who had taken the whisky.

"I don't want to water that stuff," he avowed. "That's good, Eddie."

Felly sat on the bed, Eddie on the kitchen chair, Joe in the big chair. They smoked.

"Kinda warm in here?" Eddie asked.

"Kinda. But I'd rather be warm an' private. Open a window an' everybody in the block knows your business."

They sprawled, waited for conversation to make itself.

"This blister downstairs ain't so hot," Eddie said softly. "I wouldn't trust her for a nickel."

"She wouldn't you," Felly grinned. "That's even."

"You know what I mean," Eddie said.

"Sure I do. But she'll let a guy alone that lets her alone. I know from a guy that gave the joint a play when he wasn't doin' no visitin'."

"Unless she sees a dime to be made outa him, a guy is snug here."

"That's it. But she ain't got a chance to make a dime outa me."

"Me neither," Eddie grinned in satisfaction.

"Me neither," Joe augmented.

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Then they were silent for a few minutes, each waiting for the other to speak.

“You gotta take these places as they come,” Felly said finally. “There's lots of times it makes me sore that this Padder dame won't allow no gals in the house. But when I ain't gal-minded,” he grinned, “I realize that's mebbe a swell break.”

“Gals,” Joe said sententiously, “is oke in their place. When I want a gal, I want one, but I got sense enough to get one I can pay off an' leave without no great an' lingerin' love to drive her desperate an' me into a jam.”

“Yeah,” Eddie said. “Gals is dynamite. They got sense but they don't use it.”

“No?” Felly laughed abruptly; in his voice harshness. “Check up some day an' find out who spends all the money in this country. It's gals, if that'll save you the trouble of huntin'.”

“Well, you know what I mean.”

CHARLES FRANCIS COE

always wanted to be a lawyer. He studied law through various jobs — even when he was in the Navy. His legal reading aroused his interest in organized crime, and he began to write gangster serials. He now practices law—and writes, too — in Palm Beach.

“You can't get along without 'em,” Felly said. “There's somethin' inside a guy that goes for 'em. He can't help it. Like when he gets a cold. There's a cough goes with it. He didn't want the cold, an' he hates the cough, an' he don't know where neither comes from. But there they are. It's like that with gals.”

“Experience?” Joe grinned.

“Nope. Just watchin',” Felly allowed.

“The biggest an' best guys an' the smartest go for the dames all right,” Eddie mused. “Look at Costi. . . .”

“What was the matter with Costi?” Felly asked. “You tell me. Do you know the guy personal?”

“Me?” Eddie gasped. “Me know Costi personal? I wish I did!”

“Then why crack that dames was smarter'n Costi? How could you know?”

“Wasn't it a gal that turned him up when he had to shoot his way clear?”

“Where is Costi?” Felly sneered by way of additional argument.

“Who knows? The guy is plenty smart. They been huntin' him plenty an' he thumbs his nose at 'em.”

“Don't talk about things you know nothin' about, Eddie. I think this Costi is the nuts.”

“I was only sayin', Felly. I think he's a great guy too.”

After a moment Felly said, “If a dame tripped up Costi, what about Malu? Ain't they sayin' the same thing about that guy? Ain't he smart too?”

“I'll say he is,” Joe grunted. “The G-boys has been tailin' him for near six months, but they don't catch up with him. He's smart, that guy.”

“Smarter'n Costi?” Felly queried.

“Who knows? They both shot it out a coupla times, an' they're still walkin' the big wide world. You got to take your skimmer off to guys like that.”

“I'll say,” Felly nodded. “But Costi is smarter'n Malu. He's got away with more.”

“More what?”

“Dough. He stuck up seven banks in three months. Got plenty. Now he's livin' the life of Riley somewhere. That's smart.”

“Sure. Malu got near half a million from one mail truck. He ain't doin' so bad hisself, I guess.”

“They're both smart. But read the papers. Costi is better known than Malu.”

“Depends on the papers you read. I'll take Malu for mine,” Joe grunted.

“The only real trouble they had was through dames, though,” Eddie said slowly. “Both of 'em had to shoot their way out of jams over fluffs.”

“I suppose they got to have their pleasures, like anybody else,” Felly allowed.

“Dames won't cause me no jams,” Joe said. “Every time I see a twist with a lurkin' somethin' about her, I think of dames like Mrs. Padder. They all get there. That way I can think myself out of a big love scene.”

“Lots of guys marries an' gets happy,” Eddie said.

“Look at the kind that does,” Felly scorned.

Both nodded. Eddie subsided. He rose and lifted the top from the white enamel pail and dropped his cigarette into the receptacle. It died with a hiss.

“I got to take my lid off to both them guys,” he said. “Costi an' Malu both. They're hot shots. The people are gettin' to a point where they feel the same. After all, you got to go for a guy that does whatever he does an' does it awful good. Them guys has plenty nerve an' plenty brains. I'd hate to think what they'd do if they ever got together!”

That thought held them a moment. On the strength of it, Felly reached again for the bottle and drank from its neck. He passed it to Joe, and Joe drank, lifted the bottle to measure with his eye the remaining contents, took another sip to equalize, and passed the bottle to Eddie. Eddie poured his chaser and drank. He lit another smoke. So did the others.

“I ain't sayin' they wouldn't be a tough combination to beat,” Felly said. “But Malu needs Costi more'n Costi needs Malu.”

“Why?” Joe asked. “Ain't they both on the lam? Both are stick-up guys on their own. There ain't a better machine-gun man in the world than Malu, I hear.”

“You got somethin' to love that guy about?” Felly asked.

“Me? No. When a guy gets as public as Malu, everybody takes an interest in him. He makes news.”

“So does Costi.”

“Sure. I was only sayin'. Mebbe it's 'cause Malu is from the East an' Costi the Middle West. You know, I'm from the East. I read more about Malu.”

“Mebbe that's it. There's more in the Eastern papers about a guy from the East.”

“That's right. Mebbe that's it. That's good grog, Eddie. Where'd you get it?”

“Down the street. I don't buy in public places.” He laughed abruptly. “Reasons of my own. I pay plenty. I can only get it in pints. It's doctor stuff.”

“I'll go for a coupla pints if you can get 'em.”

Joe dug a roll of bills out of his pocket. He peeled off a twenty and offered it to Eddie. Eddie took it.

“I'll get some, fellers. It is good booze. I won't be gone long. You know how it is. Even buyin' grog after hours is gettin' tough these days.”

He caught up his hat and jammed it on. He paused at the door, winked. “I wouldn't talk loud,” he said. “Not that it matters, but the blister downstairs likes everybody's business better'n her own.”

The two nodded. Eddie slipped through the door, closed it after him, then reopened it and went back into the room. “I'll have to have the bottle,” he said. “This doctor ain't got no license. He sells to me as a favor. Five bucks a pint, but worth it.” He winked slowly. “An' nobody sees me when I buy it.”

“Get four pints if you can,” Joe said.

He caught up the bottle and passed it to Eddie. Eddie took it and went again into the hall. He closed the door and went softly down the stairs. In her room Mrs. Padder cocked her ear, laid aside her pipe, dropped her paper. She rose and went to her door. Gently she opened it and was standing there when Eddie reached the lower hall. She regarded him frankly but they exchanged no words. Eddie opened the door and passed into the night.

In twenty minutes Eddie returned and she was there in the hall again.

“Been on an errand,” he said. “Ain't you sleepy tonight, Mrs. Padder?”

“I was readin'.”

“Joe an' me been talkin'.”

“Joe an' you?”

“Yeah. An' Mr. Tanger. He wasn't doin' nothin', so he come in too.”

The woman nodded. Eddie mounted the stairs and went to his room again.

“He didn't have no bottles,” he said. “I could only get this one refilled. He has to be careful. But I can go back if we want more.”

Felly reached for the bottle, opened it, and drank appreciatively. He passed it to Joe, and Joe drank. Eddie poured his chaser and drank after them.

"Honest," Eddie said then, "I'll lay three to one that dame Padder knows how many bristles is missin' from your toothbrush. She don't miss a thing."

"Did she case you goin' out?"

"Plenty."

They lit cigarettes. Felly said finally, "Me an' Joe has talked."

"Yeah?"

"Plenty. We got the same lingo."

"I knew it," Eddie gloated. "I was tellin' Joe the same thing before I went for you."

"Yeah?"

"You can tell a smarty with one quick look, Felly."

"If you happen to be a smarty," Felly amended.

"Sure."

"We know where there is some dough to be glommed."

"Well, that's what we're here for."

JOE said, "Me an' Felly has ideas, Eddie. It's up to you whether you want to go along. Why let big shots like Costi an' Malu cop all the dough? They ain't got nothin' we ain't."

"Depends," Eddie grunted slyly.

"On what? You losin' your nerve?"

"Not Eddie! I was thinkin' about the score; an' the split."

"Me an' Felly will do the business. You watch for us. We got what it takes. We'll give you a quarter of the score, if you can drive a car."

"After me bringin' you together I get a quarter, eh?"

"Why not? We're takin' the chances. You'll be outside, with a chance to peg first. We'll be inside, takin' our chances on gettin' out if a break comes along."

"What you shootin' for?"

"A bank. Noon job. The streets is crowded then. Coppers are afraid to shoot."

"It's rough stuff, fellers."

"You're tellin' us? It may be rough but it ain't risky, the way we do it."

"Where would I be watchin'?"

"In the car."

"I'm to drive, is that it?"

"That's the soft part of the job."

"When you goin' to pull it?"

"Tomorrow—next day. We want to watch the plant a day or so. We'll have to get the car an' steal some foreign plates for it. We want it gassed an' oiled an' new tires."

Eddie pondered. The others drank again.

"Well?" Felly asked sharply.

"There's as much risk to me as to you," Eddie complained.

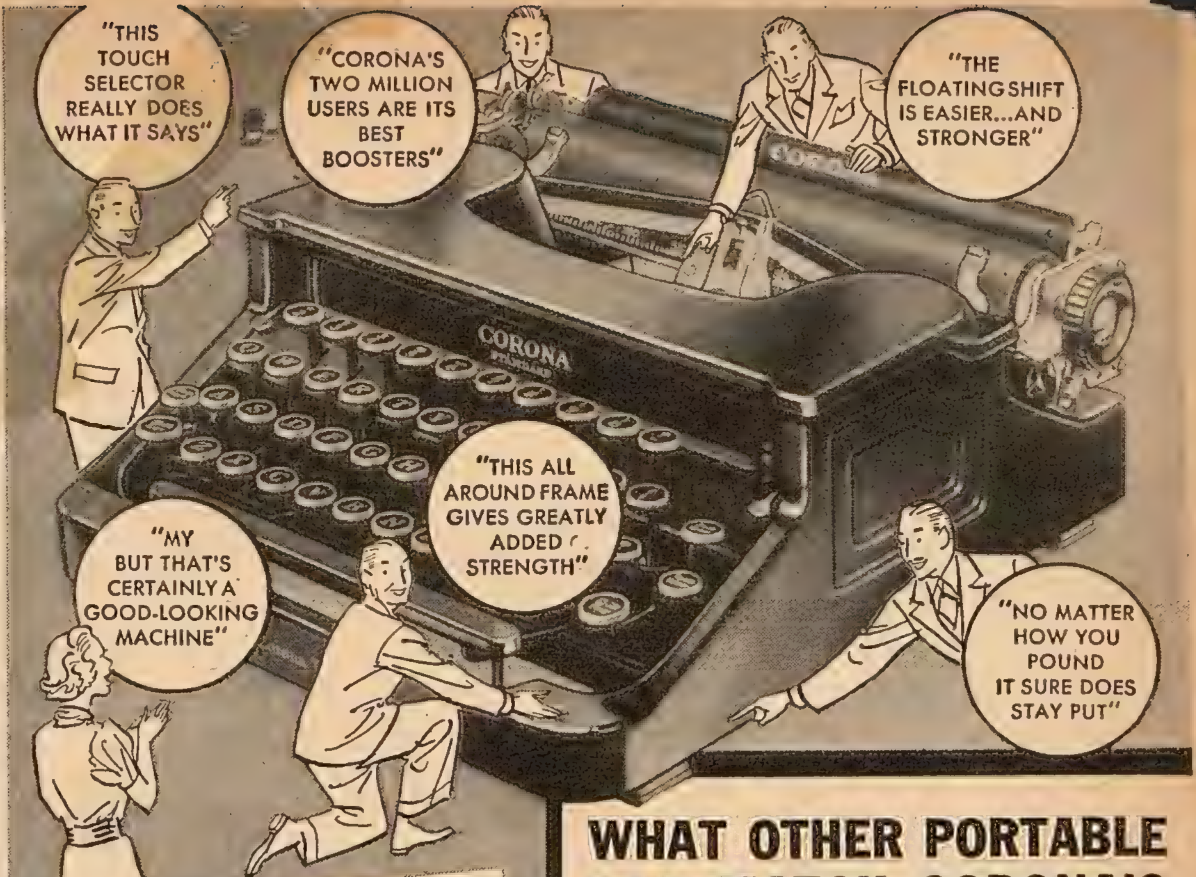
"You needn't come in at all," Joe said simply. "We figgered we was decent, lettin' you in."

"You was. But, after all . . ."

"It lays the way we thrun it," Felly snapped. "Take it or leave it, Eddie."

Eddie appraised them. At last he nodded. "I take it."

"Smart," Joe said.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"There'll be more jobs later," Felly said. "You're in with guys that knows their stuff, Eddie. We'll make Costi an' Malu look like a coupla brush salesmen."

"That's what I figgered."

They drank again. Lit more cigarettes. Joe threw away a crumpled packet. Eddie said, "I'll go get some more smokes before it's too late." He rose, reached again for his hat.

Joe took up the tumbler, drained it carefully, filled it with liquor. There was a little left in the bottle and he drank it. He handed the bottle to Eddie.

"While you're out," he said, "have it filled again."

Eddie nodded, took the bottle. In the lower hall he met Mrs. Padder again. She said nothing.

"What's the matter?" Eddie asked her. "You watchin' me?"

"I have to know what goes on in the house," she said. "That's all."

"Can't gentlemen have a visit in their own rooms?"

"Is anybody botherin' you?"

"I can't move without you . . ."

"It's my house. I gotta be careful."

"Sure. That's oke with me. But . . ."

"Your friend ain't from Philly."

"Who says so?"

"He's from Boston way. I can tell by the way he says his r's. I've had roomers from Boston. I know."

"He was borned in Boston but he lives in Philly. Anythin' the matter with that? If you don't like us, we can move out."

"It ain't that. I was only lookin' after my place. Everythin' depends on reputation in this business."

"It must. You don't give a guy nothin' else. You could sharpen a razor on my mattress!"

EDDIE went out. Mrs. Padder stood again in the hall, her ear cocked. She stood a long time. When she heard Eddie again on the step outside, she slipped into her room, closed the door, and picked up the telephone there, called a number and asked for a man. The man was out.

"Have him call me," she ordered brusquely. "Tell 'im it's red-hot."

She hung up. She seated herself again in the easy chair, slipped her feet out of her slippers. Then she found her pipe, struck a match, and smoked and rocked. After a long time she caught up the paper and read the astrological feature. She fought off slumber. Impatiently she now and then glanced at the telephone.

It was nearly midnight when she went to the front stoop and stood peering along the street. Few people were abroad. It was nearly one when the telephone rang. She hastened to it.

"This is McCarthy," a voice announced. "What's so hot, Biddy?"

"Come around," Mrs. Padder said softly. "Bring some guys with you."

"You got some specimens?"

"Come an' take a look. I think they're hot. I want my end now, if this works."

"We'll be over, beautiful. How's the old sex appeal tonight? I been around to the night clubs an' you'll be a treat after all them lousy-lookin' chorus dames. . . ."

"Shut up an' come over here," Mrs. Padder snapped. But she was smiling when she returned to the front porch. "That McCarthy!" she tittered.

Shortly five men appeared. Police. She walked down the steps in her stocking feet and met them. They gathered in the deep shadows characteristic of the street.

"There's three of 'em," she said. "Felly Tanger—been here near a month. Very quiet but looks tough. Eddie Ross—been here three months. Nice enough but never works, as I can see. Tonight he brought a third guy—named Joe Fennick. Said he was from Philly but I know he's from around Boston by the way he talks. The three of them is havin' a shindig in Ross's room. He's been out a coupla times. Booze, I guess. But they're quiet."

"So what?" McCarthy asked.

"Look 'em over. I think they're hot. You got a right to come in an' take a look-see. This is a roomin'house. The city ordinance permits it. Take a look."

McCarthy pondered. One of the men said, "She's right, Mac. Let's case the joint."

"Lead the way," McCarthy snapped softly. "You knock on the door, then we'll do the talkin'."

Softly the men followed Mrs. Padder in and up the stairs. She paused at the door until they surrounded her. From the room came the murmur of voices pitched low. Mrs. Padder knocked.

"Who's there? Whatcha want?" The voice was Eddie's.

"It's Mrs. Padder," she said. "Can I come in?"

"You can if you want to."

McCarthy opened the door and three of the men slipped inside. Felly and Eddie and Joe rose in anger.

"What's the idea?" Felly demanded.

"Nothin' much," McCarthy answered gently. "If we hadn't heard you gents talkin', we wouldn't have bothered you. We're police officers on a routine inspection of roomin'houses."

"Well, this joint can stand some inspection, chief!"

"Think so?"

The other two men were in the room now. All of them were studying the faces of the three occupants. In the dim light of the gas jet they made no secret of their purpose. There was tensity. After a long time McCarthy said to his men, "Everythin' all right, fellahs?"

None answered. McCarthy smiled at the three. "Sorry we bothered you, but you know how it is. We have to case these joints every so often. There's plenty roughies around town just now an' we don't want 'em to get away with anythin'."

"Sure," Joe nodded. "Sure. We see how that is."

The men withdrew. They closed the door and went noisily down the stairs. Mrs. Padder followed them. On the front stoop she asked, "You don't know them?"

"Nary a know," McCarthy said. "They don't look like boys escaped from a choir, but we got nothin' more to go on. We'll keep tabs on 'em for a few days."

Mrs. Padder was disappointed, as her manner showed. She returned to her room, cocked her ear again and listened, finally bolted her door and retired. She slept.

JUST before three o'clock, two men appeared across the street from the house. In the deep shadows there, they waited. Presently two more men appeared and took up stations near the front stoop of Mrs. Padder's place. In the course of half an hour there were eight men in the street, all inconspicuous to the casual eye. Then a car turned into the street at the next corner. It came to a stop some doors away from the Padder place. One man remained at the wheel, another slipped into the street and looked about him. He flashed a tiny light. Other lights along the street flashed an answer.

The man walked to the Padder stoop. There he was met by five other men. On the stoop, the last comer drew the five heads close about him. He whispered.

"Alive if possible, understand? But one way or the other. I don't want to lose any of you boys tonight. You know how hot this is. Give these mugs every chance but the big one."

The men nodded. The speaker slipped a key into the Padder door. It opened without noise. The men entered, closed the door softly behind them. In the street a cordon of men moved closer to the tomblike house. It was so in the street behind the house, and even on the roofs of adjoining houses. Silent men were there, a small army of them, each assigned to given duty; each fulfilling that duty silently and perfectly.

Inside the house, the six mounted the stairs. In the murky light of the hall, flashes of illumination glinted on the barrels of revolvers they carried in their hands. They took their time mounting the narrow stairs. They gathered close about the door of Eddie Ross. When all was ready, the leader pressed his ear close, listened. He caught the same droning of subdued voices. For just a second he hesitated, then he turned his head, nodded once. With his left hand he seized the doorknob, with his right he leveled his pistol and crouched low. At his shoulders the others poised, towering above him.

He threw open the door. The men leaped into the room. The three occupants rose excitedly.

"Up with 'em!" the leader snapped. "This is no foolin'!"

Six pistols covered the three men. Only Felly was slow in raising his hands. To him the leader barked another sharp command. Felly snarled, slowly raised his hands, the right pausing at the left armpit. A pistol barked and Felly staggered back. He writhed, his arm flailing. A man held him on the floor while another slipped bright handcuffs about his wrists.

"You asked for it, rat," a man said steadily. "Long enough, now, you've had it coming to you."

"What's this?" Joe snarled. "More roomin'house inspection?"

"Who *are* you guys?" Eddie Ross asked.

Men gathered about these two and forced their arms low again, handcuffing their wrists together behind their right knees. So they were helpless. The leader regarded Felly. He spoke to the man who had fired.

"Bad?"

"Shoulder, I think. Let's look."

THEY tore aside Felly's shirt and one of the men placed a folded handkerchief over a ragged wound torn through the flesh of the shoulder. Felly was whimpering. He was ghastly pale. The leader took his small flashlight from his pocket and played the beam on Felly's face.

"Plastic surgery, eh, Costi?" He grinned. "Not bad, at that!"

"You're nuts!" Felly whimpered. "I ain't Costi. I ain't nobody you want. . . ."

The leader was examining Felly's fingertips now.

"Acid, eh?" He was smiling broadly. "The works! You did it all . . . and this is where it got you. Rich, but living like a pauper in a cheap roominghouse. Mutilated for life, suffered tortures of pain, hiding away like a skunk in a hole, and this is what it paid you. Well, the more of you guys they make, the more often this will happen."

He straightened. He glared at Joe Fennick.

"Hello, Malu," he smiled wryly, his light playing on Joe's features. "You too, eh? Plastic surgery . . ." He caught the man's hands, held low to the ankles, and examined the fingertips. "Same old story."

"Anyway, it wasn't a dame that tipped you guys off," Malu snarled. He glared triumphantly at Costi.

Mrs. Padder was in the doorway. "It was too," she avowed. "I done it. I heard them names. These are Costi an' Malu. There's thousands in rewards . . . I want . . ."

Her voice failed her, she trembled with avaricious excitement.

"Shut up," the leader said, "or we'll take you along for harboring known criminals and fugitives. Malu is right. It was no dame that tipped us off. It was these mugs themselves. Fingerprints. Fingerprints on a bottle. A whisky bottle. We had two shots at them tonight, just to be sure. Master minds, these birds are. Big shots. Desperadoes . . . nuts!"

He turned to his men. "Take that whining skunk to a hospital for a dressing. Then lock him up plenty. You," to Malu, "walk as well as you can to the car in the street. Take him along, boys. Frisk him first."

The men set to work at their appointed tasks. They had to help the whimpering Costi to his feet. To Eddie Ross the leader now turned his attention.

"Nice mess you got yourself into," he said thoughtfully. "What's the big idea?"

"I never done nothin'," Eddie whined. "I met these guys here. I never knowed who they was."

Costi and Malu were led away. The leader and one man remained with Eddie. Mrs. Padder was ordered below. Other roomers crowded into the hall now. There was a crowd gathering in the street below. A pistol shot in that neighborhood was a summons to the curious. When the room was cleared, the leader shut the door. From his pocket he withdrew a long tubular key. He inserted this in the lock of Eddie's cuffs. Eddie was free. He straightened, smiled.

"You needn't bother any more," the leader smiled. "It's a smash identification, Ed."

"Good. They're a fine pair. They were robbing a bank tomorrow or next day."

"They've changed their plans from now on," the leader grinned.

"Yeah. Say, what about this Ganni, on the Coast? He seems to have gone berserk . . ."

"You've guessed it again, Ed. Take a hop out there. We want that wop next."

"We'll get him," Eddie said. "We get them all."

"Or," the leader said quietly, "they get themselves."

MRS. PADDER was back. "I want the reward. I got a right to it. I tipped the police. They was here earlier, but they was dumb. That's where you got wise to them hoodlums."

Her eye fell on Eddie. Her brows jerked upward in surprise. Eddie smiled slowly.

"It's too bad, Mrs. Padder. Here. I'll pay a month's room rent, just for notice."

He handed her some bills. She took them complainingly. Eddie caught up the bottle of whisky with its small remainder of content.

"This," he said, "is really good whisky, Mrs. Padder. Perhaps a drink would help you. Good night!"

The leader of the men reached suddenly into his trousers pocket and withdrew a door key. "Until just a little while ago, madam, this key was used by Mr. Ross, your roomer. That's how we got into the house. Don't say he failed to return it."

As the two departed, Mrs. Padder muttered, "I'll bet they'll go right out an' split that reward with McCarthy. Nowadays there ain't nobody to be trusted!"

THE END

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

MARGARET ANNA HANSEN is no spiritualist, yet she has put fifty ghosts to work. Her *ghosts* are the highly trained secretarial voices of fifty anonymous girls who answer doctors' telephone calls at all hours of the day and night. Miss Hansen is chief supervisor of two special phone services, one organized specially for physicians. Wherever your doctor may be—in bed, at the movies, or playing pinochle in some secret hideaway—one of Miss Hansen's telephone girls will locate him and start him scampering to your aid.

The system costs each doctor-subscriber about a hundred dollars a year. When he leaves his office or home, all his phone calls are switched to the special-service bureau. The girl on duty there has a list of every doctor's habitual hangouts. If he forgets to notify her where he can be found, she keeps the wires hot, on her own initiative, until she tracks him down. At times it is an exciting business. The girls summon ambulances and police patrol cars—they even charter airplanes—to rush doctors to emergency cases.

Late one night a doctor said frantically to the phone girl on duty, "Please concentrate for me. I've got to have three hundred dollars by tomorrow morning." Tactfully she told him she'd try, so he rang off. She thought he was just a bit eccentric—or something. But he called her again the following day, saying, "Wonderful! It worked! Now start concentrating again. I need five hundred more!"

Some of the requests these telephone girls receive are very strange indeed. For example, they quite frequently are asked to stand by, with the line open, when a doctor has a dangerous mental case in his office. Every ten minutes the doctor comes to the phone and says, "O. K." If his "O. K." stops coming, the phone girl sends the police.

Interesting job, though rather gruesome occasionally. A police inspector once startled the girl on duty by telling her over the phone, "Say, we've just found a human leg up here. Get in touch with Dr. So-and-so and ask what he wants done with it." . . .

The doctor had performed an emergency amputation, carted the patient away—forgot the leg.

☆ Real rivalry in love can work the deepest, most enduring mischief. Witness this true-life drama now going on in a prosperous suburb of Philadelphia. One of the involved wives is a friend of mine. . . . A dozen years ago two brothers fell in love with the same girl. Their quarrel upset her so much that she left them both and married another man. Both brothers have since acquired families of their own, and have been the best of friends. But the girl they lost has just become a widow. And the brothers are after her again, the old bitter conflict already aflame between them. Both are ready to divorce their wives, sacrifice their homes and children for the woman they won't forget. I have no idea how it may all turn out. If she's wise, she will leave them both in the lurch once more.

☆ Among the new knickknacks of 1938, one that may gladden you will be a combination pocket comb and brush made all in one piece. A narrow little brush runs along the shaft of the comb, so that every time you comb your hair you automatically brush it also. Nice and handy for a quick prinking. Not on the national market yet, but soon. . . . Another new notion comes from the increasing popularity of soap-bubble-blowing by grown-ups as a party game. Manufacturers are putting out attractive party sets of bubble pipes, bowls, and fancy cakes of bubble soap. . . . Still another new wrinkle is that of having a flashlight picture snapped in your dining room when you give a dinner party. Paste the photo in your guest book, or send souvenir copies to the guests.

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Some requests are very strange!

☆ Every religion is a crucible in which human wisdoms are fused by the slow-burning fire of time and life. Faith is cumulative. It takes a good many generations of despair and yearning hope to start any religion. Our world today is shadowed fitfully by threat of war. Omens come and go, but the black dread hangs always over us. We have great need now, I think, of every ancient wisdom. . . . For a while I am going to remind you, each week, of some thought old and wise which you may have forgotten. I am going to quote briefly from the Testaments, the Talmud, and Koran, from the Confucian books and the Vedic books . . . from any and every source that seems to me to offer a protective urge against the hideous threats of war and hate. . . . To begin with, I give you this timely line from the Old Testament (Proverbs XXVIII, 20):

"*. . . . he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.*"

☆ Very Nazi waiter, in breakfast room of Berlin hotel, waiting on very British guest: "Heil Hitler!" the waiter says. "And what will you have for breakfast, sir?" The Englishman answers, "God save the king! I'll have ham and eggs." . . . Vernon McKenzie tells this story in his perfectly swell new book, Through Turbulent Years. (Published by Robert M. McBride & Co.)

☆ Try this Roman recipe for baked fresh tongue with a delicious sauce of olives, raisins, and tomatoes: Boil a fresh tongue slowly about 2 hours. Remove skin and trim neatly. Heat 6 tablespoons olive oil in saucepan. Brown 1½ cups chopped onion lightly in the oil, with 2 small cloves garlic. Add 1 cup seedless raisins. Stir a few minutes, then put in 12 large olives, chopped, ½ cup chopped green pepper, ¾ cup tomato paste dissolved in 2¼ cups of the water in which the tongue was cooked, salt and black pepper to taste, and a pinch of thyme. Bring sauce to boil. Place tongue in fireproof dish; pour the sauce over the tongue; bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.

Slice and serve straight from hot baking dish with buttered noodles on the side.

LISTEN, YOUTH!
BY ELSIE ROBINSON

YES, YOU CAN HAVE LUCK, YOUNG AMERICA!

Candid . . exhilarating—A straight-from-the-shoulder talk to those for whom this year of 1938 brings misgivings

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LUCK—next to love, perhaps even more than love—luck's the thing you're considering most these days, isn't it, youngster? Here you are—sixteen, eighteen, twenty-six, thirty—with your youth going, going, almost gone. What are your prospects? Life before you . . . life drifting by you . . . and you caught in the cruelest confusion a young generation ever knew, facing the greatest bewilderment . . . what are the breaks ahead? Jobless, maybe . . . penniless, untrained . . . sick at heart, you wonder.

Take this new year—what'll it mean? The same dreary round . . . slinging hash in some Short Order joint . . . swinging a pick in some WPA project . . . wrapping bundles . . . pounding keys . . . tending a crying baby? No wonder you're discouraged. Seeing your chances shot, your pride raveling out . . . feeling you're licked before you make a start . . . short-changed by the System—

And always, wherever you go, the galling sight of the Lucky Ones, the Slick Ones, strutting their stuff, playing around in their swell rags and shiny cars— And something within you whispers, whispers—

"'Tisn't fair—they having all the fun and me—nothing! Wouldn't I like a few breaks . . . don't I deserve them? And haven't I tried . . . hoped 'n' prayed 'n' fought to go straight . . . yet what did it buy me—nothing but grief! 'Tisn't right—'twasn't my fault that I was born with the cards stacked against me! And nobody caring whether I live or die. Then why shouldn't I pick a little luck for myself . . . grab while the grabbing's good? The Lord helps those who help themselves—"

Over and over, with the fear mounting and the bitterness deepening, you ask those questions—you and a million like you. If only you had a chance . . . if only your luck would change . . .

BUT IS THERE ANY CHANCE FOR A DOWN-'N'-OUT KID IN MODERN AMERICA . . . COLD, INDIFFERENT MACHINE-AGE AMERICA WHERE NO KID HAS LUCK UNLESS HE HAS PULL OR CASH?

Ever since you were a grammar-school tad you've asked that question and been answered—in a way. Been lectured and advised . . . given formulas and rules. But you've never had anything SURE, have you? Never anything that made you feel you could step on your life and take all the hills on high— And that's what you want, isn't it? CERTAINTY . . . NOT THEORIES. Some rule for LUCK that will work for any fellow, regardless as long as he plays the game.

Is there such certainty?

YES, THERE IS!

Can you—and you—and you . . . modern Young Americans, find luck for yourselves, even if you were born without that golden spoon?

YES, YOU CAN!

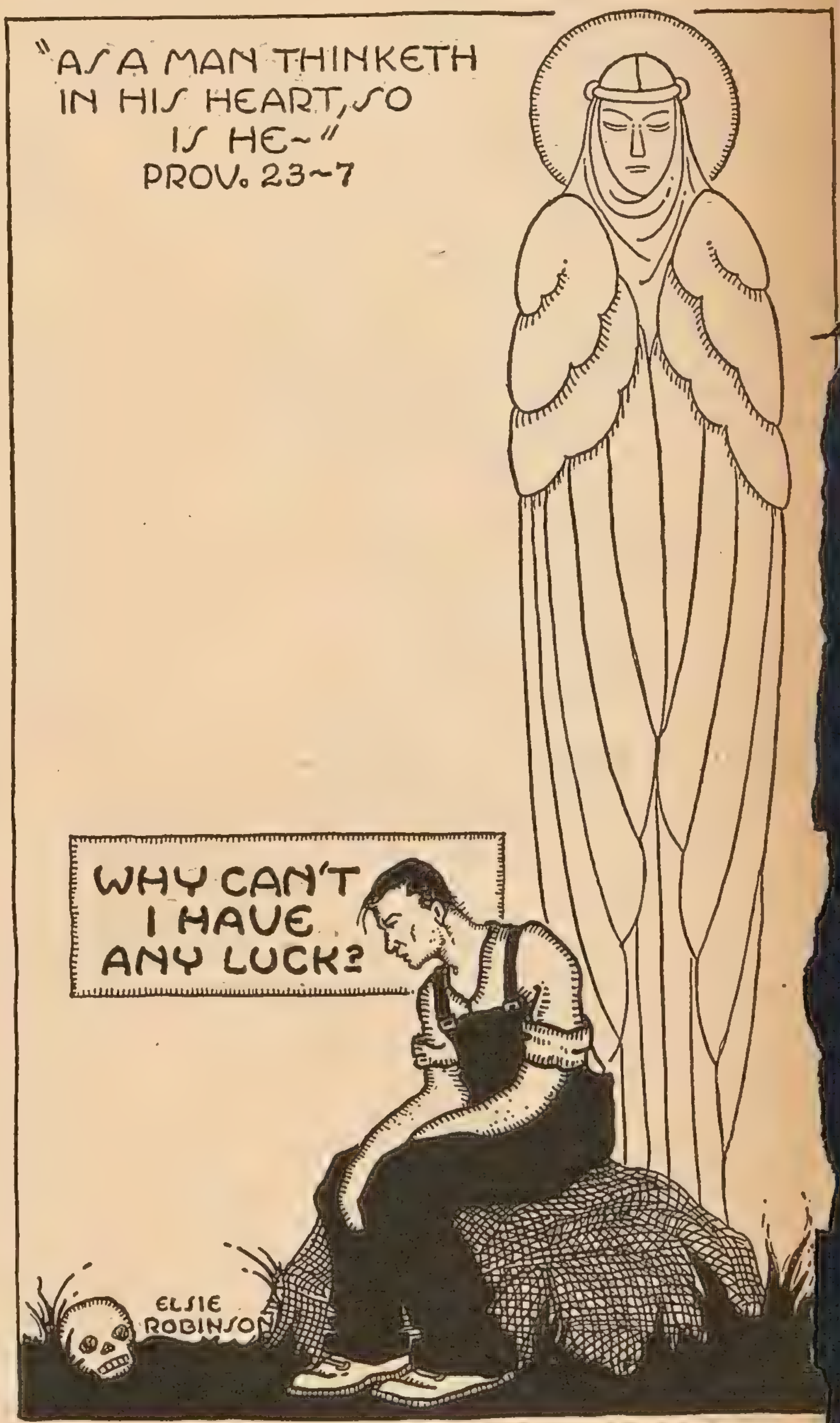
Even in spite of the world being cockeyed and things in a mess?

EVEN IN SPITE OF!

YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW BEING LUCKY. YOU CAN HAVE, YOU CAN HOLD LUCK FOR ALL THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. THERE'S JUST ONE PROVISION—

You must know what luck is . . . where it comes from . . . and how it works.

Trouble with most of us is—our notions of LUCK are wrong, right from the start. Particularly you young moderns. You were born in a mechanized world. You're used to having things done for you FROM OUTSIDE. Machines feed you, carry you, warm you, amuse you, keep you in health. Naturally you think of Luck in just the same way—AS SOMETHING OUTSIDE YOU. Something that should be coming to you. Something some are born with—like a wealthy Dad. Or something that h pens—like an airplane cruise or a beauty test at Ho wood. Remember those romance and adventure thrill that you read when you were ten—where the daring c boy and the beautiful salesgirl always woke up so morning to find Love 'n' Wealth, Fame 'n' Glory sitti smack in the soap dish, ready-made, waiting to be use


"AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO IS HE~"
PROV. 23~7
WHY CAN'T I HAVE ANY LUCK?
ELSIE ROBINSON

Lots of things have happened to you since you read those kid thrillers and many of your ideas have changed—BUT YOU STILL HAVE THAT BABY CONCEPTION OF LUCK . . . AND YOU'RE STILL WAITING FOR IT TO COME TO YOU IN THAT WAY.

But you're wrong! It won't . . . it can't. . . . Luck never did, never will come like that. For Luck isn't something OUTSIDE, waiting to light on us. LUCK—EITHER FOR GOOD OR ILL—HAPPENS INSIDE US. WE CHOOSE IT. WE CREATE IT FOR OURSELVES BY OUR OWN THOUGHTS AND ATTITUDES. Luck isn't an accident. It's a STATE OF MIND made manifest. YOU ARE WHAT YOU THINK. YOU BECOME WHAT YOU BELIEVE.

You don't quite believe that, do you? It's too big a bite to swallow. But stop . . . chew it over. Look around you at the world in which you live . . . at the things you use. How are those things made . . . the chairs you sit in, the houses you inhabit, the books you read?

"Why, they're made with hands," you say. "With wood and steel and paper—"

Wrong again. Those things are made in the mind. They are fashioned, to their last detail, in some one's brain, by some one's thoughts. Hands and machines copy them thereafter—but the thing you see is only a copy . . . the original pattern is built in the brain . . . BY THOUGHT. And what is true of a Thing is as true of a Person. You BUILD YOURSELF just as you build a chair . . . by the quality of your thoughts and the pattern of your desire.

That doesn't mean that you can instantly be or have exactly what you want by wishing. We're too ignorant, as yet, of our own natures and how to use them . . . and we have too little control over outward circumstances. We are only just vaguely glimpsing the terrific power of FAITH. But this much is sure, right now, for any one—

YOU WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET IN LIFE BY THE THINGS YOU THINK.

There are millions of things in life which you MAY think—and you can choose what you put into your head exactly as you can choose what you put in your stomach. And thereby you determine your luck—

If you choose to think DOWN . . . if you choose to dwell on the bum breaks you've had . . . on the education you didn't get and the job you lost and the two-timing crooks who did you dirt—if you choose to wallow in resentment and self-pity, envy and despair—THEN IT'S A CINCH THAT YOU'LL BRING BAD LUCK FLOCKING ROUND LIKE FLIES IN AUGUST. For did you ever see any one offer a swell job to a fellow who was advertising himself as a failure—showing he couldn't make good with himself, much less some other man's business? You never did and you never will!

But, on the other hand, if you think UP, you can boost yourself out of the deepest, darkest gutter that ever was dug. FOR NEVER DID THIS SAD, MUDDLED WORLD NEED CHEERFUL, CONFIDENT PEOPLE AS IT NEEDS THEM NOW. Educations are nice things to have; so are powerful friends and famous family names—not to mention a ton or so of greenbacks. But you can do without them all if you can smile. A MILLION BRASS BANDS ARE WAITING FOR THE GUY WITH A GRIN.

YOU CAN BECOME WHAT YOU BELIEVE . . . AND THAT SAME GOES GOOD FOR YOUR NATION. You don't like this world? *You'd be a sap if you did!* It's a cruel and crooked place . . . it's filthy and faky and unfair. It gives young people a rotten deal and old folk an even rottener one. And the worker gets a bad break all around. "The world is going to hell!" cry the glooms. And they're right as right—*if you let them be!* For this world, like the people in it, IS WHAT WE THINK. This world isn't real. It, too, is simply a copy—a copy of A STATE OF MIND. The result of what we think . . . what we believe . . . what we choose.

WE MAKE OURSELVES.
WE MAKE OUR LUCK.
WE MAKE OUR WORLD.

A New Year? What will it mean to you? As you have sat here, reading these words, you have been deciding what it will mean to you. How have you read these words? *With a song in your heart . . . or a chip on your shoulder?* With a "Let's go!" vow . . . or a wad of crape?

WHICHEVER IT WAS, THAT'S YOUR TICKET!

LIFE IS AS YOU TAKE IT . . .
LUCK IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.

Starting today, right here and now, you can be a Winner or a Quitter. . . .

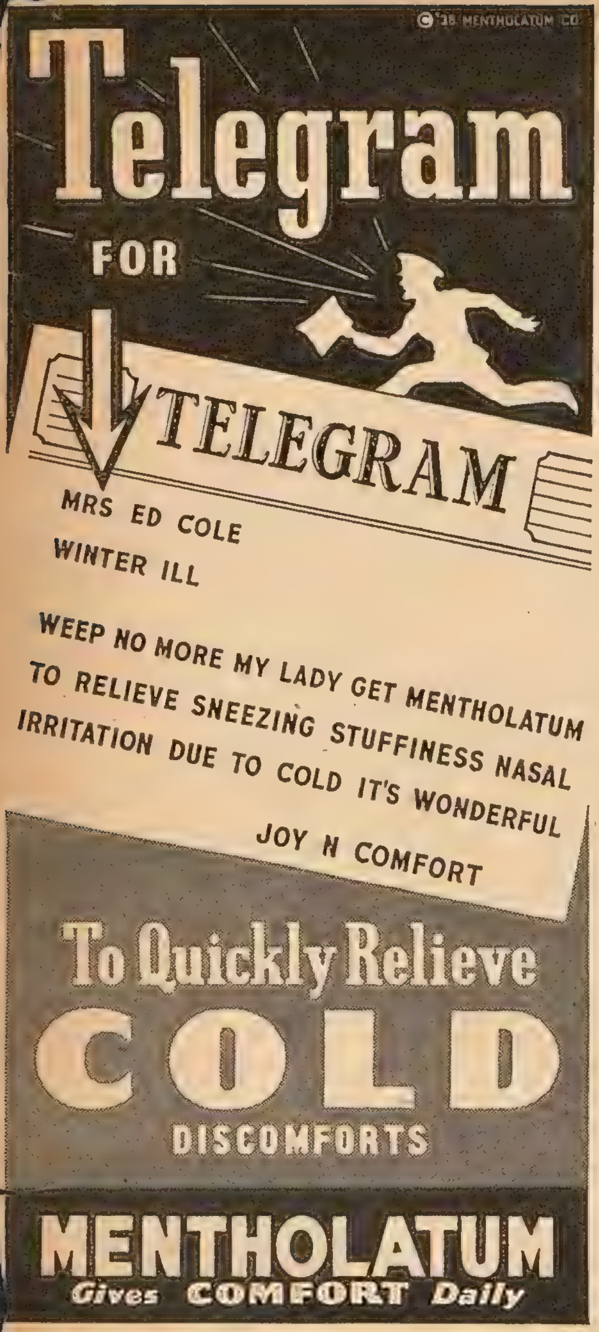
"Master of your fate and captain of your soul"—
Or a Has-been and a Fade-out—
It's up to you!
CHOOSE!

Miss Robinson will personally answer all letters. Address her:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 540,
Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **MY NEW WORLD** by Abbé Ernest Dimnet. Simon & Schuster.
A great French divine discovers—and loves—America. A wise book. A fine and noble book. A book that will give a glow to your heart.



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Telegram FOR

TELEGRAM

MRS ED COLE
WINTER ILL

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY GET MENTHOLATUM TO RELIEVE SNEEZING STUFFINESS NASAL IRRITATION DUE TO COLD IT'S WONDERFUL
JOY N COMFORT

To Quickly Relieve COLD DISCOMFORTS

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Try a VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
What a Difference!

F you think all laxatives act alike . . . just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) . . . so mild, horough, refreshing and invigorating.

Dependable relief for sick headaches, bilus spells and that tired-out feeling, when used by or associated with constipation.

ithout Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; you are not more than pleased, return the box nd we will refund e purchase price. hat's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — omorrow Alright.

Nature's Remedy
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NR-TABLETS-NR

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erty is read by the eager millions, the ple who do more, go more, want more. y're the Heart of Your Volume Market.

STOP Itching
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r quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, mples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other exrnally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antisepc, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula f Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes e irritation and quickly stops the most intense itchg. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or ur money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

"Disney's Folly" Makes History

A Grimm fairy tale comes to life as something new under the sun . . Hollywood laughs at Hollywood, with music

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Based on the fairy tale by the Brothers Grimm. Produced by Walt Disney for release by RKO-Radio Pictures. Running time, 82 minutes.*

THIS is Walt Disney's dream come true. For years he has hoped to make a feature-length film, a wholly animated production without human actors.

Snow White has a rare and elusive charm. It is a lovely translation of the old fairy tale created by Jakob Ludwig Grimm and Wilhelm Karl Grimm—the fantasy of the beautiful little princess who flees her wicked stepmother and comes to dwell in the depths of the forest with the seven dwarfs who labor by day in a jewel mine.

But the stepmother consults her magic mirror, summons all her black wiles, and sets out to kill the little princess.

Like all Germanic folk tales, Snow White has its vein of cruelty. It has fearsome things reaching out of the forest darkness to terrorize the fleeing Snow White; it has its horrible witch with her lust for blood. But the fable also has its beauty, its humor, its tenderness.

The birds, the squirrels, the forest hares, the fawns, all the shy folk of the woodland, do their best to help Snow White. Here the film achieves a lyric loveliness impossible to anything of flesh and blood. Too, the fantasy, unbelievable as it may seem, possesses its tense and moving moments.

The dwarfs are individual and delightfully characterized, quaint little beings of fantasy.

Snow White is something brand-new under the Hollywood sun.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story's been left much as the Grimm Bros.—Jakob Ludwig & Wilhelm Karl—conceived it late in the 19th century. Chief differences: Animals and birds have been given human characteristics, dwarfs have been named Sleepy, Sneezy, Grumpy, Happy, Bashful, Dopey, and Doc and characterized sharply. Squatty, by the way, is a ringer for Dopey but wears a beard. Grimm Bros. won undying fame but few riches. . . . Snow White's been 4 years in the making, tying with Chaplin's Modern Times for the longevity production record. Hollywood called it Disney's Folly. At world premeer, however, all Hollywood paid $5.50 a ticket, cheered Disney, speculators got $50 a seat. . . . Disney artists are known as Disney's hands, work for from $19 a week to about $350 tops. . . . None of the offstage voices in Snow White get credit, are sworn by contract to secrecy as to their identity, ride around in comfortable cars nevertheless. . . . Walter Elias Disney is a 1-goal-handicap polo player, loves his 2 children to distraction, is happily and once married, he's of Chicago birth and Missouri farm upbreeding. Studied drawing at Chicago night schools, was turned down for ill health when he applied as a postman in Chicago, went home, put on make-up and got the job. Spent two years driving a Red Cross war ambulance in France. His first art job was drawing farmyard animals for a Kansas City ad agency. While working nights over a drawing board a fat mouse ran out, made friends with him, got named Mortimer Mouse, later became Mickey Mouse after quite a struggle to crash world of animation.

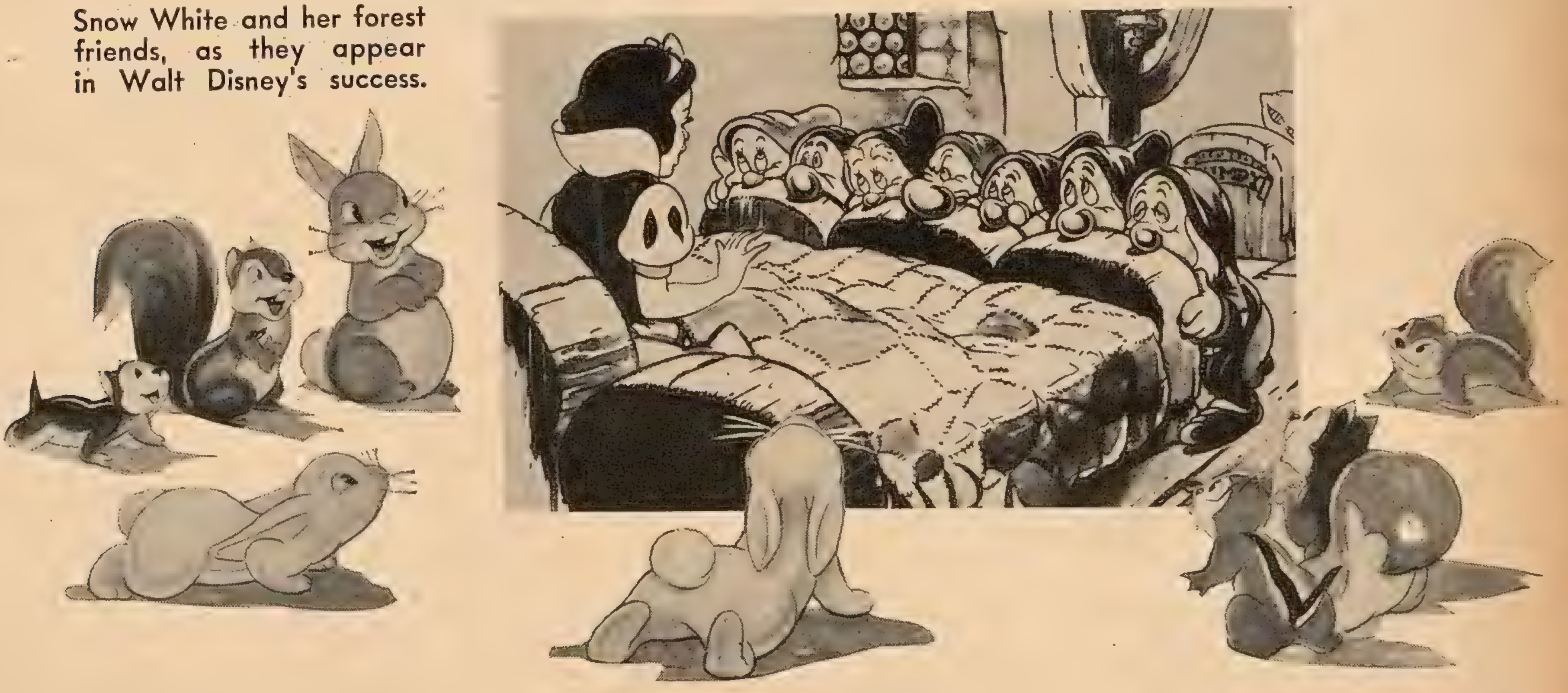
★ ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Ted Healy, Hugh Herbert, Johnnie Davis, Glenda Farrell, Alan Mowbray, Louella Parsons, Frances Langford, Mabel Todd, Ken Niles, Jerry Cooper, Allyn Joslyn, Duane Thompson, Edgar Kennedy, Grant Mitchell, Curt Bois, Fritz Feld, Eddie Acuff, Perc Westmore, Sarah Edwards, Clinton Rosemond, Wally Maher, William Davidson, Libby Taylor, Georgia Cooper, Paul Irving, Joe Romantini, Raymond Paige, Benny Goodman. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo, and Richard Macauley from a story by Mr. Wald and Mr. Leo. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.*

BUILT around Louella Parsons' well known radio hour, this is entertaining—and far too long.

The action centers around the imaginary Orchid Room of the equally fabulous Hollywood Hotel and shows a broadcast wherein the jobless would-be movie actor Ronnie Bowers (otherwise Dick Powell) goes on in an emergency and makes a great hit. The picture, too, delves into the secrets of picture making (if there are any secrets left) and laughs heartily at Hollywood.

Miss Parsons is completely herself



Snow White and her forest friends, as they appear in Walt Disney's success.

---

* Recommended for children.

* Recommended for children.

SLEEPLESSNESS
Steals Beauty

Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dullness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

Keep regular. Don't let more than a day go by without proper elimination. Use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative has been the choice of millions of people during a generation. It does not shock the intestinal system. *It stimulates the liver's secretion of bile, without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

NOSE STOPPED

Kondon's Jelly clears the nose —opens head passages *at once.* Ask your Druggist.

KONDON'S NASAL JELLY

Plain or Ephedrine

---

as Louella Parsons, Mr. Powell is adequate as the saxophone player, but the film honors are stolen by Ted Healy. This, sad to say, is Healy's last good notice, for death overtook him before the release of the film. Still, from Valhalla he steals the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood Hotel, put up in 1903 to sell lots in a new subdivision, has stood on the corner of Hollywood Blvd. and Highland Avenue for 35 years, gradually receding into the 14th Street hurly-burly that is the present Hollywood. When the movies came in 1911, it became the center of Filmdom social life, the Thursday Night Dances being the nuts of the period. Rudy Valentino & Jean Acker honeymooned there, Mabel Normand, Wallie Reid, and famed others lived there. Its story is the early history of Hollywood. . . . Hotel erected in pic is completely modern from saltcellar to lobby dome and utterly unlike the real hotel. . . . Hugh Herbert's recently gone in for 11-ounce dogs @ $500 apiece. They're toy schnauzers and associate with the deodorized goats, cows, chickens, pigs, horses, dozen cats and monkeys on Hugh's San Fernando ranch. . . . Duane Thompson's Sally of the radio Hollywood Hotel has yet to operate her first switchboard, is an ex-Wampas Baby Star. . . . Prof. Benny (the Good) Goodman's superstitious about anybody else blowing his clarinet, disjoints it between blows and sticks it in his pocket. . . . Dick Powell loses 5 lbs. every pic, gains it back with two days' sleep afterward. He's put in an order with a Hollywood bookshop to ship him all biography as fast as it comes off the presses. Is collecting it. . . . Libby Taylor's the sepia gal who was Beulah, Mae West's famous grape peeler. . . . Frances Langford'd be chanting soprano in a church choir hadn't her voice come out female bass, rough, tough, and swingy, after a tonsillectomy. She's unmarried, constantly in the company of a w. k. drama-and-movie critic. . . . Glenda Farrell's convent bred, the laziest person in the world by own admission. . . . Louella Parsons is the self-designated First Lady of Hollywood, wrote the first movie gossip colm in history, originating in Chicago.

★ ★ ½ MANNEQUIN

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Alan Curtis, Ralph Morgan, Mary Phillips, Oscar O'Shea, Elizabeth Risdon, Leo Gorcey. Screen play by Lawrence Hazard from a story by Katharine Brush. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 92 minutes.

NOT a great picture—but Joan Crawford's best in many months. The star plays Jessie Cassidy, a pretty girl who lives in crowded squalor in Hester Street and longs for something better. That longing hurries her into marriage with a flashy boy who turns out to be pretty bad. Then into her life comes John L. Hennessey, who has worked his way up from the same environment to become a power in his own two-fisted longshoreman's world.

Spencer Tracy is John L. Hennessey—and he plays the tugboat czar with his usual vigor and sympathy. Miss Crawford is effective, too, in the sort of role she does best; and a newcomer named Alan Curtis reveals promise as the weak end of Jessie Cassidy's disastrous tenement romance.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joan Lucille Le Sueur Billie Cassin Crawford Fairbanks Tone and Spencer Tracy are teamed for the first time. As Mannequin, Joan wears 28 gowns, each of them sprung from the brain of Adrian Greenberg, otherwise known as Adrian, and they cost a mere $25,000 or thereabouts—just enough for you to get a rag or two for your own wife's wardrobe. . . . Spencer Tracy asked to be just himself after playing a series of dialect parts. Wanted to speak English again for a change, he said. When he pulls a prank on his stage fellows, Tracy always explains: "It's the Irish in me!" When he finds it impossible to tell a lie, he says: "It's my colonial blood!" Tracy's 37, of Irish-American colonial stock. Tracy likes anything outdoors, has absolutely no fear of fresh air.

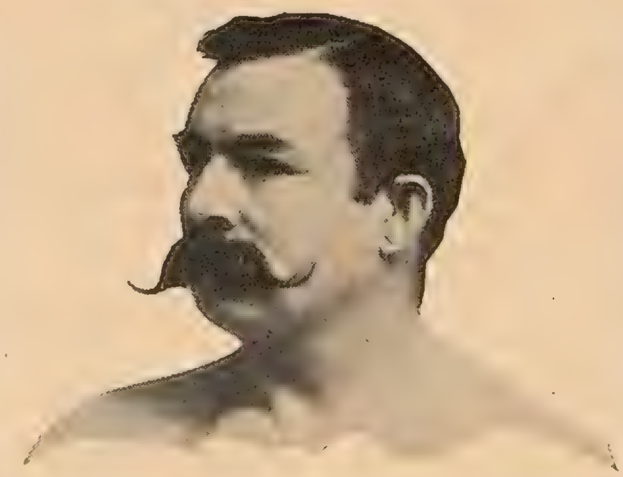
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything.

★★★—Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is of one of the participants who engaged in the last bare-knuckle fight of importance to be held in the United States. The battle, held July 8, 1889, went on for seventy-five rounds. This is the loser! Who?

2—What is the Japanese name for their country?

3—About how much raw silk goes into a pair of women's silk stockings?

4—Which popular songs can be unscrambled from the following: Bist Bei Vieni White Schoen Mir Bob Vieni Du?

5—Is Tony Sarg a pugilist, a vocalist on the radio, or an artist?

6—Doc, Grumpy, Dopey, Sleepy, Happy, Sneezy, and Bashful may be seen in which film?

7—If a swan sits 42 days, how long does a pigeon thus engage herself?

8—In which very large city do shoppers pay more for white eggs than for brown?

9—What metal will flow at ordinary temperature?

10—Which month was the last of the year and preceded January when Numa first introduced it in the Roman calendar?

11—What is Australia's chief industry?

12—In the sports world, who was Joe the Beaut? Who the Barbados Demon? Who the $11,000 Lemon?

13—Female elephants of Asia lack what that all African elephants have?

14—Of what crime was Alphonse Capone finally convicted?

15—If during the Civil War the Negroes called him Uncle Abe, what did the Confederates call Lincoln?

16—Is a nosologist one who classifies diseases, a sinus and nostril specialist, or a person habitually homesick?

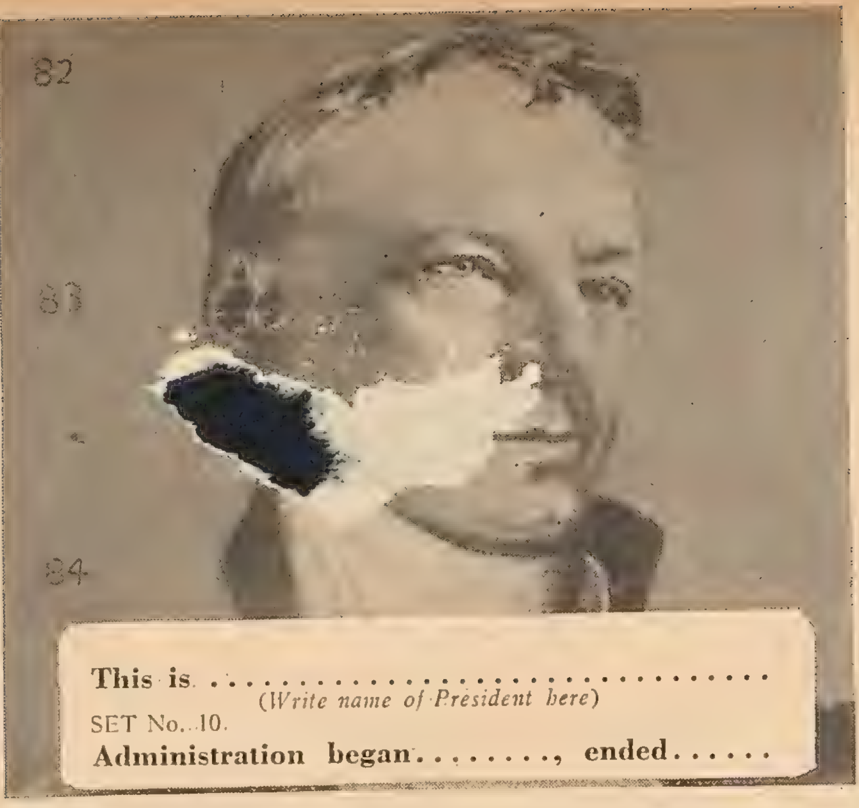
17—What happened to Great Britain's unemployment insurance fund in 1924?

18—C. P. R., the Soo, and TWA are diminutives of which carriers?

19—"I would rather be right than be President" was said by whom?

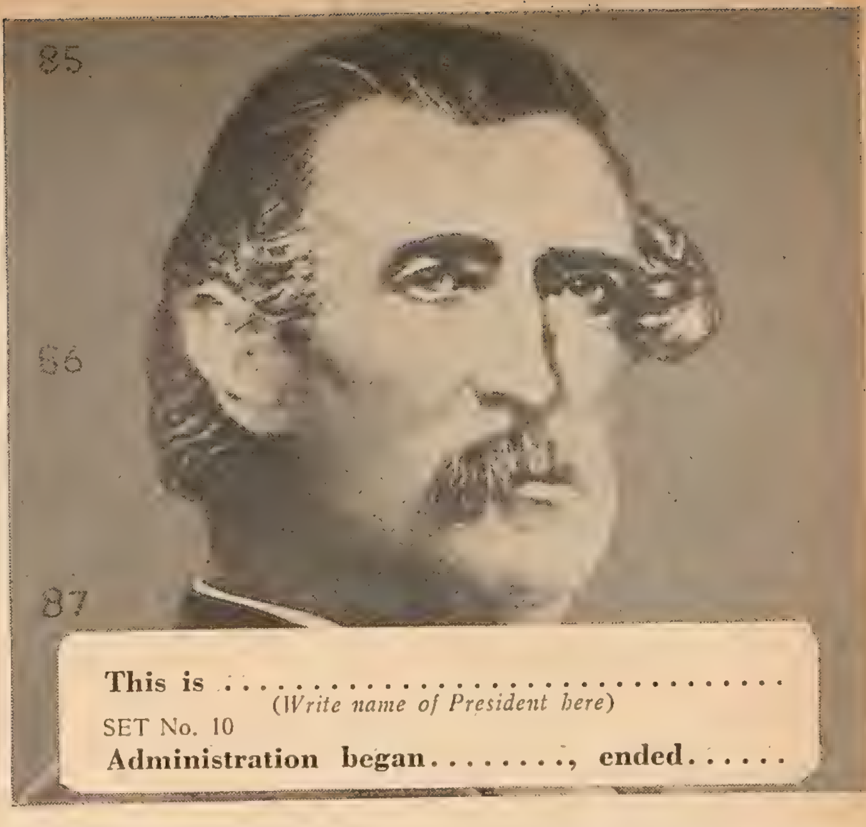
20—Who played England's greatest actor in The Great Garrick?

(Answers will be found on page 51)



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 10
Administration began........, **ended**......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who was second son of a judge; the eyes and nose are of one who was son of a Presbyterian minister; the mouth and chin are of one who was Minister to England.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 10
Administration began........, **ended**......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who served as Secretary of State; the eyes and nose are of one who graduated at William and Mary College; the mouth and chin are of one whose ancestor founded an Ohio city.

FINAL WEEK!

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

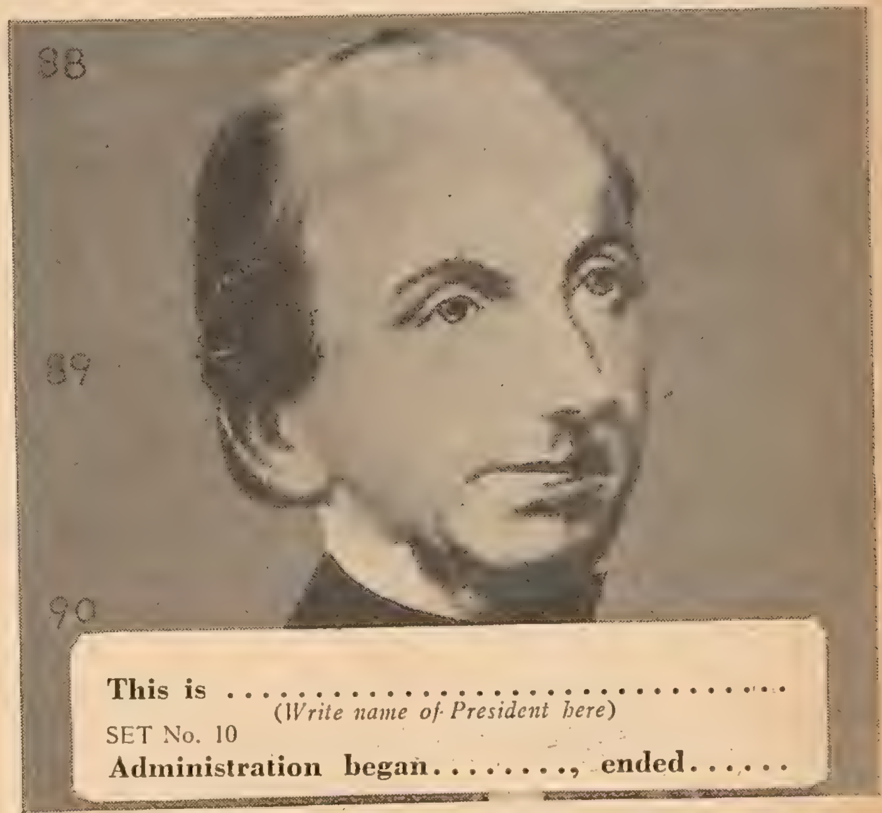
FILE YOUR ENTRY ON TIME

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

YES, ladies and gentlemen, in this final set of composites the separating lines have been omitted purposely. This time you are entirely on your own in deciding where to cut. With the experience and skill previously gained you should be able to make this decision successfully.

Many have asked more complete clarification of the dates wanted. The correct years will be sufficient in each case. Give the year of inauguration and the year during which incumbency ended. In a case where two consecutive terms were served, give the year of the first inauguration and the year during which final incumbency ended. In the event of two terms *not* consecutive, give both sets of dates. Please avoid needless ornamentation of your entry. Fancywork will not add anything to its final rating. Accuracy is paramount. Simplicity is best.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 10
Administration began........, **ended**......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who taught in an institute for the blind; the eyes and nose are of a Secretary of War; the mouth and chin are of one who resigned from the United States Senate.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

How

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IF Americans had ever experienced a real dictator's rise to power, none of them would be insisting that it was a man with dictatorial ambitions who entered the White House in 1933. Such was Emil Ludwig's thesis in last week's installment, which began with an examination of Roosevelt's inaugural address from this standpoint and went on to compare his first four months in office with Hitler's, which were almost simultaneous. It closed with a characterization of the President in a press conference, as his biographer had observed him.

PART TEN—THE GENTLEMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

LATE in the afternoon Roosevelt takes the only exercise in which he is permitted to indulge; he goes for a swim in the artificially heated indoor pool which the nation built for him in the White House by public subscription. Then he sits down to look at some light movie, at any rate not a serious one, in the upstairs corridor where a machine has been installed; then comes supper, after which he continues to work upstairs, mostly alone, studying documents, outlining addresses. In the latter case he will sometimes send his secretaries a partial outline in his handwriting, with one notation: "What do you think of this?"

He writes his speeches himself, and it appears that he asks for less collaboration in them than any other state spokesman of our time, Mussolini excepted. "I felt"—this was how he described to me the origin of his Chicago speech in October, 1937, shortly after he had delivered it—"I felt that I had to say something to the people regarding the increasing war danger. The Secretary of State sent me a page, from which I took just one sentence. A bishop had written me; from his letter I took a paragraph. Furthermore, I had read that fine book, Lost Horizon. Apart from these three quotations I dictated the speech in one hour, just as it is. Under other circumstances I ask two or three friends what they would say in my place, and use some of their thoughts; but I could never have a speech written for me by some Department."

Into the President's home and heart and mind a great biography goes for a vivid picture of a new kind of ruler

How far-reaching the influence of his wife still is today it would be difficult to say; that she denies any influence proves nothing. Still, it is usually the case that an influence of this kind, relating to a man who has achieved great responsibility and fame while in spirit he has risen to highest independence, declines with the passing of the years. It is therefore not to be wondered at if this woman, who had so long pursued her own line of work, should today be pursuing it more than ever.

They have common ground in their great simplicity of manners, such as we find among the rich-born more frequently than among those who have become rich. It is a way with them to ring as infrequently as possible, to proffer requests, not orders, to their servants, to speak angrily to no one; it is also their way hardly ever to be alone without some occupation. Likewise they still have in common a practical unstylized way of dealing with people; but while she aims to convince them, he seeks their concurrence, she being more logical, he swifter. The enjoyment of indolence, which the Romans characterized as *otium* in distinction from *negotium*, is scarcely known to her, and to him only on board a ship, if at all.

The natural manner of life of these two people has become a model for the entire country; it has also become the horror of all Yankees. To know why, one must pass a Sunday evening in the house, and see Mrs. Roosevelt making scrambled eggs in the fireplace of the big living room, while a dozen alert, energetic, but also very jolly people—high officials, friends of the Roosevelt sons, young students—sit around and help with the plates. The visitor then finds it impossible to believe that he is in a Presidential palace; and he must realize that not only European kings but the so-called captains of industry on this side of the ocean are under pressure of a world-wide leveling movement which will compel them to renounce their class arrogance and their class snobbishness.

And it is in this tone, too, that the President speaks to every one, for natural charm shows itself in its constancy, and it does not need to suit itself to any class, since it suits every class. When he gives one of his informative talks to the nation—one is tempted to say when he seduces it with his fine violoncello voice—every one in the country gets the feeling that he is being addressed personally. Moreover, he has been seen on his campaign tours by so many millions more than any other President that, as he himself explained to me, his radio listeners, catching the sound of his voice, actually visualize his face and think they can see as well as hear him.

There is always a great to-do in the White House when the President sits down before the microphone in the low semicircular room downstairs. "Fireside talk" is a complete misnomer; it ought to be "radiator-side." All four main lines are cut off, which gives technicians, a whole crowd of managers, workers, and foremen, a chance to test something or other, after which they can go home and tell how they "saw" the President's speech.

In what European country could such a picture be seen, on National Independence Day, as I saw in Hyde Park in 1937? It is the Fourth of July, and the Chief Executive has invited some twenty young people to his house. And here they all are, journalists and officials bathing in the pool, pretty girls signaling from the diving board, others playing ball; and the President sits in the shadow of a bush listening to the stories of the Secretary of the Treasury until all of them gather round the little tables for beer and sausages. And throughout all this not a single soldier has put in an appearance to symbolize with his buttons the might of the state.

To go riding with the President only once—he drives

With Humanity, Taste, and Humor"
European Sees Roosevelt Govern

himself and works the gas feed with his hand—and to see people's faces and the way they waved and greeted made one who was born a German recall with a flush of shame the long, arrow-straight rows of soldiers or party members which line the parade route over there, the thousands of arms uplifted in a marionette-like gesture, the roaring of *Sieg Heil!* One needs only to compare the expressions of the masses, the forms of greeting, to perceive the essential difference between two men and two systems, the one based on force, the other on consent.

Nor does it make any difference if there happen to be some millions of Germans who trust and adore the "leader" from the bottoms of their hearts, while some millions of Americans detest theirs as heartily; these represent only the specially favored and the specially injured on the two sides.

In Oklahoma I heard the prominent oil-field owners speak nothing but evil of Roosevelt; but much more important to me seemed the hopes reposed in him by the oil drillers with whom I sat in their beer saloon after I had dined at the round table of the millionaires.

At Hyde Park, too, life has not changed, and if the ghost of Roosevelt's grandfather should revisit the place one day he would find nothing to wonder at except the two little sentry boxes under the old trees; he might swear at the two searchlights which have been put up in the grass in such a way that no one can crawl unseen through the thick bushes and up the hill. Outside, the night is indeed lit up by them, but as ghosts never go to sleep the older Roosevelt would find them less of a nuisance than his well-protected grandson does.

Here, in this country house of his fathers, which does not belong to him but to his mother, the President is still in actuality nothing more than an honored guest. Only his wife has, with a friend, built herself a little romantic house in the heart of the woods two miles away.

His mother steps out of the garden, leaning lightly on a brown cane and wearing an amethyst chain, a lady of the country aristocracy, now more than eighty years old, but still taller than I am. She makes as little effort as he to pose as history. That natural self-respect which kept her son untransformed by the possession of power maintains her in the status to which she was born, and if she has made no alteration in the house for the President she has made just as little in her bearing. To be served first at table is his only privilege there.

ONE MOTHER WHO DIDN'T MUSE, "HE MAY BE PRESIDENT YET"

"I never thought he would enter the service of the state," she said to me at the fireside in pure German. "We only wanted to bring him up a gentleman."

Here at Hyde Park the President works in the smallest room in the house, which is completely filled by his desk and a couple of bookshelves. If we recall that it was here that the life of the spoiled boy began, and that he used to do his homework in the room where he now prepares his addresses to the nation, then we see the circle closing in that harmonious completion which is the

Above: Roosevelt at his desk with Stephen Early of the White House secretariat. At left: A fireside talk—"seducing the nation with his fine violoncello voice." In oval: His study, the Oval Room of the White House.

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COUGH
COUGH

Get quick, soothing cough relief the "MOIST-THROAT" way

Cough—cough—cough—dry throat—watery eyes—head swimming—no wonder you feel awful. Don't neglect your cough—it'll wear you down.

Get quick relief with Pertussin! This safe, pleasant herbal remedy stimulates the glands in your throat to again pour out their natural moisture. Annoying, sticky phlegm is loosened and easily raised. *Your throat is soothed, your cough relieved.* Many doctors have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years for children and grownups. Millions have relieved their coughs by this "moist-throat" method. Pertussin is safe, acts quickly. Economical, too. On sale at all druggists.

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Address

privilege only of the aristocrat and the peasant who never leave their native soil; and we perceive why it is that even today, in the midst of this industrial age, it is still a man of the country who in the end is better understood by the masses than the man of the city, whose restlessness has more drive and insatiability in America than anywhere else.

In Hyde Park everything looks as though people had lived themselves into it. Everything is comfortable, without art, maintained in the general style of an inherited taste. Here when he has guests Roosevelt, at the head of his table, is every inch the country aristocrat. But I like him best of all not at the table, nor in the library, nor yet in the little workroom, but in the stone vestibule which connects library and garden. There, on the bare stone wall, hangs an immense ship's wheel, a present, and when on a hot July day he sits in his shirt sleeves under his wheel of fortune, he seems to be as happy in the possession of power as he was without it.

In the White House the President's study, an oval room some eighteen yards in length, is at once the simplest and most distinguished office of a government chief that I have ever seen. In Moscow the room is as simple but cold, in Rome as distinguished but much too large for one person, in Paris and Vienna it is too imperial for a republic, in Prague too romantic for our century, in Madrid too pompous for the new mind, in Athens frigid; only in London is it both distinguished and repellent.

The room in which I once visited Coolidge and Hoover has been enlarged and remodeled to answer to the character and upbringing of its present occupant. You would think you were in the summer residence of the general manager of a steamship company, who had surrounded himself with mementos of the days when he was a captain.

The brightness and openness of this room, with its six doors, half of which give on the garden, bespeak the American manner. In this country even the State Department has swinging half doors, open above and below in the summer, so that the secrecy of the old European diplomacy seems to have yielded to an airy and general accessibility. There are three windows in the President's office, and on a summer's day, when the three doors to the garden stand wide open, you may see the workers, separated from the President only by a few steps, engaged, symbolically enough, in carting away dead wood; and then every suggestion of cold officialdom disappears.

The rooms of dictators are so planned that their dimensions and mass crush and terrify the visitor. Here, in contrast, there is visible the intention to draw the visitor into friendly conversation. No candelabrum hangs overhead; there is not even a center light to dazzle the eye. Everything indicates how the aristocrat, in this role too, seeks to display less power than he has.

The desk, which is turned away from the windows, stands within one of the narrower curves of the oval, and must be artificially lighted throughout the whole day in winter. But in the summer such a flood of light is diffused through the doors, and such a pleasant effect is produced by the brown awnings, that one is reminded of the prewar staging of a summerhouse in an Ibsen or Schnitzler play. All I would need here is a dog; but the two fine red setters

YOUR LIFE IS IN HIS HANDS

Probably you trust him blindly.

If he gives you a chemical to swallow, you drink it down without even inquiring what it contains.

If he advises you to have your body cut open, you give your permission and in some cases you bankrupt your savings to pay for it. Such is the confidence you have in your doctor.

How much does he deserve? What is his right to such confidence?

To many people doctors are still silent, mysterious men with knowledge greater than other men's, with almost superhuman wisdom and skill. There are such doctors in the world, but how many? In Liberty, one of America's 170,000 doctors comes forward to tell the story of his education and his practice.

This is not an extreme and unusual career. It is the true life story of an average man who began the study of medicine with high ideals in his heart and who went the way of many another doctor before him.

Don't miss the first installment of this autobiography from real life—

DOCTORS DON'T TELL

which I had previously seen in the White House have moved out with the President's daughter.

The emblems of supreme power are here, right enough, but they have been tactfully subdued into a quiet and becoming dignity. The white stucco eagle in the center of the ceiling is scarcely visible, and the flags droop in their golden standards in the two oval niches: in one the flags of the President and the country, in the other those of the Governor and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Thus Roosevelt has, facing him, the symbols of his own history, while the emblems of his power are behind him.

He sits away from the wall, whereas the dictators, for very good reasons, have their backs covered. He is thus able to indulge in that American practice which seems so queer to us Europeans, namely, to swing back and forth in his swivel chair. But he does this only when he is with friends. When he glances to the right he can see the Roman bundle of rods, the fasces from which present-day Italy has taken its government's name. But here the bundle does not stand, as it does across there in the Senate; it lies on its side. In Washington dictatorship does not threaten; it lies comfortably and seems to be taking a rest.

At Hyde Park his mother is hostess.

Round him on the walls are forty framed copper prints, half of them of ships, the other half Hudson River landscapes—home and hobby intermingled. In between, in niches, on tables and bookcases, stand dozens of ship models, the most antique and the most modern. There are also a couple of modernistic chairs, on which the visitor sits none too comfortably, obviously that he may not sit too long. The general pomp, not to mention the comfortableness of big armchairs, with which a bank president tempts his visitors, has been purposely omitted.

The desk itself looks thoroughly unpresidential. On it stand neither busts of predecessors nor pictures of foreign statesmen—only a bunch of roses, the inevitable ice water, and various animals and miniature ships' rudders. There are as many as six donkeys, some of them with the initials F. D. R. on them, standing in front of him, some of cloth, others of plaster; but there are also goats, pigs, and elephants continuing the fairyland procession on the little table at the side. Among the animals on the table stand three rudders; even the ash tray and the match container are mounted on silver boats. Is it not a ship's captain who lives here?

One telephone is enough on this desk, whereas on the desks of the dictators, who maintain subterranean connections with guards, police, and soldiers for every emergency, I have seen three or four. Talaat, the Turkish war dictator in the Sublime Porte, had the record with five telephones. But they got him in the end, just the same.

In a corner of this radiant and idyllic room, of which the occupant, with his serene forehead and open glance, personifies the spirit of inward calm, stand two heavy white canes. These are the symbols of his history, the levy which the gods have exacted even of this child of fortune.

This study I visited several summer days, to see how Roosevelt governs. I sat on the edge of the oval, opposite the open garden door. Before me was the sunlit half circle, and I watched the three Negroes busying themselves with some wood in the thick green grass. He sat at his desk in a summer coat; everything, from tie to wrist watch, of extreme simplicity. Sometimes I saw his virile profile against the red and white stripes of his flag.

It was a dream of the summertime realized, for I sat both near enough and far enough away to take in the whole picture. The birds were having a good time in the old trees, the reflected light lay softly on the oval violet carpet, there were not to be seen anywhere any of the forms of representative power. It was as if I were turning the pages of some Utopian story in which a dreamer had depicted a ruler of the future, who, unblustering and unpretentious, governed a country with humanity and taste and humor.

LIKE A SCENE FROM "LOST HORIZON"

What my spirit experienced then went so deep because it corresponded to an old long-nurtured vision of mine concerning what government ought to be; and at the same time it was a release from the nightmare of black dictatorship and old-fashioned diplomatic affectation which I had found in most of the European governments. For I was less concerned with the substance of most of the conversations than with the manner of them, as was natural with a foreigner ignorant of the inner structure of party politics.

But this has always been my objective in my studies of historical characters too, for what is important is not what a minister or a general does but the way he does it; it is precisely this which provides us with the mirror of his character. Napoleon's battles, Bismarck's laws, Lin-

HEALTH WANTED

A message to men and women who want to regain intestinal health . . . and youthful regularity

"PEOPLE who really feel healthy rarely think about health." Sufferers from constipation do not often enjoy that kind of care-free well-being. They fall into the habit of thinking about themselves. They worry.

Does that describe your own state of mind? Then consult your doctor about trying Saráka.* This is a new-type laxative which has been signally successful with cases of constipation. Many users recall their healthy youth when constipation was a thing they never thought of.

LAZY MUSCLES

Sufferers from constipation usually have intestinal muscles that have "gone soft". In civilized life, we get too little exercise—eat rich, over-refined food. Result—our intestinal muscles generally become weak and flabby. Saráka helps correct that condition. Saráka gives intestinal muscles the exercise they need—*internal exercise.*

The principal ingredient in Saráka is bassorit (sap of a tree found in India) in the form of tiny granules. After passing into the intestines, these granules absorb water. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

This extra bulk is the secret of Saráka's "exercising action". It encourages the lazy intestinal muscles to get busy. It gives them something to exercise on—encourages them to do their duty. The results are not violent or purgative. There is no embarrassing urgency. That is why so many users say "Saráka isn't always reminding me that I have taken a laxative."

In addition to its bulk-producing bassorit, Saráka also contains a specially-prepared cortex frangula (bark of a European shrub) which mildly stimulates the intestines to keep waste products in motion. So you have Bulk Plus Motility.*

NEW HANDI-SIZE 49¢

Saráka is now sold in three sizes. First the big Hospital Size—a real economy for people who take Saráka every day. Second, the regular 10 oz. tin. And now the new Handi-Size, for those who only require a laxative occasionally—for families where some one needs a laxative every once in a while. Ask your doctor about this modern laxative—and be guided by his advice. For a free trial-size tin, mail the coupon below.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ *TEAR OFF AND MAIL* ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

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Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

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"My SKIN now invites a close-up"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath* . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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SSS TONIC

coln's decrees awaken our interest as ancient costumes would whose faded colors attract us by their age; but how these men manifested their inner nature by meeting a special situation with a fine retort, or an unexpected gesture, or a smile—that still makes us stop to think, for each one of us compares himself in secret with his hero.

NOT "CUMMINGS, TAKE A LAW," BUT—

"You see?" said the President to me, as I stood near him with his secretaries in the morning before the opening of the daily political polonaise. "This paper is signed here by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and here by the Vice-President. If I add my signature here at the left, it becomes a law in four seconds." He signed, put the pen down with a brief gesture, then lifted his clear, open eyes to me, laughed out loud and said: "Now it's a law."

I have seen many dark foreheads bent over such desks, and when a secretary has come up softly from behind and slipped in some document which could brook no more delay, I have seen ministers of state, bank directors, industrialists, some of them calm, others nervous, append their signatures hastily in the midst of other occupations; all of them were disturbed, or at best indifferent. Formalism, bureaucracy, away with it all! Here for the first time I saw in action a man in whom the possession of power had not diminished his joy of life, but rather, augmented it. He was happy to put down his signature and thereby make a law out of something around which, perhaps, a long battle had been fought. Youthful power of action had found new occasion to assert itself.

This feeling of the continuous enjoyment of power seemed to dominate him, so that neither fatigue nor unfriendliness nor moodiness could interrupt this composed and thoroughly serene spirit. To be sure, there were opponents enough. It was the time both of the great strikes and of part of the Supreme Court battle. But all this seemed only to intensify his joy of life, to enliven continuously his responsibilities. Laughing and smoking, his secretaries stood about him, coming and going at will; and the poet among them always turned up at the end of the prescribed fifteen minutes, like a Mephisto, to shoo the visitor gently away.

"Thank you for having come," he says happily to the visitor, thus helping him past his natural embarrassment. Then, like every American, he offers him from a tattered package a cigarette.

There sits a congressman whose sour expression when he entered showed that he came to complain. A minute has passed and he sits smoking and laughing; the President has told him a story and put him in good humor. Then the President listens attentively, jots down with a pencil the costs of the project, and adds them up: "I've got to act on this bill before the session ends. Tell him I've got to act." As objections thereto are raised he nods frequently, and he seems throughout to be inspired with the desire to have everything come out right and wind up with a happy ending. Roosevelt is an enemy of tragedy; that and his swiftness are the secret grounds of my great liking for him.

Ten minutes later a young, serious official sits in the same chair near the writing desk; he strikes a match on the sole of his shoe and extends the flame, produced in this Promethean manner, to the President. The President turns down his suggestion. "That's a federal matter. If I do it in your state, the other states will come along. But—" and he proposes another solution. The young man submitted his prepared request in well rounded, rather weighty sentences; the older man replies very gently, in a light tone so that the negative in his answer is quite invisible. Going away, the visitor, who has obtained precisely nothing, thinks to himself that the President is a good man.

Roosevelt makes no notes, either now or at any other time; but when I told him how much I liked that man, he praised him and added, "I wish the others were like him." This he said not with a groan but with a smile.

Then a big multicolored sheet is brought in: a proposed design for a proclamation on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the country. And the three of them, President and secretaries, one of the latter squatting on the edge of the desk, argue about the chronological order to be accorded to certain of the states. Meanwhile I look at the President as he sits there bent over the emblems of his country, his finger running over the colors—the seaman examining a flag, the man of the eye examining a multicolored design.

He shoves a couple of documents toward them. Regarding a third he says, "That stays here. I don't know enough about it. No action." He loves the word "action." His tone, when he speaks of it, is like that of the singer speaking of voice, the sculptor speaking of stone, or the flapper speaking of lipstick; it is the focal word of his life. The pictures vanish from the stage; there is a rustling silence in the room. When he is alone, reading or writing, he sends out thicker puffs of smoke.

Through the other door the woman secretary enters; he dictates a note, then asks her quietly, "What do you think of it?" It is her bad luck that the door she uses creaks, so that in the perpetual coming and going of the secretaries it is the men who seem to be quieter than the woman, though her footstep is quite inaudible. She is on the point of leaving when there emerge from the narrow passage through which all visitors must pass, as in Mozart's Magic Flute, two Chinese. They are small and trustful; their English has a jolly sound to it.

"And when we asked the Secretary of the Treasury how much he expected from us in exchange, he said: 'Nothing!'"

It is a happy moment for Roosevelt; his face lights up as though he had just been told that his son had passed his examination.

The picture vanishes. Now enters an elderly gentleman in a summer suit, keeping his left hand in his trouser pocket. I notice that the President is a shade more courteous with Republicans; but perhaps that is accidental. Tariff questions concerning South America. A long confabulation about who telephoned whom regarding what. This caller talks a lot and likes the sound of his own voice, and as he does not let the President get a world in, the later swings lightly in his swivel chair and takes a rest; Roosevelt enjoys everything, even the chatterer.

When the man stops to catch his breath the President throws in that he could have made more money on his own farm if he had only installed these and these buildings. The visitor does not hear a word. Then Mephisto materializes and wafts him gently out. The picture vanishes. In the ensuing pause the President throws across to me, in an apologetic tone of voice, "This is a quiet morning."

How hard did Roosevelt appear to take his defeat on the plan to pack the Supreme Court? How does he look forward to his years of retirement, and what does he expect to do then? His biographer's answers to these absorbing questions will be given in next week's installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—The late Jake Kilrain.

2—Nippon.

3—On the average a little more than one ounce—recently worth about eleven cents.

4—Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen, Vieni Vieni, Bob White.

5—An artist.

6—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

7—For fourteen days.

8—New York, New York.

9—Mercury.

10—February.

11—Sheep raising.

12—Joe Humphreys, Joe Walcott, Rube Marquard.

13—Tusks.

14—Evasion of the federal income tax.

15—Old Abe.

16—One who classifies diseases.

17—It became insolvent. Established 1912, during 1924-31 the fund's debt to the Exchequer grew to approximately $500,000,000.

18—Canadian Pacific Railway; the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway; Transcontinental and Western Air.

19—Henry Clay.

20—Brian Aherne

I cannot tell a lie . . .

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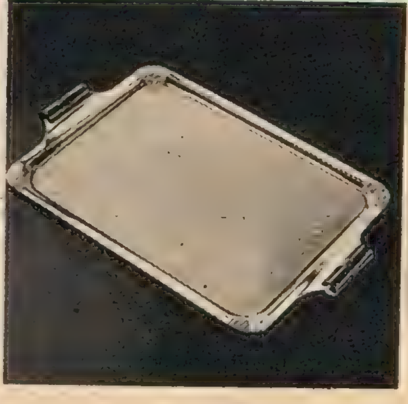

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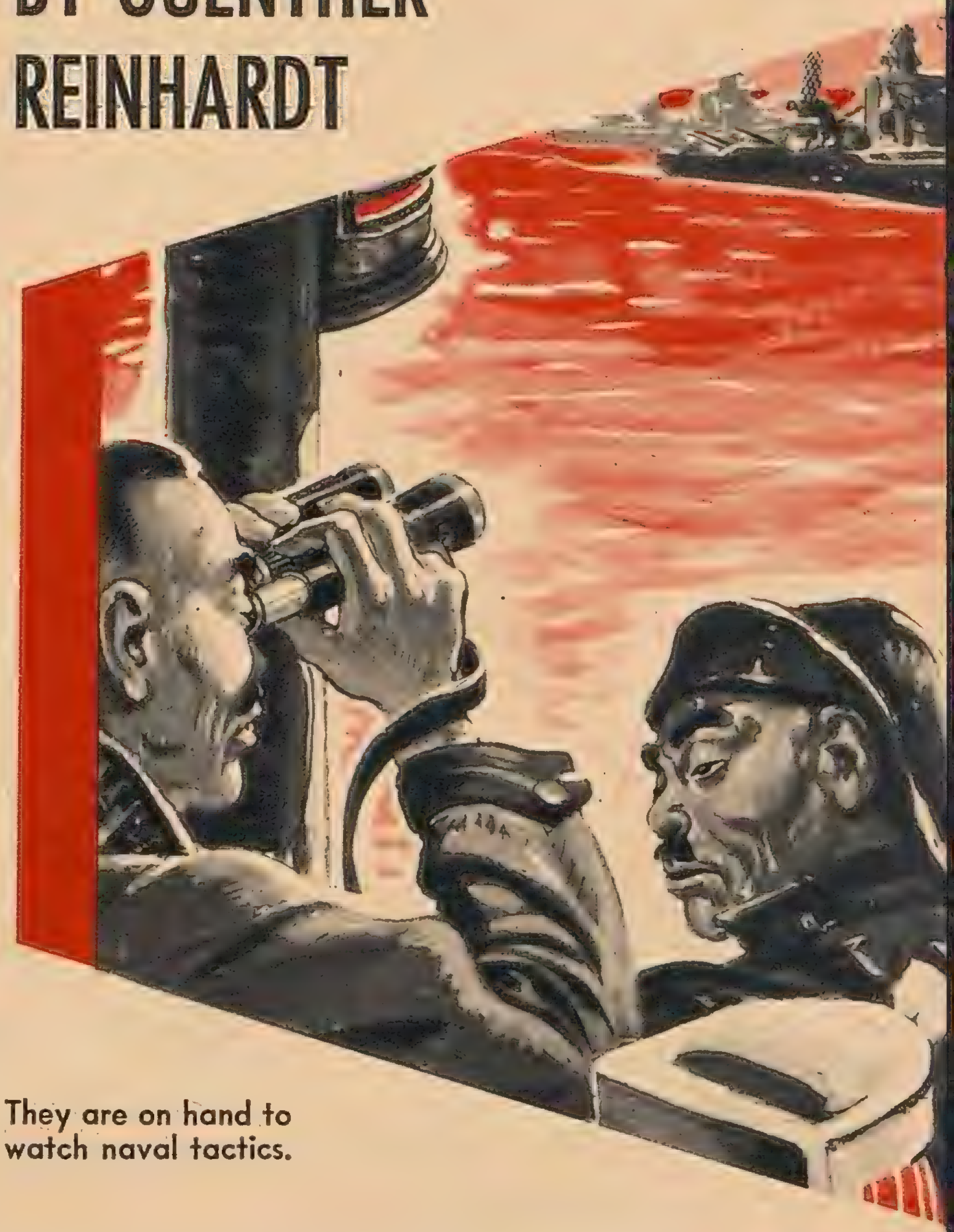
READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FISH or TORPEDOES?

The startling truth about these alien "spy" boats—They're fighting ships!

BY GUENTHER REINHARDT



They are on hand to watch naval tactics.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article is a noted journalist, specializing in international affairs. As chief investigator, in 1934, for the United States House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities, he had access to full and authentic information.

THE backbone of our national defense is the American navy. Any act of violence or sabotage in the vicinity of our fleet bases might seriously cripple the entire system of naval defense in times of emergency. Yet a situation has arisen which has opened these vitally important areas to almost immediate potential destruction by a hostile Power.

The waters of San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, to mention just a specific few, are today exposed to dangers which ordinarily would be inconceivable unless an enemy fleet had actually penetrated our harbors. But that, strange as it may seem, is precisely what has happened. Alien ships, beyond the control of the United States' shipping laws, are plying these harbors. Within three hours these ships can be converted from harmless-looking fishing vessels to death-dealing torpedo boats and sinister mine layers.

Reeves Field, on Terminal Island in San Pedro harbor, shelters the most important aviation units of our fleet based there, and is under constant observation in all its details by Japanese nationals. Japanese fishing boats are spying on our navy and coast defenses, constituting a terrific sabotage menace right in our own back yard without any interference whatsoever. Nobody has stopped them so far. Not even the guns of our battleships when these "harmless fishermen," as has happened again and again, bobbed up seemingly from nowhere during target practice, smack between the firing ships and their targets, 17,000 yards away.

These alien boats are able to operate, without cumbersome restrictions or supervision, right under our noses because of an incomprehensible loophole in our laws.

Under the navigation laws of the United States an alien is not permitted to be the owner or master of a fishing vessel of five net tons or more operating in American coastal waters. Yet today, in southern California alone, there are approximately 250 vessels in excess of five net tons register owned by aliens. These vessels are engaged in the fishing industry, yet they escape federal supervision. Four fifths of this number go under the Japanese flag, while the rest are under Austrian, Portuguese, and Italian ownership. These boats operate dangerously close to some of our most important naval bases, frequently tying up in close proximity when American naval vessels are in port. And Japanese fishermen have been seen coming ashore with expensive cameras, and wandering about, photographing whatever they pleased. Some of these simple mariners have been identified as crack officers of the Imperial Japanese navy. In one instance a grimy, ragged fisherman was even recognized by an old acquaintance as a Japanese admiral!

How do these fishing vessels get away from American government regulations?

Here is the way it works: Ordinarily such boats would have to be documented; that is, be properly registered and carry an American master. They would also, of course, have to comply with our rather strict regulations as to operations, crew, etc. But being of a size about which there are overlapping regulations for the various classifications of small ships, these aliens get around the purposes of the law. They merely register under the so-called Undocumented Motor Boat Act of the Department of Commerce. All they have to do is furnish a few insignificant data on their boats to the American authorities; then they receive an identification number which is supposed to appear on the bow. But our government has no way of keeping track of their activities or checking on their crews.

Today, to all intents and purposes, these boats are legitimate fishing vessels supplying American canneries. Tomorrow they can be deadly men-of-war. These are facts and not conjectures. Shipping experts, government agents, and naval architects all agree on that. According to these experts, changing the vessels from fishing boats to potential enemy mine layers and torpedo vessels can be accomplished on the high seas in from three to six hours. Even a layman can understand how this can be done when shown the blueprints of these modern high-seas tuna clippers.

Hull structure and decks, physical characteristics, and the arrangement of their tanks and power plants are such that no structural changes would be necessary for one of these lightning quick-change acts. The built-in fish bins have doors which slide into slots in the stanchions. They can be taken out easily and put back again in almost less time than it takes to talk about it. While this is the customary layout used for tuna fishing, it is also the precise size for accommodating a mine.

These fishing vessels have an electrically driven cargo winch with a boom capacity of 2,000-pounds lift in order to enable them to take the fish out of the cargo hold. If

Fish are unloaded by cargo winches powerful enough to lift mines.

that cargo were mines, they would weigh approximately 1,800 pounds. Can *that* be sheer coincidence?

But there's more to it than that.

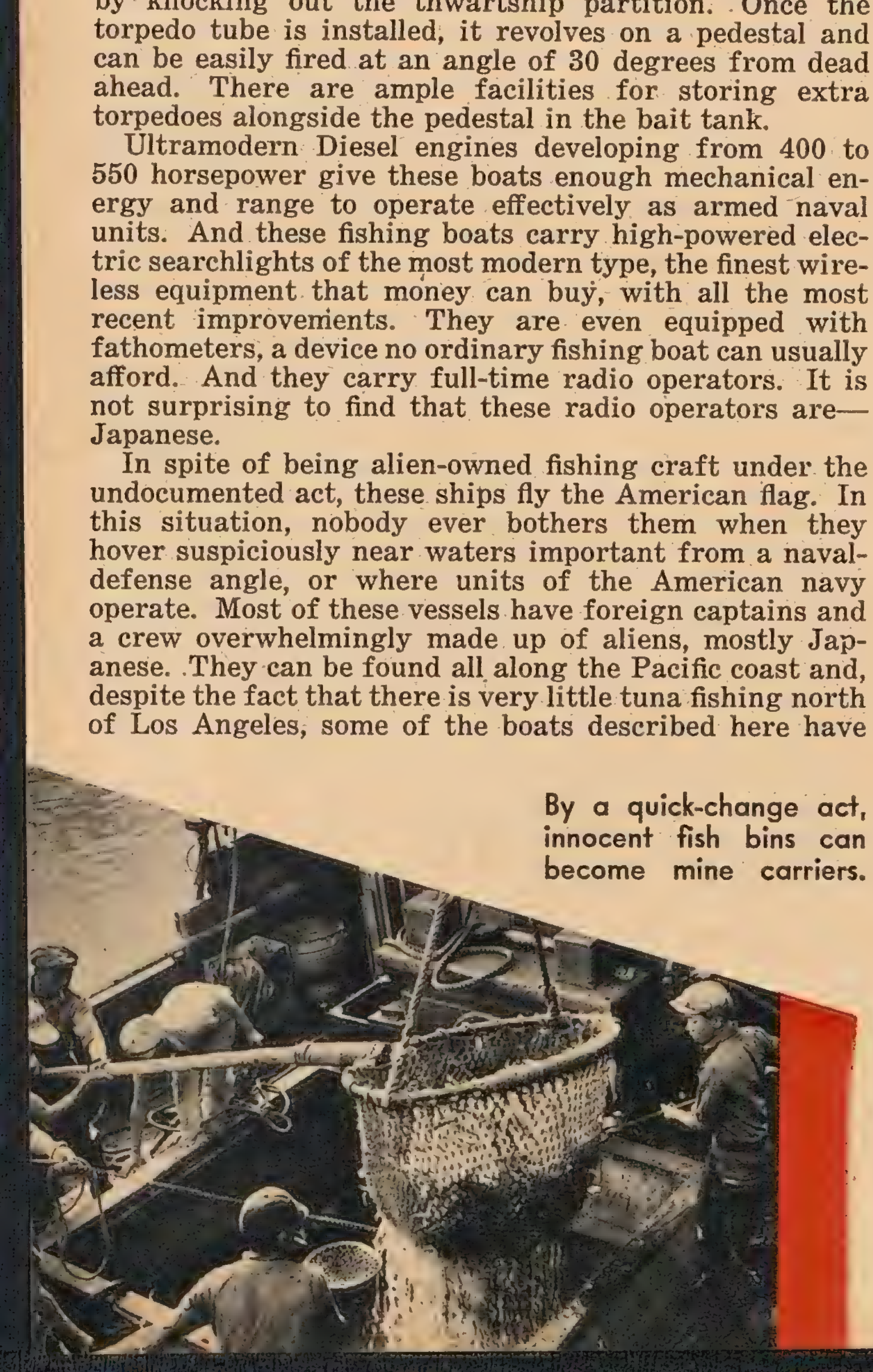
The hatch where ordinarily fish are stowed is of a type not usually found on commercial vessels. It is of peculiar shape—large enough to accommodate the loading and unloading of mines. The machinery is located forward and midships, leaving the cargo hold aft, where the freeboard is from one to two feet. No modern mine layer could have better arrangements: there is no freeboard to restrict the laying of mines over the sides.

And that's not all.

These speedy craft are also—potential torpedo boats, as deadly as any of the specialty boats of the great naval Powers. On the far end of the main deck they carry a bait tank. A twin torpedo tube can be set in this tank by knocking out the thwartship partition. Once the torpedo tube is installed, it revolves on a pedestal and can be easily fired at an angle of 30 degrees from dead ahead. There are ample facilities for storing extra torpedoes alongside the pedestal in the bait tank.

Ultramodern Diesel engines developing from 400 to 550 horsepower give these boats enough mechanical energy and range to operate effectively as armed naval units. And these fishing boats carry high-powered electric searchlights of the most modern type, the finest wireless equipment that money can buy, with all the most recent improvements. They are even equipped with fathometers, a device no ordinary fishing boat can usually afford. And they carry full-time radio operators. It is not surprising to find that these radio operators are—Japanese.

In spite of being alien-owned fishing craft under the undocumented act, these ships fly the American flag. In this situation, nobody ever bothers them when they hover suspiciously near waters important from a naval-defense angle, or where units of the American navy operate. Most of these vessels have foreign captains and a crew overwhelmingly made up of aliens, mostly Japanese. They can be found all along the Pacific coast and, despite the fact that there is very little tuna fishing north of Los Angeles, some of the boats described here have been observed as far north as Monterey and San Francisco.



By a quick-change act, innocent fish bins can become mine carriers.

Ships of the type here described, of which there are roughly 250 operating in American or contiguous waters, have a habit of turning up invariably wherever the American navy may be engaged in tactical exercises or target practice. They are quite bold about it. They can rely on the fact that no one will bother them or even embarrass them with annoying questions.

In this connection it is interesting to note that very few Americans, especially naval officers, have ever viewed the Japanese fleet base at Sasebo. But, due to our customary American open-mindedness—not to use a stronger expression—and unsuspecting nature, Imperial Japanese navy tankers, painted the traditional black, have for years steamed into San Pedro harbor which gives shelter to our battle force. Shoregoing liberty parties from these Japanese ships have been perfectly free to wander about San Pedro, openly displaying their cameras. In the immediate vicinity, and relatively unguarded, is an important part of our coastal fortifications, Fort McArthur, which boasts of some of the most modern ordnance equipment.

There is practically no point on our West Coast and near the Panama Canal that these Japanese and other alien-owned fishing vessels do not cover regularly.

Aside from their regular American ports, these ships frequently put in to Mexico and seem to have a few favorite ports of call which are conveniently out of the way. The principal ones are Turtle Bay and Ensenada and, in addition, Cedros Island and Magdalena Bay. Could it be that there's any political significance or tactical purpose to this careful surveying of the Mexican coast? Its irregular line, with the many hidden bays, would make ideal hiding spots in case of an emergency.

To be sure, these boats bring back fish for the canneries. But when the seaplanes of the battleships and heavy cruisers take off from their Terminal Island land roost and fly westward toward Catalina Island for gunnery practice, on the surface of the sea several thousand feet below them are the same Japanese fishing vessels—innumerable—observing American naval tactics.

And perhaps another side light in this situation will convince even those who still have doubts that indeed there is something fishy about these fishing boats:

A number of mariners have reported—and independent of one another—that they have observed the very fishing vessels described in this article on the high seas—flying the Japanese flag! Why should these boats, operated by aliens and so anxious to fly the American flag when in coastal waters, unfurl the sun of Nippon when on the high seas?

The conclusion is inevitable: The masters of these vessels are well aware of their real sovereign.

So far nothing has been done about a situation that has been in existence almost ten years. But the time has come when we must at last take cognizance of the facts—and act. It has become a question of self-preservation. With the international tension growing day by day, we cannot take chances in our own back yard. Imagine what would happen if the American navy in our hour of need were to be crippled by a field of secretly laid mines around the home ports, or if our ships were to be torpedoed before they were even fifty miles away from their bases!

It is bad enough that our national defense is weakened, comparatively speaking, by the sheer fact that alien Powers have been able to obtain so many data on our naval bases and on possible landing facilities in Costa Rica, Panama, Nicaragua, and Mexico. But no enemy will ever attack the United States as long as he is convinced that the American navy is able to operate or that our coast defense is impregnable.

The sinking of an American ship by the Japanese has been a warning that we must always be on the alert, pacifistic as we may be as a nation and though we seek no quarrel with any one.

By taking steps to bring foreign fishing vessels in our waters under rigid federal control we will avoid not only a possible disaster but will make a substantial contribution toward maintaining world peace!

THE END

The FIRE

He is a Colonel on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee.

Can a man be physically fit at seventy? Here are some of the feats that Bernarr Macfadden suggests to maintain the vigor and energy necessary to a healthy, active life. Jumping, golf, gardening, swimming, and even flying are included.

Mr. Macfadden believes that the body should be athletic not only in early life but throughout one's entire career . . . not for the purpose of performing physical stunts, but to insure the ambition, enthusiasm, and energies so closely associated with the spirit of youth, which are so valuable, regardless of what one's occupation may be, if one desires a life of outstanding achievement.

WHENEVER visiting a gymnasium or athletic field and the splendid specimens of physical manhood are noted, or a ballet school in which we often find physical femininity in all its magnificence, the unpleasant deficiencies of the average individual stand out with startling significance.

Nearly all our people through systematic training could closely approximate these fine specimens of human perfection.

And the value of a splendidly vigorous body is not by any means confined to its physical manifestations. It is usually accompanied by vitality and energy which is the direct source of the enthusiasm and ambition absolutely essential to a worth-while career. Such possessions give one the endurance, the determination, the fighting spirit so essential to a life of real achievement.

Activity is the law of life. Inactivity, disuse of any power, insures its gradual disappearance.

During my sixtieth year a course of physical training was taken to demonstrate what could be accomplished at that age. Since that time only that amount of exercise has been used necessary to maintain the vigor and energy essential to a very active business life.

I am now within the first part of my seventieth year, and I am undergoing a system of training with a view of determining how nearly the feats requiring strength, endurance, and suppleness can be performed that were recorded in my sixtieth year. These tests will continue throughout this year. But the progress already made is demonstrated very clearly by the reproductions of photographs which accompany this article.

Very briefly, some of the high points of my method of developing and maintaining physical energies are herewith presented.

Muscular exercise is the first requirement, preferably in the form of recreation. It can be walking, running, swimming, dancing, golf, tennis, baseball, or in fact any game that actively uses all the muscles of the body.

But if the fullest attainable strength is sought, special attention must be given to spinal development. The spine from the base of the skull to its lowest lumbar vertebra

and Fervor of Youthful Spirits at 70

BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

A challenge to age, a guide to health! The stirring testimony of one who has learned the secrets of joyous living!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

must be kept properly aligned and in vigorous condition by various exercises. There are dozens of movements for this purpose, although the most strenuous includes standing on the head, the wrestler's bridge, back twisting and lifting, and rolling backward on the floor from a standing position until the legs extend far back of the head.

When the spine is maintained in a vigorous condition, all the great vital organs are stimulated. The energy from what might be termed the human storage battery passes by telegraph wires . . . nerves . . . through the openings in the spine to heart, lungs, and all the other important vital centers.

At quite frequent intervals sufficient exercise to greatly stimulate breathing and the action of the heart should be used, although heart strain is a danger that should be kept in mind with increasing age.

The next requirement, doubtless of equal importance, is diet. Unless one is very well informed on the food question, remember that a little knowledge is often dangerous. Innumerable dietetic theories have been published in the recent past, but if one will follow the rule of eating only plain wholesome foods for which there is a keen appetite, he can hardly go wrong, although remember that overeating is one of our greatest faults and is the cause of innumerable diseases.

Eating three meals a day just because it is mealtime is a universal evil. One of the first requirements of retaining youthful spirits at any age is to eat only when hungry. If not hungry at breakfast, take a hot drink or a glass of orange juice or other acid fruit, and wait until next mealtime. If hunger does not appear, continue the fast until there is a keen desire for food.

Grapes and other acid fruits can be eaten at any time, as they not only cleanse the mouth but have a similar effect on the stomach and entire alimentary canal.

For strength building, foods containing the entire grain are usually far more valuable than those made from the bolted products.

I rarely eat more than one hearty meal a day. I usually fast one day a week. Laziness, sluggishness, a heavy feeling throughout the body is caused by too much food . . . over-nourishment. The mucus that accumulates in the tissues, which is eliminated in colds, pneumonia,

"SNAP OUT OF IT!"
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"SMART GIRL—you know I can't hang on to a grouch when you tempt me with Beeman's. Now there's real flavor — fresh, lusty flavor that wakes up your taste! Smooth on your tongue yet chockful of fresh pep.

Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say — we ought to keep Beeman's on hand *all* the time!"

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

The jolly hikers as they appeared in their annual hike of 1937 from New York City to Dansville, N. Y. You will note that Bernarr Macfadden is the first hiker in the right line. This hike will be repeated from Cleveland, Ohio, to Dansville, N. Y., some time during May, the date to be given later. Enthusiastic hikers, or those who enjoy the outdoors, who might want to join this group on the hike this coming May, are requested to write to the Hike Committee, Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, N. Y.

is usually the product of fermentation and in some cases putrefaction of the stomach and intestines, and food eaten without appetite is the usual cause.

There is no objection to meat, although fruits and salads make a better mixture with a meat meal than bread, potatoes, and other starchy products.

Milk should not be mixed with a meat meal, especially sweet milk. Buttermilk or sour milk is not so objectionable. Although if one has a good digestion it is rarely necessary to bother about food combinations, provided great care is taken not to overeat.

One simple rule that is only fairly reliable is to avoid eating at one meal any combination of foods which if chewed together in the mouth at one time will not have an appetizing flavor.

Remember also that our habit of eating a large variety of foods at one meal is not commendable.

Another important requirement is deep breathing. Try to acquire a habit of abdominal breathing . . . drawing in the breath to the lowest part of the lungs, thus naturally expanding the abdominal region. This breathing exercise is especially desirable when walking in the open air; and no matter what system you may devise for yourself, the necessity of walking should be recognized. This exercise stimulates practically all the vital functions, heart, lungs, digestion, and the proof of its great value is evidenced by its requirement in the training procedure for nearly every outstanding athletic event.

One should acquire the habit of walking at least one hundred to one hundred fifty miles every month.

To maintain the zenith of one's powers which insures the fire and fervor of youthful spirits even to advanced age, one's mental attitude is also important. Usually, if one possesses a healthy, vigorous body, worrying can be easily avoided. When one is joyously alive, in vigorous, vital health, trouble rarely assumes serious importance. But when one has large responsibilities naturally a greater amount of mental activity is required; though it rarely assumes a form of worry which is a reiteration of certain difficulties indefinitely without arriving at a profitable conclusion.

Keeping your mental poise is indeed important. Avoid cynicism as you would the devil. Make every effort to be optimistic. Try to enjoy your work so much that it becomes play, and then you can enter the game of life each day with a joyous spirit.

Remember, we cannot acquire too much life—health supreme—that we cannot be too much alive; and with the body in perfect condition, with nerves keenly, delicately adjusted, the reaction to life's experiences is vivid, sharply defined. It is then that we live fully, completely, our steps so light and springy that we often seem to be soaring in the heights.

THE END

I-a Woman- FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES

An amazing chapter in the career of a woman who lived so adventurously they called her "Fiancée of Danger"

BY MARIE MARVINGT

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WELL, monsieur, did I ever tell you about the time I was—what you call him?—a doughboy?

In the Great War? Surely. I am always in the wars, great and small. I enlisted the very first day; went at once to my next-door neighbor, General Balfourier, and said to him: "I am at the disposal of France, to be used on foot or horseback, in auto, boat, or airplane."

Did he laugh? No. They do not laugh at me in Nancy. They know it is not for nothing that I am called the Fiancée of Danger. But at that moment General Balfourier knew no more about what would be required of him than I did. He would see what he could do.

That same morning I sent my enlistment as an aviator to General Hirschauer, Commandant of the Army of the Air. It was as an aviator that I chiefly wished to serve. I had already had five years' experience as a pilot. But everything in those days was confusion—red tape. Women aviators were not so well known then as they are now. They had no place.

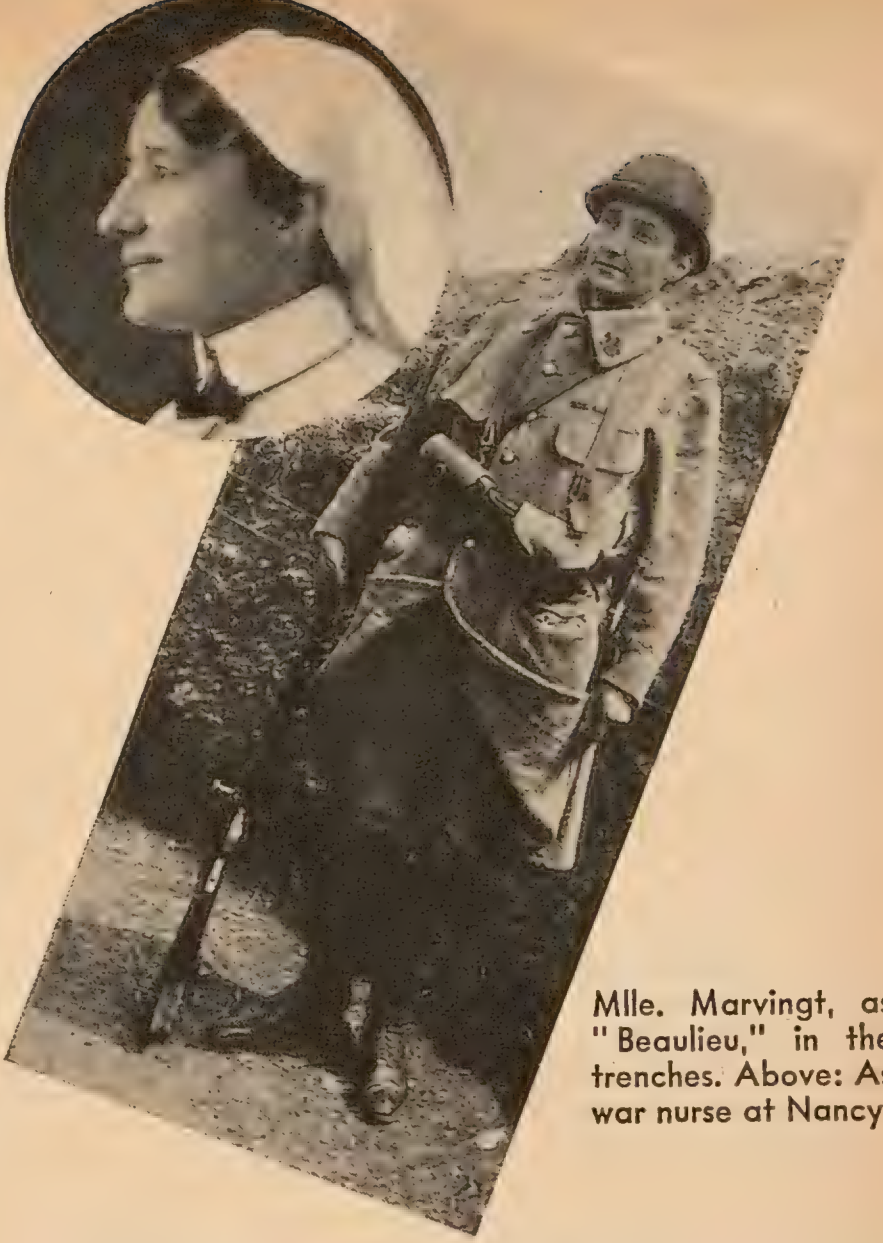
While I waited endlessly I was not idle. My good friend Professor Gaston Michel needed a surgical assistant at the Hospital of the Good Shepherd. I had had several years of hospital training, so I volunteered. No one could say it wasn't active duty, those first weeks on the Nancy front. Doctors and nurses worked practically without sleep, doing every type of hospital work. And often I would go out at night with the stretcher bearers to pick up the wounded.

No one could say we weren't under fire, either. I shall never forget the first bombardment. It came at night, in the middle of a great storm. The first enemy shell—how many were to follow!—fell in the park just outside my window.

This was but a puny bombardment compared with what we later received from one of the enemy's giant 380s. And the bombardments from the air, monsieur, were even more terrifying. Perhaps you remember reading in your American papers how the first Zeppelin to fly over France dropped its first bomb one hundred yards from a hospital on Christmas night. It was true. I was there. And after that it was a dull night that saw no visiting Zep or plane dropping its calling cards on the inhabitants of Nancy.

When I could get time off I joined an entertainment troupe, which journeyed about to the near-by encampments and played for the poilus. It was these trips and the consequent mingling with the brave boys on duty which made me resolve to be put off no longer in my determination to serve my country as a man would serve her, in battle. My friend Lieutenant Brochet came to ask me to take part in an entertainment for the chasseurs in his battalion.

"Gladly," I answered. "But I am going to ask something of you in return. I want to serve as a chasseur in your battalion, too."



Mlle. Marvingt, as "Beaulieu," in the trenches. Above: As war nurse at Nancy.

He was amazed. "You want to be a common soldier?"

"Yes, I want to be a poilu."

"But we are in the front line. We are continually under fire. I cannot permit it. Besides, it would be worth my commission if it were discovered."

But I pleaded with him until he said that he would take under consideration this "enormous thing" that I asked. Two weeks later I received this letter. At first there seemed some mistake. It was not addressed to me:

> My dear Beaulieu:
>
> It is under the above name you will come to the battalion. If you are wounded, I will fix it up with the doctor to have you evacuated. If you are killed, Beaulieu will be pronounced disappeared and, except for me, no one will know what has become of Marvingt; for it is necessary that all this remain a secret . . . and that you sign a statement to the effect that you go at your own risk and peril. Be at the doors of Toul at noon tomorrow, and two of my chasseurs will go there to take you in a conveyance.
>
> (Signed) E. BROCHET.

For many years I have kept the secret. Even Marshal Foch, whom I knew well, died without knowing either the sector or the battalion in which I served. But Captain Brochet, one of the war's greatest heroes, is now dead; and during his last illness he released me from my obligation of silence by telling himself the adventure of the chasseur Beaulieu.

On the agreed day I left Nancy on my bicycle for Toul. Two chasseurs—light infantrymen—were waiting for me with a commissary wagon. They had the formal permission, made out in the name of the chasseur Beaulieu and signed by Lieutenant Brochet. They also had a large canvas bag containing the complete uniform and the helmet of the Forty-second Battalion of Chasseurs. Just outside a wood I transformed myself into a poilu by putting on the uniform. Then I pulled on my own big hobnailed mountain-climbing boots. In a moment we were on our way.

We had to pass through a lot of little posts. Every time a gendarme, armed with a lantern, inspected the inside of

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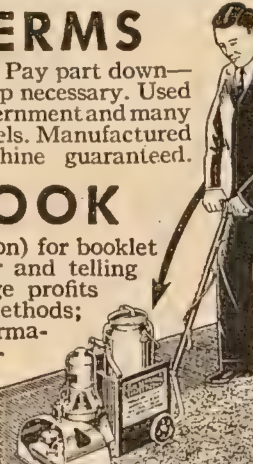

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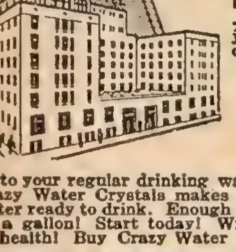

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the wagon, I pretended to sleep. Luckily they asked me no questions, except once:

"Where are you from, Beaulieu?"

"From the hospital at Toul," I tried to growl.

Satisfied, the gendarme handed me back my pass.

It was toward two o'clock in the morning that we arrived at the place appointed by Brochet.

"I confess I was uneasy about you," he confided, as he took us into a canteen and inspected the uniform of his new chasseur. "It's all right," he said at last. "I am on service in the front lines. You are going to follow us there."

Hardly had we left the sheltered retreat when the deserted plain was lit up by numerous rockets. Soon the terrible voice of the cannon rumbled deafeningly, without stopping. We entered a sunken trench with many signs indicating the numerous trenches leading off from it, forming a true labyrinth.

Suddenly a shell burst on the earthwork near our heads. My neighbor collapsed, uttering a sharp cry and pressing his right hand on his left shoulder. Our little group had received the baptism of blood!

The same thing could happen to me! . . . But I had faith in my star. Was I not the Fiancée of Danger?

After a long trek through the mud we arrived at an observation post in the front line. This was to be my place—here, under heavy fire, alone. Before leaving, the lieutenant started to explain to me the functioning and handling of the machine gun.

"Don't bother," I told him. "I know how to shoot it."

"Fine," he said. "But don't talk loud here. We are only sixty meters from the enemy's lines."

The machine guns were working opposite us. All night the noise was deafening on both sides. Finally, after interminable hours of rain and darkness, there dawned my first day at the front.

FOUR days and four nights I was on sentry duty behind the machine gun in this observation post. My lieutenant came at intervals to see what was happening to his young soldier. And finally, when it seemed that I could stand the noise and the loneliness no longer, we returned to the second line, to a dugout where there were four berths. After a quick meal washed down with a heavy Pinard wine, four of us pulled off our boots and stretched out.

This night the bombardment seemed less intense. Perhaps I was getting used to it. Besides, after those sleepless nights I would have slept if I had been at Verdun. At daybreak, when I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see one of my big hobnailed boots moving slowly toward a corner of the dugout. The three other berths were already empty. But I was not alone. An enormous rat, lured by the grease with which my sealskin shoelace was smeared, was towing my boot toward his hole. With a cry, I leaped down, and he abandoned his prey.

To the grim music of the great concert outdoors I stretched myself, and, between the four berths, did my physical-culture exercises—just as I did every day in my bedroom at home—until I had relieved some of the soreness caused by the hard pallet.

Once more we were back on our posts. Day succeeded day—always the same. I no longer knew what day it was. Many soldiers had disappeared since my arrival.

One morning when I was on guard duty a civilian, accompanied by two officers, came to make an inspection. I knew this man well. I had seen him many times in Lorraine, as well as at the Elysée Palace in Paris. In fact, I had presided over several dinner parties with him as the guest of honor on my right. He was M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the Republic.

Would he recognize me?

THE President stopped and spoke in a low voice to the captain who was at my side. My heart beat harder than it had under the explosion of the shells. But M. Poincaré did not suspect that under the muddy uniform—oh, how muddy!—of the little chasseur was the beating heart of one of his former dinner partners.

An experience of a very different sort is my most horrible war memory. After a day of rain I was groping my way back to the second line when, putting my foot on a slight elevation, I sank halfway up my legs in a swollen human body. . . .

When the time came, I was just as glad as the next poilu to get my first leave. By great good luck I spent it at a quiet little seaside town not far from St. Nazaire. I had no sooner resumed my feminine attire and started in hiking, swimming, fishing, and sailing, than the Henderson, a transport flying the American flag and carrying the first contingent of American soldiers to land in that region, was sighted off St. Nazaire.

Immediately I put out in a little sailing boat to greet them. As I was about to salute with my tiny flag, an immense jet of water rose between the big ship and the little boat. A torpedo had just missed us both.

The next day, however, I was most courteously received aboard the Henderson by her commander, and I still hold it as one of my proudest memories that I was the first woman of my beloved country to welcome these brave men from yours. "You are not unknown to me," he said, pointing to two covers of the journal La Vie au Grand Air which he had tacked on the wall of his cabin.

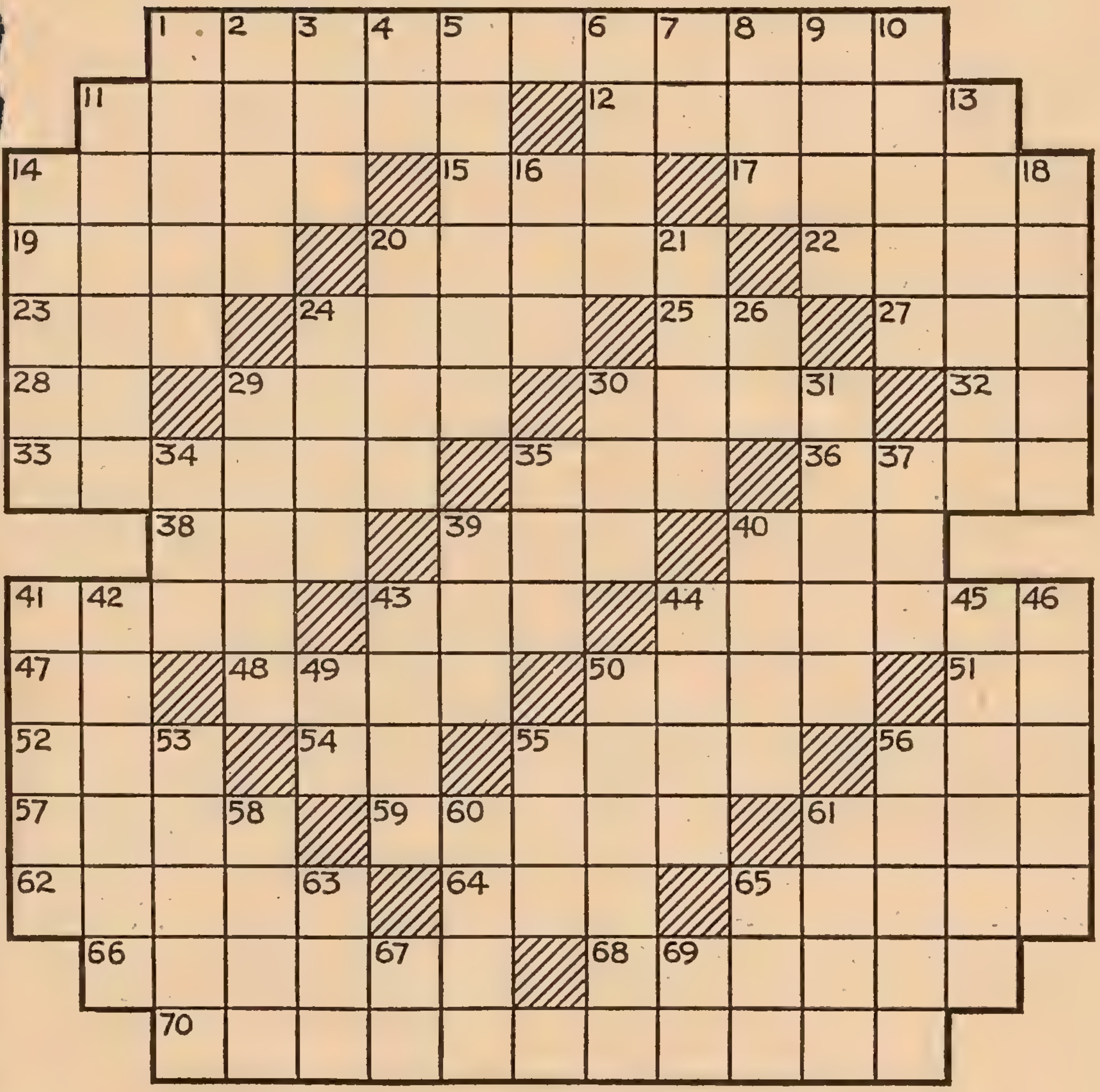
One of them bore the likeness of my devoted teacher, the late Hubert Latham. The other showed a face—which, I must say, bore a striking resemblance to that of Beaulieu—beneath which was the inscription:

"Mlle. Marie Marvingt, Fiancée of Danger!"

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This turns green at Easter (two words)
11 The best known hack in Paris
12 Kind of corpus
14 As it doesn't go so goes the nation
15 Garbo's shoe tree
17 These must be removed from potatoes before cooking
19 Colorful ingredient of an eyeball
20 Youth downs them two at a time but old age takes them up painfully
22 What to say on greeting a skunk
23 The friend of Frenchwomen
24 Muffet highball ingredient
25 Taken with ti
27 The blaze on the Xmas tree
28 The object of Mussolini's I
29 Wise guy
30 Something you'll never get out of Rover
32 How Australian eyes are turned toward the United States (abbr.)
33 Acted like a housewife on Tuesday
35 A wet blanket
36 How the Chinese say "rust"
38 A short stay up the river
39 The nectar of the Guards
40 Homely puss
41 Underworld beauty spot
43 What slickers are
44 What many married people have for breakfast (pl.)
47 Poor pop
48 The object of a hunt
50 Sardine armor (pl.)
51 A wonderful expression
52 What the bashful swain is full of
54 The longest note on record
55 The kind of fellow that gets around the girls

H	O	P	E		P	E	G		S	A	C		A	S	P	S
E	R	A	S		A	V	E		A	R	A		D	O	L	T
A	I	T	S		R	I	M		D	I	M		O	M	A	R
R	O	T	■	O	I	L	■	H	■	L	E	A	■	E	T	A
S	N	E	L	L	S	■	D	I	D	■	O	S	P	R	E	Y
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N	E	S	T	S		T	R	A	P	S		S	P	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

56 A good thing every woman enjoys
57 Circles cut off in their youth
59 A much shouldered thing
61 Cross between a pretzel and a highway
62 Where mixed Mongols come from
64 Time piece
65 Pertaining to a green cheese
66 This is a flop
68 Hitler's problem
70 A Sir Toby Belch cocktail

VERTICAL

1 14
2 What marriage does to idle women
3 One pip of a card
4 Jr.'s blueprint
5 Medieval gagman
6 Dobbin accelerator
7 A bit of each
8 Women hate to pick them up at the dinner table (abbr.)
9 Harvest
10 Colossal rowboat
11 Seedy individual, on relief for years
13 The twists of Fate
14 Sun spot
16 The West in the Deep South
18 Most prominent tooth in woman
20 Tannery
21 Extra heavy sock
24 Tear things up (fem.)
26 A newsy outfit (abbr.)
29 Jack London's cruiser
30 A Raven drunk
31 Whams, with all the stops out
34 Pray for Caesar
35 Specks before the cook's eyes
37 Brave language
39 Amount of China Japan'll be satisfied with
40 Oldest intellect in the world
41 What senators never refuse to do
42 An orange cone with a bushy green mane favored by the genus Eohippus
43 The coldest bed in the world
44 What Scotch stenogs do to their fingernails
45 The man in the leopard panties
46 Blushinger
49 Biggest conjecture in the world
50 Red squash
53 The team the charladies made
55 A tender type of male
56 It'd be safe if they crossed it with the submarine
58 ½
60 The look that undresses
61 Jefferson's oldest friend
63 First thing alphabet noodle makers learn
65 Left-handed Undersized Appleknockers (abbr.)
67 Ouisian lies in its boundaries
69 Ye olde printer's gadget

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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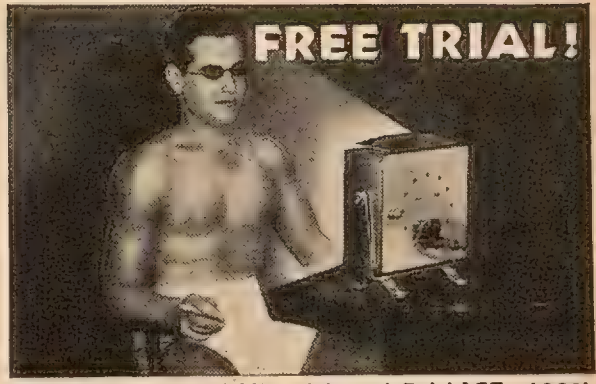

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Thumbs Up and Down on Ludwig's Roosevelt

CLEVELAND, OHIO—In the last few installments of Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt particular emphasis is laid on the fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt looked to his uncle Theodore Roosevelt as his model and exemplar.

I am thoroughly convinced that Franklin D. Roosevelt's philosophy and outlook on life is patterned very closely after that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the scientist and sage of early New England.

Could not Roosevelt be cast perfectly in the role of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and "think of all America as a large and friendly boarding house, a house with an ample breakfast table at which for a number of years he found himself appointed to preside"? Much like Dr. Holmes in medicine, Roosevelt is bent to reform in economic and political matters and to "destroy, root and branch, the nostrums and the notions of human nature that a narrow path has bred in the Yankee mind."—*Robert S. Copelin.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Now, please, in what category can one place Emil Ludwig's Life of Franklin D. Roosevelt? Can't be placed as a biography, as the President is not history. Can't be an autobiography, because the story reads as a vision of Emil Ludwig and not as the President either quotes or presents himself.

Surely Mr. Ludwig can't treat the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, as he did the bust of Cleopatra in a British Museum, as a physiognomist!—*Mrs. Margaret L. Hansen.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ludwig's biography of Roosevelt is more than a biography—it is an illumination. He doesn't bother with externals—the ephemeral—but with the eternal spirit. I have read several biographies of our President, but this is the first one that attempts to reveal the inner man.

It is a magnificent achievement.—*C. P. Maynard.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The present biography of Roosevelt is not what it claims to be, for it is not truly biographical. Irrespective of whatever one's political affiliations may or may not be, you sail under false colors when you lead your readers to expect a biographical recital, for it most decidedly is not that.—*Samuel Graydon.*

EL DORADO, ARK.—Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt very strongly appeals to me as being one of the best things, if not *the* best, that your magazine has ever contained since the beginning of my acquaintance with it.—*R. K. Garfield.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—As for me, I am not at all interested in Roosevelt's biography any more than I would be in that of Hitler or Mussolini.—*Helen R. Campbell.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—For many years I have read Liberty, and am now reading the serial, Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt. In the issue of January 1, 1938, on page 21, I note the following language: "When the elections approached, and the Democratic Convention in San Francisco nominated Senator Cox as Wilson's successor," which is contrary to the facts.

James M. Cox served as a representative in Congress and as governor of the State of Ohio, but at no time was he ever senator. It is my thought as a friend, knowing as I do that you wish your publication to be strictly accurate, that such misleading statements should not be published in an article, regardless of who is the author of the article. —*Jess L. Pullen, Assistant Attorney General, State of Oklahoma.*

[An old proofreader said many years ago—he's now probably happily chasing commas through heaven—that the best place to look for an error is in a line where one already has been found. This is what happened when Governor Cox got into print as "Senator." The error had been noticed, but when it bobbed up in the printed page another error in the same line received all the attention and "Senator" got by.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

OGDEN L. MILLS' LAST WORDS ON SOCIAL SECURITY ACT

WEST JACKSON, MISS.—I wish you would publish in Liberty the last article Ogden L. Mills ever wrote, The Social Security Hoax. It appeared in the December, 1937, issue of the American Mercury.—*C. C. White.*

[While it is not feasible to reprint the article asked for, we are glad to give its main point. Mr. Mills in that able exposition declared and proved to his own satisfaction that the Social Security Act represented an unparalleled scheme of financial jugglery and skulduggery. He argued that its Reserve Fund was neither an investment nor a reserve, as claimed, and that instead of being an asset, it would be used for current expenses and thus create a future liability. By its own premises, he said, the money would be gathered yearly and spent, while I O U's for it were put in a box neatly labeled "Old-Age Reserve Fund" until the year 1980, when the amount "will have reached the staggering total of forty-seven billion dollars!"—VOX POP EDITOR.]

GEM OF ALL SHORT SHORTS

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I am a Liberty enthusiast — every feature included, Bernarr Macfadden editorials in particular. Your stories are tops. And we would be lost without our Vox Pop. And now the Short Short page. Well, I have clipped a hundred so far. But, take it from me, the gem of all Short Shorts as far as depicting our twentieth-century civilization—our supposed honest citizenry—reaches us in Liberty, and quite appropriately, under date of January 1, 1938. I refer, of course, to Honest P ple Aren't Safe, by Edward Steven

Mr. Stevenson, our hats are off you!—*H. L. Dickinson.*

HERE'S TO AMERICAN LOTTERIE

ROLLA, N. D.—Why all this crying need for the great American lottery? Do you not know that even now it is in the midst of us in a multiplicity of forms? Two-hundred-thousand-dollar contests—thousand-dollar cash prizes, cars, trailers, watches, or what-haven't-they, present themselves in bewildering array to bedazzle the gullible public—and the great American lotteries are on.

Millions of people hoard box tops, labels, cartons, wrappers, buy dictionaries, thesauruses, limerick aids, encyclopedias, against the day when a new lottery is to be launched. I know. I'm one of 'em.

And do I win? No. Do I have fun? Yep! But do I *hope?* Here's to the American lotteries! But excuse me—there's a contest I must look into.—*P. D. M.*

WHAT WAS CLEOPATRA'S NATIONALITY?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Walter Winchell's column I note that his Gal Friday says that among "things I didn't know till now" is the statement: "Ask ninety-nine people what nationality Cleopatra was and they will say Egyptian. Wrong," says she; "Greek."

Nowhere in any encyclopedia can I find anything that would indicate the nationality of Cleopatra as anything but Egyptian.

Vox Poppers, just as a matter of historical (?) interest, what was the nationality of the above "gal"?—*M. A.*

GIBSON GIRLS QUAFFED THESE DRINKS, TOO

BELLE PLAINE, KAN.—Well, simonize my snuffbox, if Princess Alexandra Kropotkin hasn't discovered "something new going on at the drugstore" (January 1 To the Ladies)—the habit of drinking Coca-Cola with a dash of cherry, lemon, lime, etc.

Have you ever heard of the Gibson

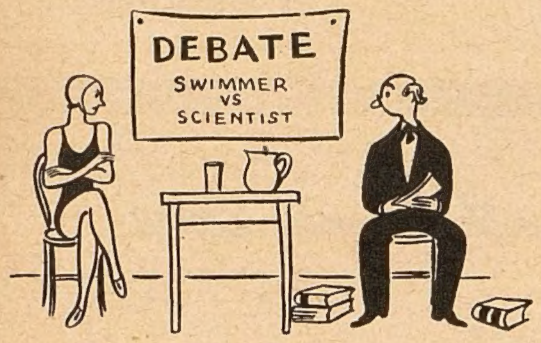
girls, Princess? Well, they quaffed these darned mixed monstrosities, as did the drugstore cowboys of the peg-top era. Ask any old-time soda jerk.—*L. L. Constant, Jr.*

ERE'S NO SUCH THING AN UNDERTOW?

ANSAS CITY, MO.—Glancing through ld issue of Liberty (June 12), I nced to read Why Drown? by Ethelda ibtrey, former world's champion immer. In it she described an "undertow" and its danger to a swimmer.

In No. 10 of December 11 Twenty Questions this statement is flatly contradicted. Quote: "According to investigations made by scientists, an 'undertow' is a popular myth; since there is no such phenomenon, an 'undertow' could not be the cause of drowning."

Will you please publish in an early issue who is mistaken—Science vs. Swimmer?—*H. Miller.*



SHOUTS BACK AT ELSIE ROBINSON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never before have I taken my pen in hand to complain of anything in Liberty; but after reading the first of Elsie Robinson's articles I immediately became imbued with a desire to shout back at her.

Youngsters of today are primarily no different than youngsters ever were. Outside of being unduly pampered and treated as equals by foolish parents, they are just as naïve and innocent as the original Babes in the Woods. They do nothing today that we didn't do at their age. (I am past fifty.) It is true we had no autos or movies, but there was just as much necking in hallways and parks.

The so-called sophistication of modern youth is merely a brazenness that is acquired by reading trash such as Elsie Robinson's article. When we were young such stuff was considered indecent and kept out of print.

Elsie Robinson is a gifted writer and it seems a pity that her talents should be wasted. In her eagerness for sensationalism she is making a mountain out of a molehill. Or perhaps it pays better.—*Donald Gordon.*

Curb Highway Deaths with This Prize Plan

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Articles and editorials these past ten years seem to have had no retarding effect on the rising toll of highway deaths. It is said that more people are killed each year on the roads than the United States lost in the World War. The trouble seems to be that there is lacking a permanent personal interest in highway safety.

We laud any one who brings forth a world idea in medicine, physics, literature, chemistry, or peace efforts. It is about time we started to do something about highway safety. A cop on every corner would provide jobs for a lot of people now on relief, but that would not change the mental attitude of the people, both drivers and walkers.

Here is one plan: There are almost thirty million car registrations in Canada and the United States. Alter the motor law fee in each state and province to provide a one-dollar Traffic Safety Award Fund. The grand total would be thirty million dollars a year and would increase yearly.

In each state and province divide the said Safety Award Fund into single awards of $10,000 each, to be awarded to the names drawn of those who are able, in each state or province, to prove they were not to blame for even the smallest auto accident in the previous twelve months. The Annual Awards to be published on New Year's Day each year, ready to be collected by those with proof. This Safety Award system could be started one state at a time, with the final result that America would ultimately find herself the safest highway place in the world, and 3,000 drivers would be rewarded each year with $10,000 cash.

The Nobel prize is important each year to a few people, but the saving of lives on our highways is important to all of us. The foregoing plan is in no sense a sweep, as it depends on careful and skillful driving.—*D. P. McCallum.*

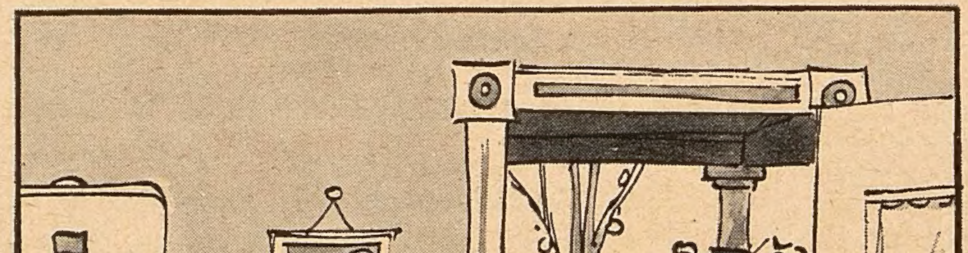
GIVES THANKS FOR LIBERTY

MALDEN, MASS.—Taking inventory on what you and I had to be thankful for during the past twelve months, I decided to write and tell you that we think Liberty as it is today is better than the Liberty that we read years ago.

Liberty seems to have taken on new life of late. The stories seem to have more zip to them. Articles are providing information that is news and up-to-date information about people. The covers are great for the past six months. And, last but not least, you've won our hearts with Hardtack. I doubt if there's more any one could want for a nickel, but there's plenty more between the covers of Liberty.

Don't let Hardtack grow up for years and years to come.—*D. Cooper.*

"HARDTACK"



"How do you do, Mrs. Jones—pardon me for not standing."

DIRECTOR KEIGHLEY IS A REAL GENTLEMAN

TUCSON, ARIZ.—This in tribute to a gentleman—a real one. I am referring to Mr. Keighley, director for Warner Brothers' production of Robin Hood.

I am an ex-service man traveling the country with my wife and father. While passing through Chico, California, my father and myself were hired as extras on this picture. Here we met the director and the stars, and they were real folks. What amazed both of us was the personality of this director. Never raises his voice under any and all trying circumstances. I have worked for executives in several different lines, but for a real, humane, sympathetic, and gentlemanly person this man deserves to know what the people under him think. We probably will never come into contact with him or the film industry again, as we are not actors, but feel that even the cook likes to know that the help enjoys his cooking.

This feeling pervaded the whole set at Chico, from the stars to the cameramen, from the stock boys to the extras.

There are all too few of the real he-gentlemen left. —*H. A. Chick.*

She Heard a Woman Prisoner Scream

HERE IS AN EXTRAORDINARY and heartening true story from a jail in Reno. . . . In the patois of professional writers, "this one has everything"; it is a drama from real life that would startle O. Henry at his most extravagant. . . . Yet it is much more than an exciting tale. . . . It is a thrilling example to all good citizens to play their own parts bravely, should occasion offer, in the war against crime. . . . This is the story of an American wife, wife of a well known college athlete, who through a chain of misfortunes found herself in jail because a check bounced back. . . . She never expected to find herself behind bars, but there she was. . . . In the night she heard a woman scream. . . . It was a cry of agony. . . . She heard it again and again. . . . At last she called the warden. . . . He was a kindly man. . . . The prisoner was a drug addict and wanted cocaine. . . . He could not let her have it. . . . That was all. . . . But the wife in the cell said, "The poor creature needs a nurse." . . . The warden said, "You be the nurse." . . . Soon the two women were in the cell together. . . . The victim of drugs cursed and blasphemed the stranger. "You're no good to me unless you bring me a bindle—a shot of dope, see?" . . . "Maybe I can if you tell me where to get it!" . . . Fantastic as it seems, the wife got the name and address of the dope peddler. . . . More fantastic, the warden let her out of jail that night to buy the drug. . . . Most incredible of all, that was the beginning of an enthralling adventure in which this intrepid woman pitted her beauty and brains and courage against a vicious mob of Reno's underworld. . . . For weeks she lived with them as one of them, always waiting for the final play, the climax, when she would identify and turn over the master of the mob. . . . And when she did, her astonishment was as great as yours will be when you read the O. Henry climax of this great story from real life in Liberty next week. . . . This is another contribution to the growing list of candidates for our Valor in Citizenship Medal. . . . THE TABLE OF CONTENTS for our next week's issue reads, we feel, like an appetizing menu. . . . There is, heading the list, another true tale from behind the scenes of foreign affairs by our mysteriously well informed "Envoy." . . . This time his piece is entitled Pu Yi and His Wife, the Wallis Simpson of Asia. . . . The new facts he discloses about the lives of these two lovers in the palace of Manchukuo are all the more timely because of the belief that the Japanese mean to declare Pu Yi Emperor of all China. . . . If they do, he may some day undo them all, according to "Envoy." . . . Is it possible that Pu Yi and his indomitable wife are more than puppets? . . . Could they be among the strong and wise patriots of China? . . . Read "Envoy's" story and decide for yourself. . . . WILL IRWIN will tell you why a changed calendar may be on us almost at any time. . . . His story of the world-wide movement to change the calendar will interest every reader who gets bills on the first of the month. . . . A NEW AUTHOR to our pages next week will be Eleanor Powell, who prances across two or three pages with some illustrated lessons on how to dance the Big Apple and also a new dance that seems about to knock the apple down from the bough. . . . AN AVIATOR'S WIFE tells you what it's like to have your husband up in the air every day; a twelve-year-old boy from Spain te how he got lost from his folks in flight from Malaga; John Dreb ger tells why baseball Pennants Won in Winter; Aline Ballard Howard Fast offer two powerful sh stories; and there will be genero installments of former Govern Hoffman's story on the Lindbergh case, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll by Grace Perkins, and Emil Ludwig's biography of President Roosevelt now drawing to its close. . . . A feast of entertainment, information, and inspiration, to which you are all invited.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense.*

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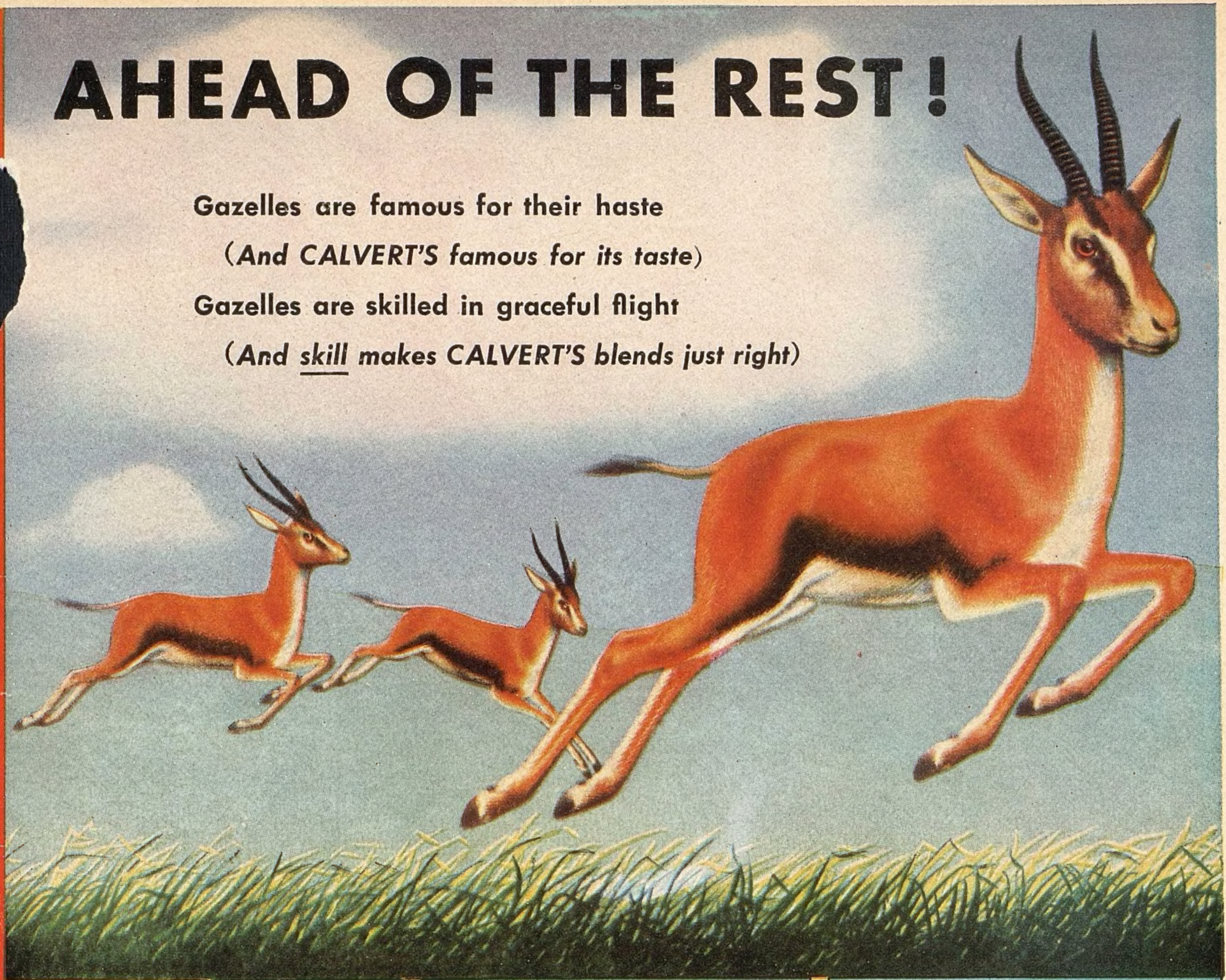
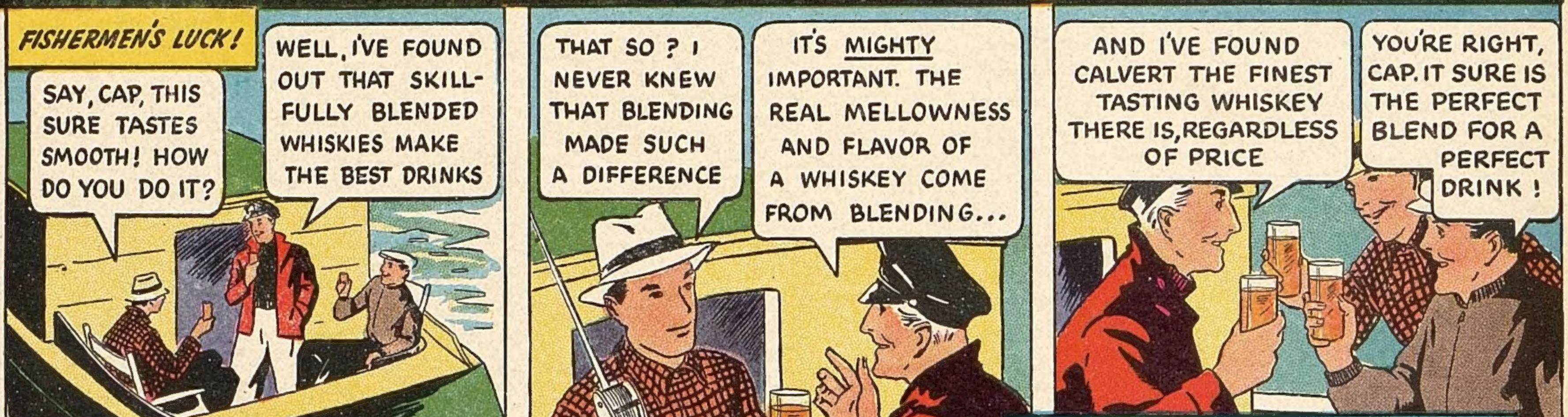
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

AHEAD OF THE REST!

Gazelles are famous for their haste
  (*And CALVERT'S famous for its taste*)
Gazelles are skilled in graceful flight
  (*And skill makes CALVERT'S blends just right*)




FISHERMEN'S LUCK!
SAY, CAP, THIS SURE TASTES SMOOTH! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
WELL, I'VE FOUND OUT THAT SKILLFULLY BLENDED WHISKIES MAKE THE BEST DRINKS
THAT SO? I NEVER KNEW THAT BLENDING MADE SUCH A DIFFERENCE
IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT. THE REAL MELLOWNESS AND FLAVOR OF A WHISKEY COME FROM BLENDING...
AND I'VE FOUND CALVERT THE FINEST TASTING WHISKEY THERE IS, REGARDLESS OF PRICE
YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP. IT SURE IS THE PERFECT BLEND FOR A PERFECT DRINK!

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[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]
CALL FOR
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WHISKIES

BUY BETTER WHISKEY
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Calvert's "Reserve"
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REG CARRINGTON ASKS COMMANDER ELLSBERG—

"Can you tell a Real Difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"

REG CARRINGTON: "I see you're a steady Camel smoker, Commander. There really isn't much difference in cigarettes, is there?"

COMMANDER ELLSBERG: "You're dead wrong, Reg. Just consider this—the life of a deep-sea diver is tougher on a man than most work. Most of the divers I know are steady smokers and, believe me, *they* know there's a difference. Take my own case, for example. I stick to Camels—have smoked 'em for ten years. They never get on my nerves. Smoking Camels, I feel that I enjoy life more. Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me."

CLUB ROOM CONVERSATION (*above*) so often swings around to cigarettes—an interesting topic to smokers generally. "I can tell the difference in Camels," Commander Ellsberg says. "That famous saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' expresses how enthusiastic I am about Camels myself."

"Absolutely!" says Commander Ellsberg. And millions of other steady smokers, too, *know* there is a *distinct difference* in Camels. That's why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

A MAN OF ACTION! (*above*) Commander Edward Ellsberg shares under-sea danger with his men. He says: "The last thing a diver does before going down—and the first thing after coming up—is to smoke a Camel."

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

OF COURSE an Annapolis man likes to sail! (*above*) And Camels are right beside him! "Camels fit in with my leisure hours, too," he says. "In all my years of smoking I've never known them to jangle my nerves. That means a lot—because I smoke a lot!"

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"Camels agree with me"**